

THE Atlantic

MARCH 2003 MONTHLY

Post-President for Life

*What will
William Jefferson Clinton
do for the next thirty years?*

BY JAMES FALLOWS

*And what will it be
like to watch?*

BY P. J. O'ROURKE

WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM

CALL 800-234-2411 FOR CUSTOMER SERVICE

#BXBDG6 *****CR LOT 0010D**C-003

#0004549408AHY#

EXP: J/F08 001

RON K UNZ

555 BRYANT ST 371

PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

947

018

605





WOULD YOU LIKE TO RETIRE HERE?

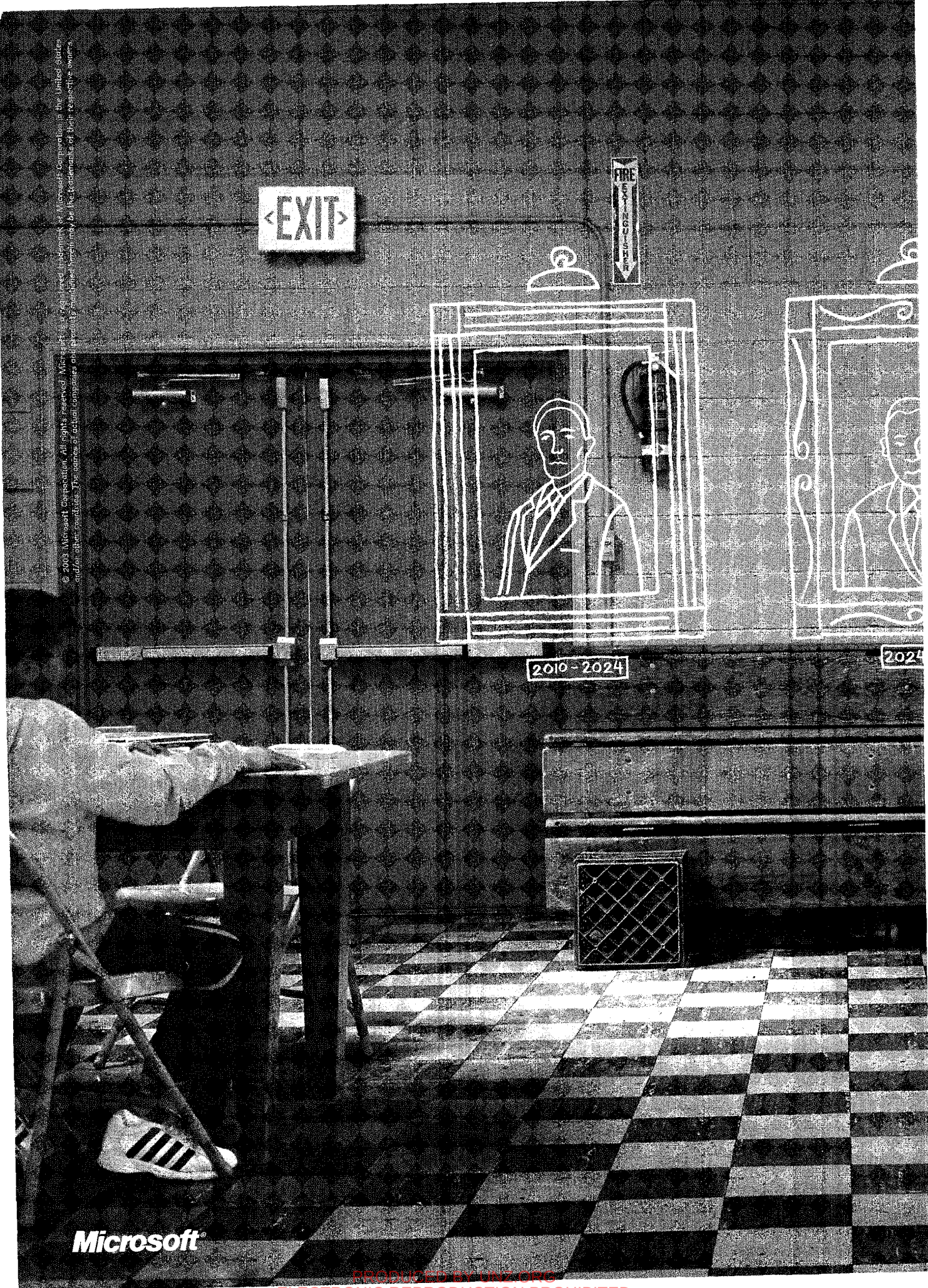
OR HERE?

INVESTMENTS. INSURANCE. 190 YEARS OF WISDOM.
Always thinking ahead.SM



www.thehartford.com

© 2003 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft is a registered trademark of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries. The names of actual companies and products mentioned herein may be the trademarks of their respective owners.



Microsoft®

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



We see

a future chairman of the board.

Computer literacy helps lead to greater success in school, and more importantly, greater success in life. That's what led us to partner with Boys and Girls Clubs of America to start Club Tech.

As a result, 3.3 million young people have the chance to learn to use today's technology. Because we believe that given the right tools, kids can do just about anything. microsoft.com/potential

Your potential. Our passion.

PRODUCED BY UNIZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The
NECKLACE
transformed
HER FACE.

Gave her light. And now it is in my jewelry box. The lines, the cut, the fiery glow.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

And maybe I'll wear it or maybe I won't but you see it's now up to me. Mine. My piece of her...

Worth goes way beyond price. Beyond simply owning a really valuable necklace. It includes every detail of that necklace. Like the craftsmanship of the clasp or the events to which it was worn. It includes the story about how it was given to your mother. It's emotional.

This is why Chubb has been known to go to great lengths to help replace items like this. If you have to make a claim, we won't hassle you.

For 120 years, Chubb has understood the true value of fine homes, automobiles, precious art and extraordinary jewelry. Because you know what it's really about. So do we.

For more information about Chubb coverage, ask your agent, call Chubb at 1.877.60.CHUBB or visit our website at www.chubb.com.

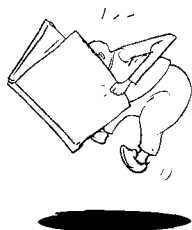


CHUBB

COVERAGE BEYOND YOUR EXPECTATIONS

Insurance for homes • autos • art • jewelry • yachts • business

Chubb refers to the insurers of the Chubb Group of Insurance Companies. Actual coverage is subject to the language of the policies as issued. Chubb, Box 1615, Warren, NJ 07061-1615.



THE Atlantic

VOLUME 291 NO. 2 / MARCH 2003

10 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE AGENDA

- 23** Essays by *Michael Kelly*, *David Brooks*, and *Byron York*; a cartoon by *Edward Sorel*; plus Primary Sources and The Nation in Numbers, by *Jen Joynt* and *Carrie Shuchart*
-

43 WYNTON'S BLUES

For two decades Wynton Marsalis was perhaps the biggest name in jazz, admired as a musician and unsurpassed as a promoter and a definer. But Marsalis now faces an uncertain future. Just like jazz itself *by David Hajdu*

59 CLOSE-UP: WILLIAM JEFFERSON CLINTON

Running for President is one of the very few options not open to Bill Clinton. Two years after having left office, he remains as vigorous, as restless, and as politically agile as ever—and he has both motive and opportunity to keep himself in the public eye for decades to come. Two of our correspondents ask, How will he cope with his post-presidency? How will we?

POST-PRESIDENT FOR LIFE *by James Fallows*

THE BILL SHOW *by P. J. O'Rourke*

82 THE LANGUAGE POLICE

"Adam and Eve"? Replace with "Eve and Adam." "Little person"? Replace with "person of small stature." "Slave"? Replace with "enslaved person." Herewith, an abridgment of bias guidelines issued by major educational publishers and state agencies *by Diane Ravitch*

56 SURE *A poem by Lee Upton*

81 FLASH FLOOD *A drawing by Guy Billout*

84 WHAT IS VISIBLE *A short story by Kimberly Elkins*

92 MOURNING CLOAK *A poem by Christina Pugh*

.....

BOOKS & CRITICS

95 NEW & NOTEWORTHY *Current books reviewed by Benjamin Schwarz*

99 THE PERILS OF PARTITION *An essay on the historical and literary aftereffects of the British Empire by Christopher Hitchens*

108 Other reviews *by Jon Zobenica, Caitlin Flanagan, Brooke Allen, and Thomas Mallon*

113 THE VICTORIAN ACHIEVEMENT *The Victorians, by A. N. Wilson reviewed by Gertrude Himmelfarb*

PURSUIITS & RETREATS

123 INNOCENT BYSTANDER **NEED TO KNOW** *by Cullen Murphy*

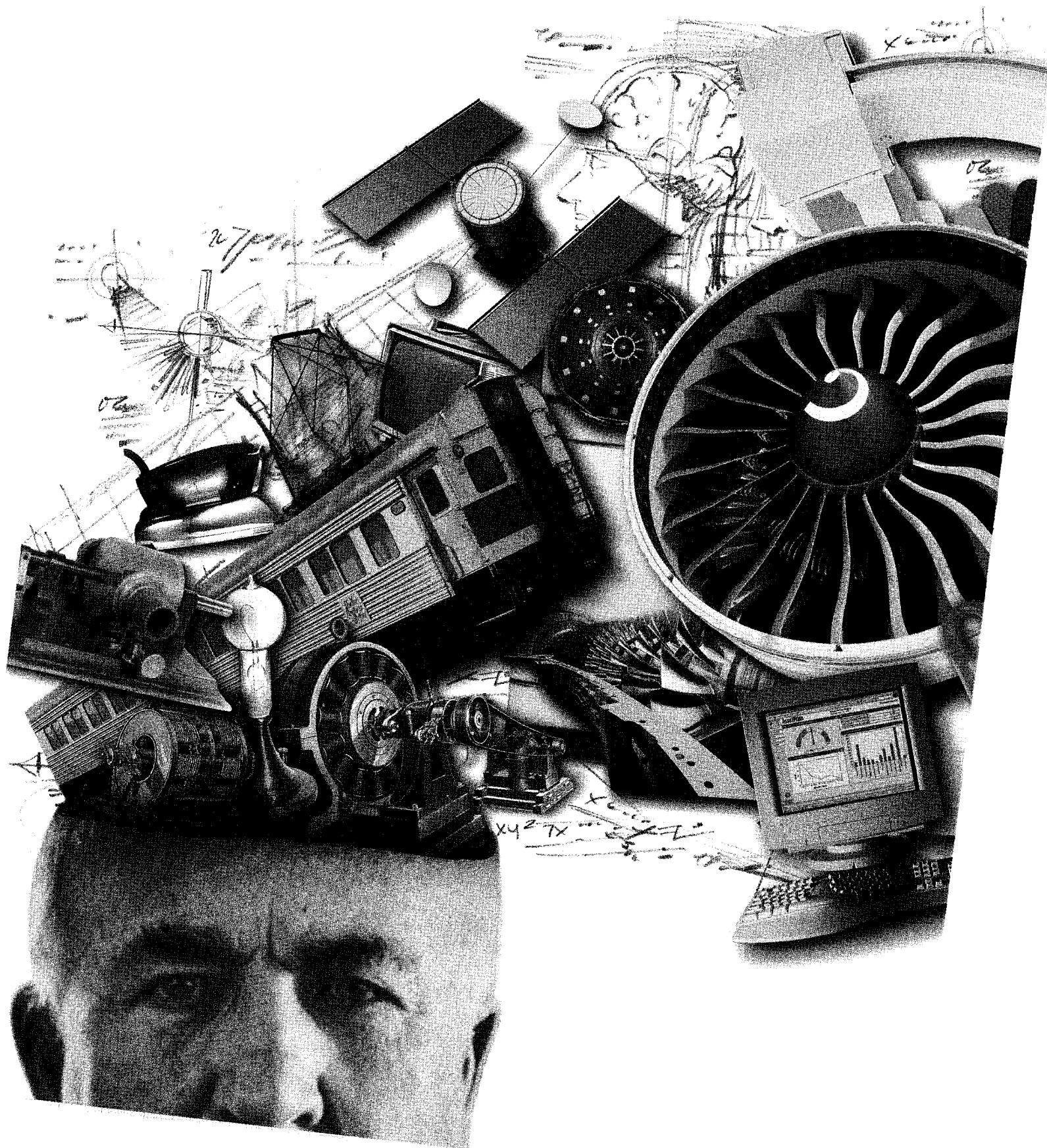
125 MOVIES **STORMING THE HOME FRONT** *by Francis Davis*

133 PERSONAL FILE **CARING FOR YOUR INTROVERT** *by Jonathan Rauch*

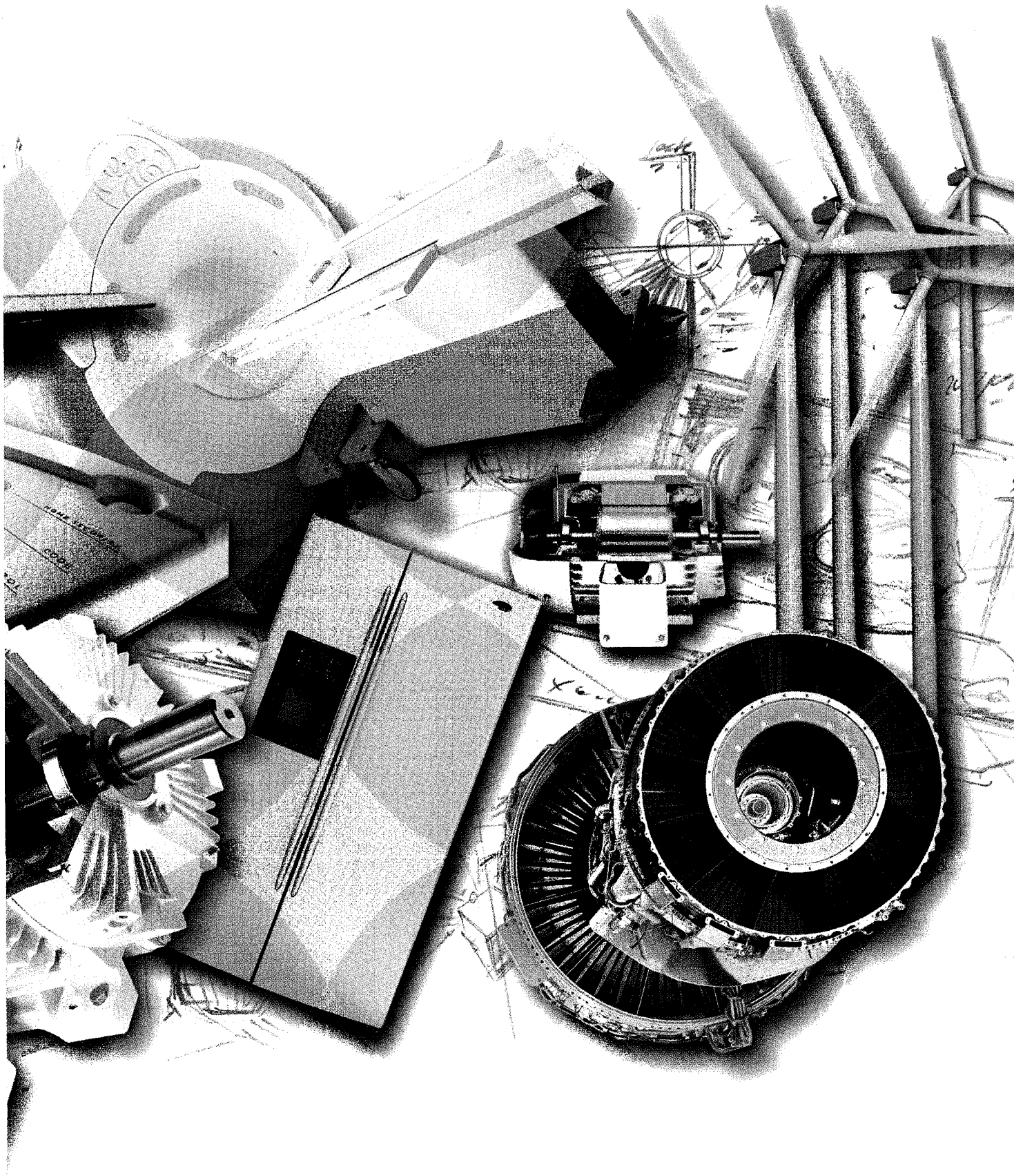
135 THE PUZZLER *by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon*

136 WORD FUGITIVES *by Barbara Wallraff*

Cover art by Daniel Adel; heading drawings throughout by Istvan Banyai







imagination at work



THE Atlantic

Managing Editor
CULLEN MURPHY

Editor at Large
MICHAEL KELLY

Deputy Managing Editors
MARTHA SPAULDING, TOBY LESTER

Literary Editor
BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

Senior Editors
JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS (fiction),
CORBY KUMMER, AMY MEEKER, SUE PARILLA,
YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN, SCOTT STOSSEL,
ROBERT VARE, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Art Director
MARY PARSONS

National Correspondents
JAMES FALLOWS, WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE

Staff Editors
DAVID BARBER, LESLIE CAULDWELL,
SARAH COHEN, AVRIL CORNEL,
JOSHUA FRIEDMAN, BENJAMIN HEALY,
JULIA LIVSHIN, LINDA LOWENTHAL,
HILARY MCCLELLAN, JESSICA MURPHY, LUCIE PRINZ,
ELIZABETH SHELburne, JON ZOBNENICA

Poetry Editor
PETER DAVISON

Art Staff
LEE CAULFIELD, Associate Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Coordinator

The Atlantic Online
ERIC WESTBY, Director of Design & Technology
KATIE BACON, Executive Editor
SAGE STOSSEL, Senior Editor
KEN BERARD, Marketing

Editorial Research
DON PECK, JEN JOYNT, BRUCE FALCONER,
SUGI GANESHANANTHAN, MARSHALL POE,
CARRIE SHUCHART, ROSS DOUTHAT

Editorial Administration
MICHAEL KUBIT, ROBERT MOELLER, MURIEL MONTEIRO

Information Technology
DAVID STRECKER

Correspondents
MARK BOWDEN, DAVID BROOKS,
STEPHEN BUDIANSKY, REUEL MARC GERECHT,
ROBERT D. KAPLAN, CHARLES C. MANN,
P. J. O'ROURKE, JONATHAN RAUCH, ERIC SCHLOSSER,
ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL, JEFFREY TAYLER

Contributing Editors
ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, CAITLIN FLANAGAN,
SEYMOUR M. HERSH, WENDY KAMINER, TRACY KIDDER,
JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON, THOMAS MALLON,
JACK MILES, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN,
THOMAS POWERS, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

Editor Emeritus
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Editorial Offices & Correspondence
The Atlantic Monthly considers unsolicited manuscripts,
fiction or nonfiction, and mail for the Letters column.
Correspondence should be sent to *The Atlantic Monthly*
77 North Washington Street, Boston, MA 02114, or
Letters@theatlantic.com. (617) 854-7700

Manuscripts will not be returned, nor will queries be
answered or letters acknowledged, unless they are
accompanied by a postage-paid postcard or return envelope
of sufficient size. Please do not send manuscripts by e-mail.

Chairman
DAVID G. BRADLEY

President and Group Publisher
JOHN FOX SULLIVAN

Chief Editorial Adviser
MICHAEL KELLY

Publisher
ELIZABETH BAKER KEFFER

Senior Vice President
STEVE HULL

Advertising
MATTHEW BARBA, Associate Publisher
DEBORAH CUNNINGHAM, Managing Director
ALISSA LASH, Director of Strategy and Operations
New York: (646) 695-8500
MEREDITH GOLD, Director of Business Development
GLORIA A. BRUERE, Manager, East
CARLEY GRAHAM, Sales Associate

Washington: (202) 266-6000
EMILY AKHTARZANDI, Manager, East
SUSAN BREISSINGER, Manager, Midwest
AMANDA WHIPKEY, Project Specialist
LINDSAY JURIST-ROSNER, CARRIE KEELING,
CAROLINE KIRK, Assistants

Los Angeles: (310) 826-9910
BRIAN PATELLA, Manager, West; DESIREE GILL, Assistant

Detroit: (248) 691-1800
Hour Media/JOHN BALARDO
LISA STEELE, Manager
Direct Response: (860) 542-5180
MARIE ISABELLE, Manager

Marketing
KELLY OWENS, Event Manager

Media Relations
JULIA ROTHWAX, Director
(646) 695-8531, jrothwax@theatlantic.com

Business Development and Legal Affairs
ANDREW MIRSKY, Director

Circulation
PAUL UNGLAUB, Manager
MEAGHAN WALKER, Coordinator
Circulation Specialists, Inc.

Production & Special Projects
JOHN KEFFERSTAN, Director
JODI FISHER, Production Services and Pre-press Manager
AMY SWAN, Special Projects Art Director
LARISSA GLASSER, Production Coordinator

Finance
TONY SKARUPA, Vice President/CFO
DEBRA CARRIERE, Director of Finance
SOPHIE LECAM-CAMILIEN, Accounting Manager
PATRICIA HALL, ANDREW WALL

.....

Advertising Offices
The Atlantic Monthly
200 Madison Avenue, 20th Floor
New York, NY 10016, (646) 695-8500

Customer Service & Reprints
Please direct all subscription queries and orders to
Atlantic Customer Care, Box 37585
Boone, IA 50037-0585 or call (800) 234-2411
For expedited service please call between 3:30
and 11:30 P.M. ET, Tuesday through Friday.
Reprint requests (100+) should be made to Reprint
Management Services (717) 399-1900

Education Program
A discount rate and free support materials are available
to teachers who use *The Atlantic* in the classroom.
Please call (877) 299-8577 or visit www.theatlantic.com/teach/

Each month, *The Atlantic* ONLINE
offers selections from each edition—
with related commentary, photo
essays, and more. You can also
browse the complete archive of our
editorial history, read the text of our
books, multimedia presentations, and more.

This month on the Web . . .

Transcript The transcript of James
A Conversation Fallows's interview with
with Bill Clinton Bill Clinton in Fayetteville,
Arkansas. Plus, a collection
of *Atlantic* articles assessing
Clinton before, during,
and after his presidency.

Fallows@large James Fallows discusses
"The American the deep problems
Way of War" plaguing our military
with Robert Coram, the
author of *Boyd: The Fighter*
Pilot Who Changed the Art
of War, and Donald
Yandergriff, the author
of *The Path to Victory:*
America's Army and the
Revolution in Human Affairs

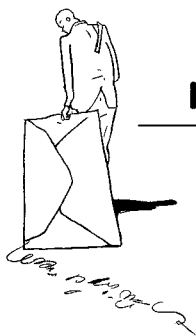
Soundings Muir, Keats, Raleigh,
Classic Poems Lowell, Coleridge, Bishop,
Heard Anew Shakespeare, Dickinson
read aloud by Peter
Davison, Stanley Plumly,
Henri Cole, Linda
Gregerson, Frank Bidart,
Robert Pinsky, Gail Mazur,
and many others.

. . . and much more

Come see why *The Atlantic* is named
The Atlantic Monthly
the best literary magazine on the Web for 2001.

THE Atlantic
online

WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Fifty-first State?

In his article on the problems facing the United States in a postwar Iraq ("The Fifty-First State?," November *Atlantic*), James Fallows makes a seemingly sound point: if Washington invades Iraq alone, the United States alone will bear the high financial costs of rebuilding the country. After all, why would countries that opposed the war spend millions of dollars to deal with the aftermath?

This line of reasoning, however, overlooks a key point. It would be in the interests of Europe and Japan to provide money for reconstruction. As Fallows points out, Iraq, with its vast, untapped oil reserves, has the potential to be another Saudi Arabia. If Western countries opted out of providing financial assistance, they would jeopardize their oil interests in Iraq, which history shows they are loath to do. France has avoided taking a hard-line stance against Saddam Hussein partly because of its desire to tap Iraq's oil once sanctions end. After the Persian Gulf War, Japan helped to maintain its influence in the region through construction projects for Iraq's neighbors.

In short, the allure of Iraq's oil and the desire to limit the United States' economic gains would compel Europe and Japan to provide financial assistance even if Washington fought Saddam alone. As Fallows argues, Washington would face major problems in a postwar Iraq, but a heavy financial burden for reconstruction would probably not be one of them.

Erik Swabb
Salt Lake City, Utah

James Fallows writes with foresight about the terrible consequences if the United States invades Iraq. But he doesn't similarly write of the consequences of Saddam Hussein's having a nuclear

weapon. So both sides may be right: it's a disaster if the United States goes in and a disaster if it doesn't. In foreign policy we sometimes face a variety of alternatives, each one demonstrably wrong. The test is which are the better alternatives when none of them are desirable.

Ron Cohen
Houston, Texas

End of the West

It is difficult to envision Europe's becoming "a formidable counterweight to the United States on the world stage," as postulated by Charles A. Kupchan (The Agenda, "The End of the West," November *Atlantic*), considering that the EU "heavyweights" (Germany, France, England) are steadily undergoing a profound racial and ethnic transformation by unfettered immigration, from predominantly Caucasian to Middle Eastern Semitic and African Negro, and in religious identity, from predominantly Christian to Muslim.

The EU had best make haste if it is considering "making a run at the United States," before it collapses in multicultural chaos, although a dispassionate analysis of current immigration-driven demographic trends in the United States portends a drowning of national identity in multicultural chaos here, too. Looks to me like a contest between ninety-seven-pound weaklings, with Communist China the chuckling onlooker.

Leonard C. Johnson
Moscow, Idaho

Charles Kupchan's article raises several excellent points about the troubled future of the trans-Atlantic alliance but misses two key points.

First, citing expansion into Eastern Europe as a means of increasing the European Union's power overestimates the value these states will bring to the

EU. As with the induction of new countries into NATO, the states of Eastern Europe will be a net drain for some time to come. In particular, the hordes of cheap labor that stand ready to flow into Western and Northern Europe will present a real point of contention. Kupchan cites Europe's antipathy toward foreign immigrants as a values gap with the United States; Western Europe fears cheap labor swarming in from Eastern Europe every bit as much as from North Africa. Moreover, as the EU acquires new members, it will also acquire a host of new dilapidated economies, ravaged environments, and sharp ethnic conflicts. Given decades of intensive investment, Europe will in time realize the potential of these countries, but to assume that geographic expansion automatically translates into increased power is erroneous.

Second, heavy American military investment in European security through NATO remains the elephant that no one wants to talk about. Kupchan's remarks do not address the twin problems that would readily beset Western Europe should the United States radically reduce or remove its European military presence. Not only would the absence of "neutral" third-party America likely drive some if not all of Western Europe to reconsider old rivalries, but those same European nations lack the financial resources to meet the challenge of arming for themselves—even to a modest level. Western European military forces are a mere shadow of their former selves and lack much of the advanced technology that makes U.S. forces so effective: strategic lift, command and control, precision-guided munitions, and the like. The trans-Atlantic defense community has long recognized a growing gap between the very high-tech forces that the United States fields and the traditionally low-tech forces fielded by its NATO allies.

New Lufthansa Miles & More
VISA credit card 800 437-3880.

Wherever you want to go, we can pinpoint your destination.

327 destinations in 89 countries.

With 15* U.S. gateways and the best on-time performance at our hubs in Frankfurt and Munich, Lufthansa is your ticket to the world. Add our 75 years of experience in providing attentive, award-winning service and you'll be sure to get wherever you want to go relaxed and on time. You'll also earn miles in Lufthansa Miles & More[®] or United Mileage Plus[®]†. No wonder we're the world's number one choice for international travel. See your travel agent, call Lufthansa at 800 645-3880 or visit www.lufthansa-usa.com.

*Nonstop service Portland-Frankfurt starts March 31, 2003.

†In accordance with the terms and conditions of the programs.

There's no better way to fly.™



Lufthansa

A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER 

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONNECTION

Audi of America, Inc.
audiusa.com

Batdorf & Bronson Coffee Roasters
www.batdorf.com

Berlitz International, Inc.
www.berlitz.com

Blackstone Audiobooks, Inc.
www.blackstoneaudio.com

Bose Corporation
www.bose.com

CARE
www.care.org

Chrysler Pacifica
pacific.chrysler.com

Chubb Personal Insurance
877-60-CHUBB

Colorado Tourism
800-COLORADO

Edgecraft Corporation
edgecraft.com

French Country Waterways, Ltd.
www.fcwl.com

GMC YUKON
GMC.com/YUKON

Gorilla Glue
www.gorillaglu.com

Mercedes-Benz of North America
www.mbusa.com

Merrill Lynch Private Client
askmerrill.ml.com

Red Trumpet, Ltd.
www.redtrumpet.com

Saturn
www.saturn.com

Sure Fit, Inc.
www.surefit.com

Tempur-Pedic, Inc.
www.tempurpedic.com

The Hartford
www.thehartford.com

The Parker Company
www.theparkercompany.com

The Vanguard Group
www.vanguard.com

Toyota
www.toyota.com/tomorrow

Union Institute & University
www.tui.edu

UPS
www.community.ups.com

White Flower Farm
www.whiteflowerfarm.com

Connect directly with these advertisers
at www.theatlantic.com/store

At issue, then, would be the very effectiveness of the defense forces that the EU would have to build for itself. For any mission beyond territorial defense, the nations of the EU would have to make substantial cuts to their socialized butter in order to pay for the new guns—and post-Cold War history shows that the nations of Europe have been extremely reluctant to cut the social-welfare benefits that high taxes and high investment bring in order to pay for robust militaries. Moreover, building robust militaries—even if only for territorial defense—would require either expanded conscription or extended terms of service, both of which are highly unpalatable to Europeans.

Joe Gigliotti
Alexandria, Va.

Charles Kupchan seems to have been carried away by the ease of driving from Germany to France. Adding that not-really-so-new aspect of European integration to a series of other observations, he makes a case for a united Europe with global reach. He draws an unsustainable parallel with the United States' long path toward unity. Without citing any statistics, he asserts that much of the investment capital that buoyed the U.S. economy in the 1990s is now headed to the other side of the Atlantic. He further asserts that the recent gains of the euro against the dollar will enhance EU productivity and growth. He is all wet.

I have never met a citizen or subject of any country who describes himself as "European," except in a geographic sense. And many British wouldn't even go that far. "Europe" is a collection of separate peoples, some of whom have chosen to unite in a common market and even fewer of whom use a common currency. Nothing more.

In drawing a parallel with U.S. history, Kupchan ignores the fact that one thing that drew the United States together was a common language. Unless we take into account the laughable experiment with Esperanto, no one has seriously proposed a common language for Europe.

Saying that "two thirds of the union's population" supports "the adoption of a

Europe-wide constitution" is misleading. Not all European states are EU members. The English Channel will freeze over before France and England are united under a common constitution. The latter doesn't even have a constitution in the traditional sense. The Mediterranean will freeze before all of Europe is united under a common constitution.

Carlisle Johnson
Radio Infinita
Guatemala City, Guatemala

Charles A. Kupchan replies:

Joe Gigliotti is correct that the EU's enlargement to the east will present the union with a host of new political, economic, and social challenges. But enlargement will in the long run strengthen the EU, for three main reasons. First, to ready the union for the inclusion of new states, current members are fortifying and centralizing its governing institutions. Precisely because a bigger EU could potentially be a more unwieldy one, its members are preparing for enlargement by deepening the union's collective character and identity. The ongoing European Convention is in the midst of debating crucial steps, including the adoption of a constitution, the direct election of a European President, and the appointment of a single Foreign Minister to represent Europe in the global arena.

Second, with many of the EU's current members facing demographic decline in the years ahead, enlargement offers an important means of augmenting Europe's work force, as does immigration from Turkey and from Muslim countries in the Middle East and North Africa. The influx of laborers will no doubt trigger social tensions and impress upon Europe the need to assimilate its growing Muslim population more effectively. But contrary to the perspective offered by Leonard Johnson, immigration and multiculturalism will ultimately strengthen Europe's economy, as they have strengthened the U.S. economy.

Third, enlargement will enhance the EU's geopolitical influence in Europe's heartland. Mr. Gigliotti is right to point out that EU members remain militarily weak and need to devote more political capital and money to improving their defense capabilities. But they are slowly heading in the right direction. France last year announced that it intends to increase its defense spending by 20 percent. EU members have collectively placed orders for almost 200 A400M

transport aircraft. The EU is gradually taking over from NATO responsibility for ongoing peacekeeping missions in the Balkans. Countries soon to join the EU will make their own contributions to building up Europe's defenses. Poland, for example, has a sizable army and recently placed orders for forty-eight F-16s.

Carlisle Johnson's *Europhobia* is impressive, even if misguided, and prompts me to recommend that he invest in a pair of ice skates. If the Mediterranean will freeze over before Europe has a constitution, he may soon need them to cross it.

Animal Rights

In his review of Matthew Scully's new book, *Dominion: The Power of Man, the Suffering of Animals, and the Call to Mercy*, Christopher Hitchens ("Political Animals," November *Atlantic*) is as morally generous as he can be within the limitations of his humanist thought box. Every year in the United States alone, 10 billion animals are confined, transported, and slaughtered in unimaginably grisly and cruel ways. Their suffering and death belie any claim to decency this society has, or any person, for that matter, who perpetuates this suffering through gluttony and thoughtless consumption habits.

Hitchens is rightly appalled by the barbarity of factory farms and slaughterhouses, but his call to decency falls flat, because it is an inadequate response to the scale of animal suffering, and he reasserts the very human-over-animal hierarchy that informs the practice of every vicious form of animal exploitation.

Hitchens is symptomatic of the complete failure of leftist thought, which since the Enlightenment has affirmed the doctrine of rational humanism. Although certainly an advance over theocentrism and theocracy, humanism affirmed the core speciesist values of Christianity, which hold that animals exist not for their own good but, rather, to serve human ends. Like sexism, racism, homophobia, and other discriminatory outlooks and practices, humanism creates a bogus dualism between the "superior" group (human animals) and the "inferior" group (nonhuman animals), and uses it as a justification for power, violence, and exploitation. But like other

forms of discrimination and exploitation, speciesism lacks a rational justification and in the end is a pathetic prejudice unworthy of any claim to enlightenment.

Through empathy for animal suffering, Hitchens has at least taken the first step toward a proper ethic. But he needs to transcend the limitations of rational humanism to merit the appellation of enlightened thinker in the eyes of those who have rejected the last vicious form of prejudice remaining—speciesism.

Steven Best

Chair, Department of Philosophy
University of Texas at El Paso

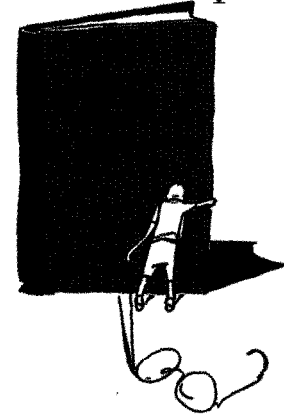
Christopher Hitchens unfairly characterizes those who are dedicating their lives to healing through biomedical research with animals. For compassionate as well as scientific reasons, the American research community is deeply concerned about the condition of the animals it studies. Poor care results in unreliable research data. And because laboratory animals have been indispensable to the causes of medical progress and scientific discovery, researchers are swift to recognize and embrace their moral duty to provide them with the best care and treatment possible.

Hitchens's pseudo-scientific claims about the significance and validity of research are without any basis in fact. He claims, "Much animal experimentation is a wasteful perversion of science (Jonas Salk's vaccine seemed useless when tested on anything but a human being)."

The ludicrous assertion that animals played no productive role in the development of the polio vaccine is an oft repeated piece of animal-rights folklore. As it happens, the polio virus was first isolated in nonhuman-primate kidney-cell cultures. Both the Salk and the Sabin vaccines were developed and tested for safety in animal models before being administered to millions of children. Such testing is required under the provisions of the Helsinki Treaty and the Geneva Convention, which prohibit medical experimentation on human beings before animal testing has taken place.

Animal research has played a role in virtually every major medical advance of the past century. Practically every present-day protocol for the prevention,

THE **Atlantic**. preview



CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE ATLANTIC?

Sign up for the new
Atlantic Preview —
the free e-newsletter
that gives you an
advance look at what's
upcoming in *The Atlantic*.*

Before the next issue of *The Atlantic* hits the newsstand, before it arrives in subscriber mailboxes, the *Atlantic Preview* provides you with an exclusive sample of what you can look forward to. Editorial sneak peeks, article summaries, the annual "Year in Review," special offers for Preview subscribers only, and more—all in bright HTML formatting.

The *Atlantic Preview* is for the reader who wants even more from the magazine that already delivers the country's best writing on politics, society, literature, the arts, and more.

**SIGN UP TODAY (FOR FREE)
AT WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM/
NEWSLETTERS**

*The Atlantic does not share any e-mail addresses with third parties.

WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM

control, and cure of disease, pain, and suffering is based on knowledge attained—directly or indirectly—through research with laboratory animals.

Hitchens's statements also demonstrate a lack of understanding of the essential need for the use of animals in research. His claim that "much animal experimentation" is a "wasteful perversion of science" cannot be made without discounting, indeed ignoring, the considered professional opinion of an overwhelming majority of physicians and researchers in America, and also every Nobel laureate in medicine and physiology.

Frankie L. Trull

President

*Foundation for Biomedical Research
Washington, D.C.*

Christopher Hitchens is, as usual, very provocative and often right. He does, however, make one factual error when he refers to Peter Singer as "the intellectual pioneer" in the field of animal rights and as having a "chilly eminence." In fact Singer is not even a member of the animal-rights community, much less a pioneer, eminent or otherwise. In many of his writings Singer disavows the notion of animal rights, and he has had a long debate on the matter with the intellectual leader of the movement, Tom Regan, of North Carolina State University.

Singer's view is wholly utilitarian, and he states that every utilitarian must recognize the equal consideration of all beings who have interests. Animals have interests, but that does not mean their treatment must be equal to that of people—at least not according to Singer. On the other hand, Regan, in dozens of articles and in his by now classic *The Case for Animal Rights*, maintains that the inherent rights of animals are equal to those of human beings and that a right is not the sort of thing that can be sacrificed out of considerations of utility. Thus the differences between the two are not merely semantic, and the policy implications are enormous.

Sidney Gendin

*Professor Emeritus, Philosophy
Eastern Michigan University
Ypsilanti, Mich.*

With great appreciation for Christopher Hitchens's review of Matthew Scully's book, some points should be clarified. The biblical passage that gives human beings dominion over animals restricts that dominion against eating them by commanding Adam and Eve to be vegetarians: "I give you every herb, seed and green thing for food" (Genesis 1:29).

Hitchens's dismissal of religious arguments aside, this has great significance for biblically based vegetarians. Hitchens points out that the concept of rights for animals is modern (about 200 years old)—but so is the concept of rights for human beings. Religious and philosophical systems of the past had much to say about the human duty to and treatment of animals (as well as people), but it was not expressed in "rights" terminology.

The argument about anthropomorphism suggests how chaotic modern discussions are about the relationship between animals and people. Animal researchers cannot interpret their data from animal studies without reference to human standards (indeed, what would be the point of such studies otherwise?), and psychological and stress tests on animals have no meaning at all without human terms of reference: mother love, aggression, depression, feelings of powerlessness, and so forth.

The animal-rights movement does have contradictions, as Hitchens notes, but so does animal research. Descartes's disciples accepted his judgment that animals were machines, and then proceeded to cut dogs up alive to search for their souls.

Roberta Kalechofsky

*President, Jews for Animal Rights
Marblehead, Mass.*

Thank you for Christopher Hitchens's critical review of Matthew Scully's book *Dominion: The Power of Man, the Suffering of Animals, and the Call to Mercy*. I would like to address a couple of things Hitchens says about social-justice responses to animals and animal rights.

Hitchens invokes the English utilitarian philosopher Jeremy Bentham to support his claim that talk about animals' rights is "nonsense upon stilts" because "rights have to be asserted," and

"animals cannot make such assertions." However, we make representations all the time on behalf of people who cannot speak for themselves owing to infancy, debility, or senility, and Bentham himself said that nonhuman animals possess rights that have been withheld from them by human tyranny. He was talking about moral claims of fellowship that transcend the ability to articulate a plea for fairness in polished verbal language and which are yet a basis for legal rights. Indeed, we hire lawyers and members of the clergy to assert claims that exist in us as sentiments of justice and injustice that, if pleaded by ourselves on our own behalf, without intercession, might to a judge's ear (or the ear of God) sound like nothing more than "bleats and roars and trumpeting"—a lot of unambiguous protest, in fact.

I think it's time for our species to step down from the "chilly eminence" that Hitchens ascribes to the animal-advocacy philosopher Peter Singer and give to animals, who are neither "voiceless" nor "dumb," a voice in every affair that concerns them. If we can speak for people who can't speak for themselves, we can speak for these animals, and so we should.

Karen Davis

President

*United Poultry Concerns, Inc.
Machipongo, Va.*

The Next Christianity

I am disturbed that many readers may take Philip Jenkins's "The Next Christianity" (October *Atlantic*) as an authoritative interpretation of Christian theology. His article omits the core of Christian theology and focuses on beliefs and practices that are at best satellites to the basic things. For example, he describes the original Reformation as revolving around such issues as the authority of bishops versus lay autonomy. In fact Luther focused the Reformation on what he saw as established traditions and practices obscuring the vision of a gracious God made known in the crucified and risen Jesus. Calvin did not disagree or introduce a basically different focus. Luther rejected bishops only where they rejected the Reforma-

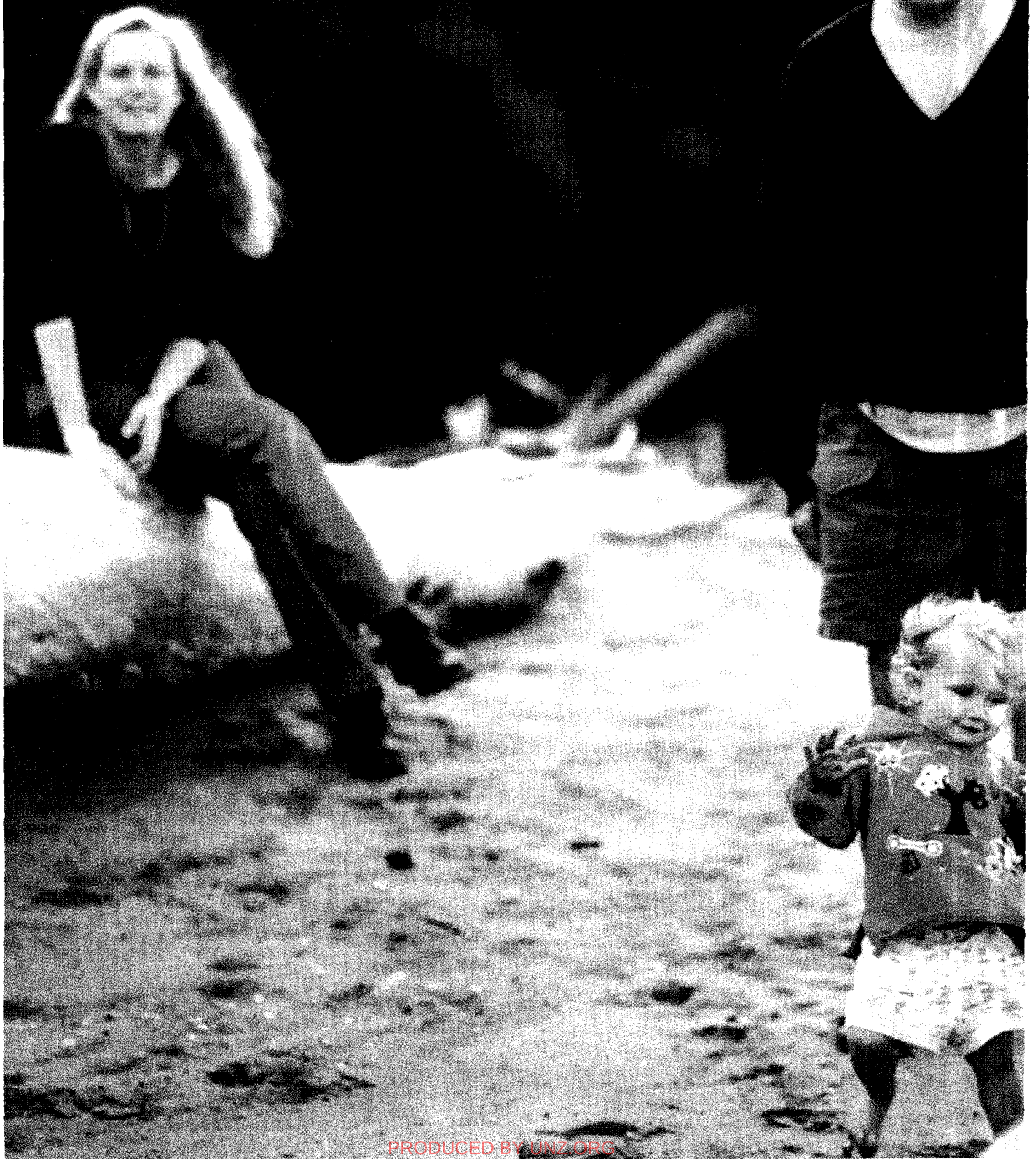


WHEN YOU
SEE YOUR
FINANCIAL
LIFE THIS
WAY,



WHAT ELSE
DO YOU
LIMIT?

YOUR FINANCIAL POTENTIAL



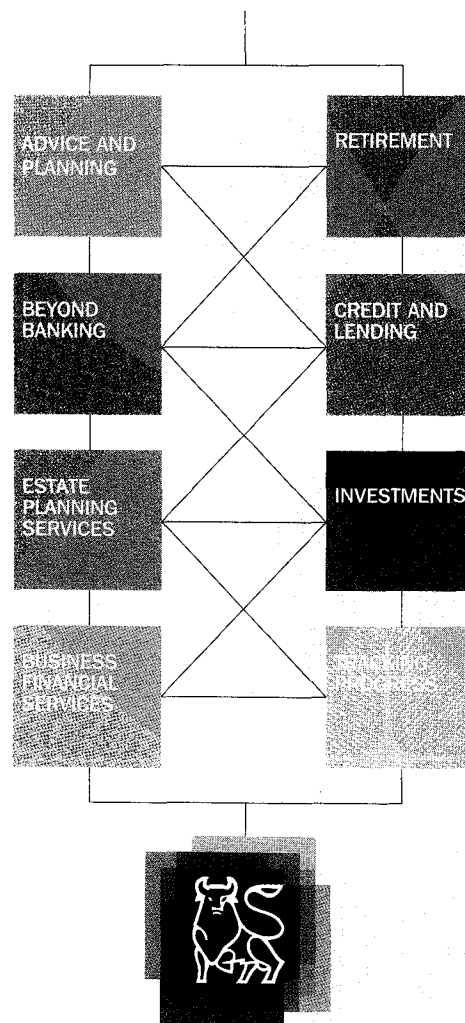
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How do you see your financial life? Your investments are here. Your retirement there. Your mortgage over here. Your banking way over there. Seen separately and managed separately, your financial life can only take you so far. Now, there's a way to go beyond those limits. Introducing Total Merrill.SM

At the heart of Total Merrill is a personal relationship. Working side-by-side with our clients, Merrill Lynch Financial Advisors see a client's life in total. They help all the pieces work together. And they help the whole become something greater. To see how, please turn the page.



MERRILL LYNCH
FINANCIAL ADVISOR
LYNETTE NOLL



TOTAL MERRILLSM

INTRODUCING TOTAL MERRILL. WE

ADVICE AND PLANNING

Does your advisor help you assess your financial goals and develop a plan to help achieve them?

Does your advisor help you understand the probability of achieving your goals under different market conditions?

Do you get the quality of advice that only teams of experts in many areas can bring you?

ADVICE AND
PLANNING

BEYOND BANKING

Are your short-term investments structured to meet your personal cash flow needs?

Do you have no-fee online bill payment, no-fee checking and free ATM withdrawals?

Are you using a delayed debit service to save money even after you've spent it?

BEYOND
BANKING

ESTATE PLANNING SERVICES

Does your estate plan contribute to your financial well-being, as well as your heirs'?

Does your estate plan take into account your long-term health care needs?

Are your estate plans up to date?

ESTATE
PLANNING
SERVICES

BUSINESS FINANCIAL SERVICES

Do you have access to the long-term capital and short-term cash you need?

Are there any advantages to tying parts of your business to your personal wealth?

Do you have a business succession plan to guide your company's future?

BUSINESS
FINANCIAL
SERVICES



TOTAL MERRILL™

Our Financial Advisors take the time to understand a client's vision of investments and find powerful, innovative ways to

CALL A MERRILL LYNCH FINANCIAL ADVISOR OF

SEE YOUR FINANCIAL LIFE IN TOTAL.SM

RETIREMENT

RETIREMENT

Will your investments generate the income you need to have the lifestyle you want after you stop working?

Will traditional 401(k)s and IRAs alone secure that lifestyle for you?

What's the smartest way to set aside assets for philanthropy or to launch a second career?

CREDIT AND LENDING

CREDIT AND LENDING

Have you considered the benefits of interest-only home financing to improve your cash flow?

Could a personal line of credit provide greater cash flexibility than a traditional loan or mortgage refinancing?

Have you considered how refinancing your home could help supplement your retirement nest egg?

INVESTMENTS

INVESTMENTS

Do you have access to a breadth of investment options like alternative investments, hedge funds or managed money?

Are you able to choose from a wide array of fixed income investments, annuities and mutual funds?

Is a financial advisor working with you to keep your portfolio properly diversified?

TRACKING PROGRESS

Do you have a financial advisor who helps you set definite goals and provides regular reviews?

Do you receive quarterly reports that summarize all your holdings?

During your portfolio review does your advisor look at your complete financial picture?

life in full and in depth. They look beyond the single dimension and integrate and leverage all the pieces of your financial life.

1-800-MERRILL. VISIT WWW.ASKMERRILL.ML.COM



tion. In Sweden, in fact, the authority of Roman Catholic bishops was used to introduce the Reformation.

To carry this into modern times, Jenkins sees the ordination of women as marking "liberal" theology. In fact conservative theologians in my own church body have come to see the restriction of ordination to men as fundamentally a misinterpretation of Scripture (which, to be honest, we might not have bothered to verify until more-secular forces aroused us!). In any case, it is not core theology. Other movements that Jenkins sees as traditionally biblical, such as millenarianism and Pentecostalism, are in fact largely based on late-medieval innovations using supposedly literal understanding of Scripture fragments. They lack the contextual insights of true conservatism.

LeRoy Martinson
Valparaiso, Ind.

In "The Next Christianity," Philip Jenkins raises our consciousness about the rise of Southern Christianity, especially the Roman Catholic variety. As one who has taught African seminarians, I can affirm with him that ideologically, Southern clergy are indeed rigidly conservative. But Jenkins has overlooked several issues.

He says that many Third World Catholics accept an authoritarian Church because of their poverty and ignorance; they are not accustomed to asserting their rights. But when Third World peoples look for role models to escape their situation, they find them in North America and Europe, where liberal, secular governments promote higher living standards. If these Third World Catholics must have secular governments to raise their standard of living, they will do so, and there is historical proof of this. Seventy-five years ago Ireland and Poland were European "Third World" countries, ignorant, poor, and groveling to religious authoritarianism. Now they are secular democracies—and Catholicism continues to flourish in both countries.

Joseph F. Kelly
Department of Religious Studies
John Carroll University
University Heights, Ohio

Philip Jenkins states that demographic trends are transforming the Catholic Church, as exploding numbers of worshippers in the developing world move its center of gravity southward. He predicts a future Church more "conservative" and more subservient to Rome. This is misleading, to say the least.

In America the Church has followed an Irish model of piety, with relatively rigid adherence to catechism and doctrine. (Today's pedophile-priest scandal is so shocking precisely because it ruptures a long tradition of iron discipline.) Paradoxically, the Church in the developing world is characterized by professed loyalty to the Pope coupled with breathtakingly deviant practice. Corrupt and sexually predatory clergymen have victimized African congregations for decades. Priests are famously attracted less by religious devotion than by social status and regular meals. The eager participation of priests and nuns in the Rwandan genocide was not an aberration. Rather, it exemplified a Church subservient to tribal morality at the parish level. More pagan than Christian, one might say.

The Vatican turns a blind eye to such atrocities and heresies in Africa while furiously stamping out any whiff of dissent in Europe and America. Why? Because the Pope's crusade to drag the Church back to the nineteenth century trumps everything else. John Paul II is packing the College of Cardinals with ostensibly orthodox members—most from developing nations—to extend his reactionary legacy. A Stalinist adherence to the papal line is more important than genuine devotion. Blatant evil within the Church has been swept under the carpet to avoid disrupting the plan.

Geoffrey Wittig
Dansville, N.Y.

Philip Jenkins replies:

In response to LeRoy Martinson, I, too, would be disturbed if any readers took my condensed summary of the Reformation debates as a comprehensive survey of Christian theology, but I doubt that many would. Most would understand that I was touching briefly on some major points of

Reformation controversy, in order to stress the critical consequences of the new theological paradigms for Church and State, and especially of the shifting balance between lay and religious authority. After all, if the Reformation had consisted of just a theological controversy fought within the universities, without wider consequences for society and politics, we would not view it as an epoch-making historical moment.

I would take issue with Mr. Martinson on the definition of contemporary ecclesiastical liberalism. Some New Testament passages seem, prima facie, to veto a leadership role for women in the Church, and Church traditions offer powerful support for that stance. For various reasons, many churches have decided that these scriptural and traditional authorities no longer apply. In other words, they are arguing for a substantial revision of the bases of Christian authority—one that most would, I think, view as liberal on the conventional political and religious spectrum. If these ideas are not strictly "theological," there is certainly a very high degree of correlation between those holding liberal theological views and those urging such modernizing reforms in Church life.

Joseph Kelly may well be correct when he says that I have overlooked important aspects of Southern Christianity. However, he does me an injustice when he says that I attribute the respect for authority in many Southern churches to the "poverty and ignorance" of their members. I never claimed—nor do I believe in—such a linkage. I wrote repeatedly of the poverty of many Southern Christians, but never of their ignorance.

Is Ireland really a good example of Catholicism's flourishing in a modern post-industrial democracy? Ireland's material success in recent decades has been wonderful to behold, but religious practice has declined significantly, particularly as measured by vocations. For better or worse, the Irish educational system has also become much more secularized, owing in part to a grave shortage of clerics and religious. Now, it might be argued that Irish Catholicism as such is flourishing, albeit in a less clerically dominated form. Even so, repeated surveys point to an unprecedented questioning of the Church and its values, partly in consequence of sex scandals much like those in North America.

Geoffrey Wittig presents a familiar range of tired anti-clerical stereotypes. African clerics have experienced a number of scandals over the years, though I know of no evidence that they are any more prone to sexual or financial malfeasance than their counterparts on other continents. Nor do clerics anywhere even begin to rival political, corporate, and media leaders in misdeeds. It ill befits North Americans to lecture other societies on flaws in the conduct of their public life. Mr. Wittig's comment that African clerics pursue their vocations only for the sake of "social status and regular meals" is scurrilous. If the African Church is so notoriously evil and scandal-prone, why aren't people leaving it in large numbers—instead of flocking to it?

Advice & Consent

William Langewiesche's October article ("American Ground: The Dance of the Dinosaurs") paints an incomplete and unwarranted picture of the Occupational Safety and Health

Administration's efforts to protect workers involved in cleanup and recovery at the World Trade Center site. Not only did he choose to exclude most of what OSHA accomplished but, worse, he made light of the agency's serious attempt to minimize further loss of life during a most tragic time in our nation's history.

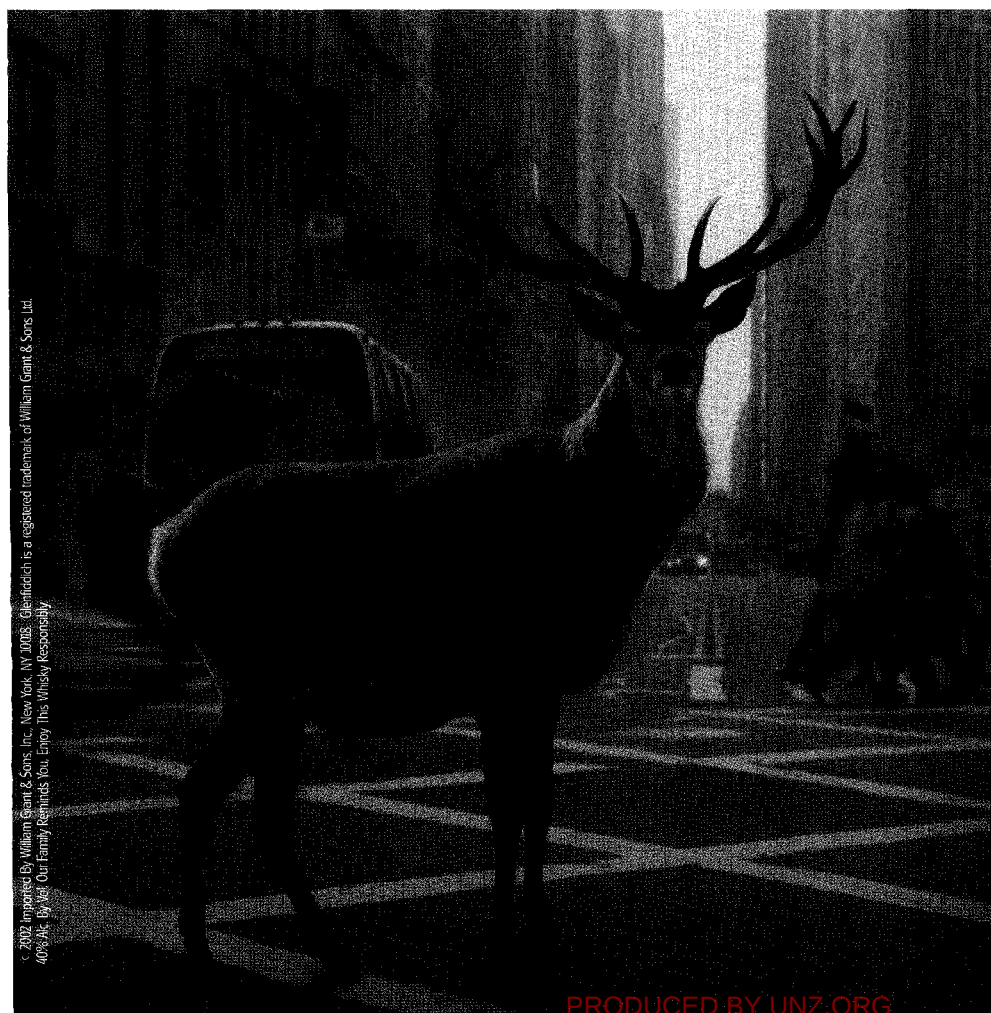
Langewiesche was right when he said that OSHA "had been present from the start," but his statement that we had been "largely ignored" is simply wrong. We mobilized quickly following the attacks and began work immediately with construction contractors, unions, and the City of New York to protect the safety and health of workers at the site. OSHA's round-the-clock presence for nearly ten months worked. We identified thousands of serious hazards that were immediately corrected. We distributed 130,000 respirators and trained thousands of workers on their proper use. We monitored working conditions to continue to demonstrate the need for respiratory protection. And we

conducted hundreds of enforcement inspections around the World Trade Center project to ensure adherence to workplace standards.

All this was accomplished in a serious and professional manner. No lives were lost during the rescue, cleanup, and recovery. In fact, no one sustained a life-threatening injury during the 3.7 million work hours, and the injury rate was about half of what would be expected for a normal cleanup project.

Given the unprecedented circumstances at the site, that was no small feat. It was also a testament to the hard work and dedication of the many professionals—not only from OSHA but also from other government agencies, construction contractors, labor organizations, and the City of New York—who answered a special call to duty this past year.

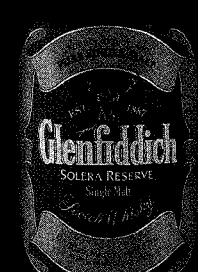
John L. Henshaw
Assistant Secretary for Occupational
Safety and Health
U.S. Department of Labor
Washington, D.C.



Glenfiddich

The
independent
spirit.

Distilled by an independent family company.
Bottled as Glenfiddich, which means "valley of the deer." Matured at its own Highland distillery for a full 15 years — our Solera Reserve features delicious notes of oak, honey, vanilla spice, fruit and sherry.



AGED **15** YEARS

GLENFIDDICH.COM

© 2002 Imported by William Grant & Sons, Inc., New York, NY 10003. Glenfiddich is a registered trademark of William Grant & Sons, Ltd. 40% Alc. By Vol. Our Family Reminds You. Enjoy This Whisky Responsibly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



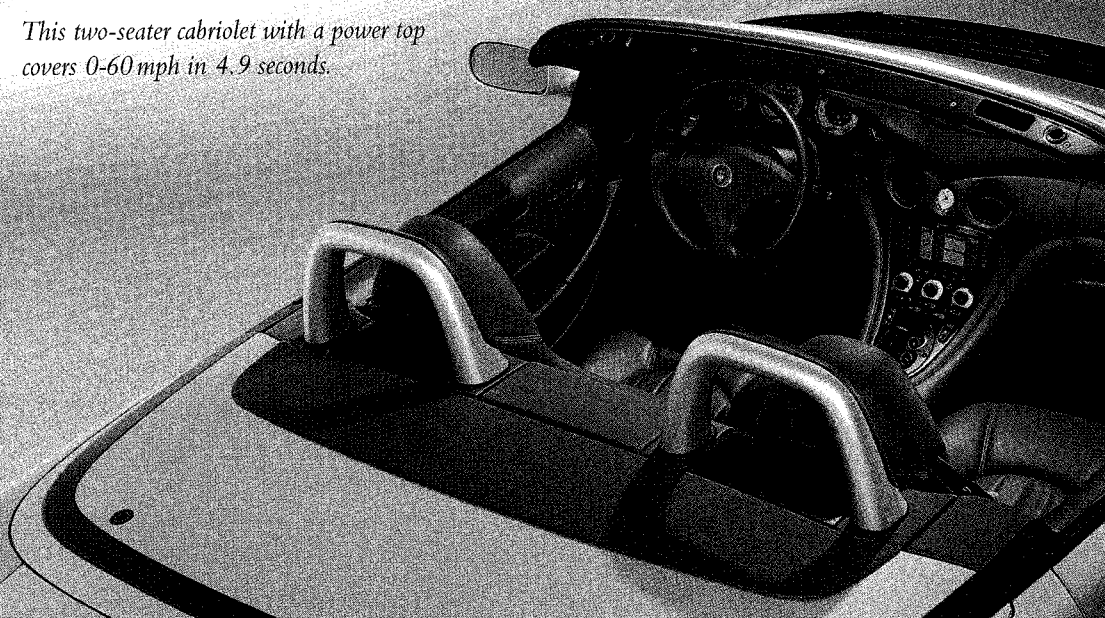
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 888.371.1802 OR VISIT MASERATIUSA.COM



MASERATI

SPYDER

*This two-seater cabriolet with a power top
covers 0-60 mph in 4.9 seconds.*



GRUPPO
FERRARI
MASERATI

© Maserati North America 2002. Maserati and the Trident logo are registered trademarks.

4.2 LITERS | V8 ENGINE | 390 BHP | 330 LB-FT TORQUE

4-YEAR/50,000-MILE LIMITED WARRANTY | 24-HOUR ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AGENDA

THIS MONTH, essays on the six steps toward curing secularism, and why the next Supreme Court confirmation will be particularly contentious

DAVID BROOKS

"Secularism is not the future; it is yesterday's incorrect vision of the future. This realization sends us recovering secularists to the bookstore or the library in a desperate attempt to figure out what is going on in the world."

PAGE 26

BYRON YORK

"When it comes to judicial selection, relations between Republicans and Democrats in the Senate are more strained than they have been at any time since the Clarence Thomas hearings, in 1991."

PAGE 30

PRIMARY SOURCES

"It is estimated that Kenyans pay an average of sixteen bribes a month, making their total cost of living 31 percent more than it would be in a bribe-free society."

PAGE 38

THE NATION IN NUMBERS

"Opponents of the death penalty cite DNA-based exonerations as evidence of how close states have come to killing innocent people ... Proponents cite the same exonerations as evidence that DNA testing has made wrongful executions less likely."

PAGE 40

WHAT NOW?

Developments, encouraging and otherwise

BY MICHAEL KELLY

.....

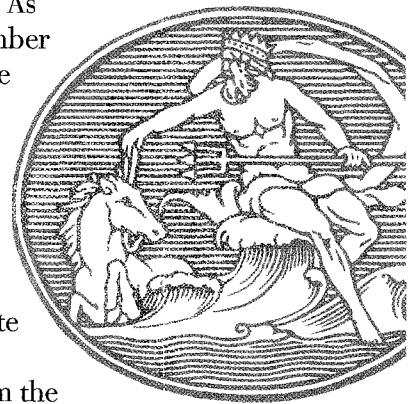
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA HAS GONE MAD," announced a headline in *The Times* of London on January 15. This was at first glance worrisome, but at second less so, because the article turned out to be not a news report but an opinion column. It was the opinion, specifically, of John le Carré that "America has entered one of its periods of historical madness, but this is the worst I can remember: worse than McCarthyism, worse than the Bay of Pigs and in the long term potentially more disastrous than the Vietnam War."

Le Carré said that "the freedoms that have made America the envy of the world are being systematically eroded," the principal evidence being that, as concerns war with Iraq, "the combination of compliant US media and vested corporate interests is once more ensuring that a debate that should be ringing out in every town square is confined to the loftier columns of the East Coast press."

Ah, *that* madness: we aren't talking enough. As events moved closer to war with Iraq in December and January, the complaint grew among people (mostly of the left) who are strongly opposed to such a war that what had gone wrong was much due to a lack of informed debate, and that this, in turn, was much due to the refusal of a corrupt White-House-and-Wall-Street-mastered media to allow such debate.

I know that this complaint of a stifled debate and a Bush-lackeyish media is not Le Carré's alone, because I come across it frequently, from the stifled, in the opinion pages of major American and British papers such as *The New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *The Boston Globe*, *The Washington Post*, *The New York Review of Books*, the *Guardian*, and *The Independent*; on the programs of National Public Radio and its 680 member stations; on such Web sites of the left as openDemocracy.net, TomPaine.com, truthout.org, Talking Points Memo, American Politics Journal, Media Whores Online ("the site that set out to bring the media to their knees, but found they were already there"), and FAIR; in the print and online columns of Molly Ivins, *The Village Voice's* Nat Hentoff, *The New York Observer's* Joe Conason, and *The Nation's* Alexander Cockburn, David Corn, and Eric Alterman; in *The American Prospect* and *The Washington Monthly*; and so on.

I may also contemplate the debate-smothering bias of the major



media from various points of view on the right, and these, too, are to be found in the opinion pages of major American and British papers; in the daily radio and television chatter on the Fox News Channel, *The Rush Limbaugh Show*, *The O'Reilly Factor*, and *The Sean Hannity Show*; on the Web sites of Andrew Sullivan ("unfit to print"), Mickey Kaus, John Ellis, Mark Steyn ("the one-man global content provider"), the Media Research Center, Ann Coulter, and the *Jewish World Review*; in *National Review* and on its Web site, from columnists such as Victor Davis Hanson, Larry Kudlow, and Rich Lowry; in *The Weekly Standard* and on its Web site, from columnists such as Fred Barnes and William Kristol; in *The Washington Times* and *The New York Post*; and so on.

Broadening my search for any honest debate not confined to "the loftier columns of the East Coast press," I may turn to such Web sites as the Drudge Report (which alone will link me to more than 225 news and opinion sites worldwide), Slate, Salon, and InstaPundit (which alone will link me to thirty-five "big journalism" sites ranging ideologically from Fox News to Andrew Sullivan to the libertarian Virginia Postrel to Joshua Micah Marshall; and to more than 200 "pure bloggers," including Armed Liberal, Big Arm Woman, BitchPundit, Cato the Youngest, Cold Fury, CounterRevolutionary, Nikita Demosthenes, The Fat Guy, Flit, FuturePundit, Gut Rumbles, Horsefeathers, The Inde-pundit, Pundit Watch, Rantburg, RealClear Politics, Right Wing News, War Liberal, and Dr. Weevil). Or I might check in with PejmanPundit, The American Times, Michael Barone, Media Life, Romenesko's MediaNews, Microcontent News, ABCNews's The Note, Political Wire, Slashdot, NewsMax ("America's News Page"), Rich Galen, the Volokh Conspiracy, James Lileks, GeekPress, Max Power, Man Without Qualities, The Corner, Eve Tushnet ("conservatism reborn in twisted sisterhood"), or JunkYard Blog ("born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad").

It is hard to say precisely when the eerie, debate-free silence first fell across an America stilled by a *compliant US media and vested corporate interests*. It may have been in the days immediately following the delivery to the United Nations on December 7 of what the government of Saddam Hussein said was a "currently accurate, full and complete" accounting of Iraq's chemical, biological, nuclear, and missile programs. This—in itself a major wordage event, with the report at 11,807 pages—was greeted with the usual unnatural lack of public comment.

According to Nexis, the "English language, full-text news sources" that are generally available to American consumers carried only 829 stories or items concerning weapons, President Bush, Iraq, and the United States on December 8, 9, and 10. This was followed by only 888 stories from December 11 to 13, only 570 from December 14 to 16, only 862 from December 17 to 19, only 542 from December 20 to 21, and so on, continuing right through press time for this column, with only 723 Nexis hits for January 13 to 15.

The silence was deafening. After getting caught in October for having cheated on the 1994 Agreed Framework supposedly ending its nuclear-bomb program, North Korea nullified the agreement and subsequently threatened a full resumption of its program, expelled international atomic inspectors, and withdrew from the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. This was not only an exceedingly dangerous development but also an exceedingly ill-timed one for the Bush Administration, which was caught flat-footed in the midst of dealing with an entirely different crisis involving an entirely different pariah state. But, again, the compliant media obediently kept the lid on: Nexis records no more than 6,245 hits from December 13 to January 15.

And silence covered the land. When Trent Lott, a very darling of the corporate vests, offered his wretched opinion that America would have been a better nation if the Dixiecrats of 1948 had succeeded

in electing Strom Thurmond President ... not a single, solitary, pathetic running dog of the compliant media stirred to print or utter a word, except for the 2,886 mentions that Nexis records from December 6 to January 15.

Actually, there was one little bit of relative silence. At about the same time that Senator Lott gaffed himself, so did his Democratic colleague, Senator Patty Murray, of Washington. Senator Murray, speaking to a high school class, said this: "Osama bin Laden has been very, very effective being—we've got to ask, why is this man so popular around the world? ... He's been out in these countries for decades, building roads, building schools, building infrastructure, building day-care facilities, ... and the people are extremely grateful. It made their lives better. We have not done that. We haven't been out in many of these countries helping them build infrastructure. How would they look at us today if we had been there helping them with some of that rather than just being the people who are going to bomb in Iraq and go to Afghanistan?"

These remarkable remarks were indeed largely ignored: Nexis shows a total of only 162 hits from December 20 to January 15. In the Le Carré argument this is presumably a bad thing. On the other hand, this could be a case in which silence was golden, since nobody would be doing Senator Murray a favor by drawing attention to her words. Senator Murray herself seems to be strongly in the silence=golden camp. Complaining later of what coverage there was, Murray said it went without saying that Osama bin Laden was "evil," and that critiquing her remarks was, well, un-American: "Having a challenging and thoughtful discussion about America's future reflects the best values of a free democracy; to sensationalize and distort in an attempt to divide does not." Debate ringing out in every town square, yes; but not that *divisive* kind of debate. ■

Michael Kelly is editor at large of The Atlantic.

It's a bigger problem than you think...



PREMATURITY

Leading cause of newborn death

Premature birth affects more than 460,000 babies in the U.S. every year. Some are so small they must fight for their lives. Others suffer lifelong consequences such as blindness or mental retardation.

No one knows what causes nearly half of all premature births. But, you can help us find out. Join WalkAmerica and support March of Dimes research and programs to help babies be born healthy.

Register on the Web at www.walkamerica.org or call 1-800-525-WALK. For more information call your local March of Dimes chapter.



March
of Dimes®
WalkAmerica®
Saving babies, together®

Walk and raise money
to save babies.

KICKING THE SECULARIST HABIT

A six-step program

Like a lot of people these days, I'm a recovering secularist. Until September 11 I accepted the notion that as the world becomes richer and better educated, it becomes less religious. Extrapolating from a tiny and unrepresentative sample of humanity (in Western Europe and parts of North America), this theory holds that as history moves forward, science displaces dogma and reason replaces unthinking obedience. A region that has not yet had a reformation and an enlightenment, such as the Arab world, sooner or later will.

It's now clear that the secularization theory is untrue. The human race does not necessarily get less religious as it grows richer and better educated. We are living through one of the great periods of scientific progress and the creation of wealth. At the same time, we are in the midst of a religious boom.

Islam is surging, Orthodox Judaism is growing among young people, and Israel has gotten more religious as it has become more affluent. The growth of Christianity surpasses that of all other faiths. In 1942 this magazine published an essay called "Will the Christian Church Survive?" Sixty years later there are two billion Christians in the world; by 2050, according to some estimates, there will be three billion. As Philip Jenkins, a Distinguished Professor of History and Religious Studies at Pennsylvania State University, has observed, perhaps the most successful social movement of our age is Pentecostalism (see "The Next Christianity," October *Atlantic*). Having gotten its start in Los Angeles about a century ago, it now embraces 400 million people—a number that, according to Jenkins, could reach a billion or more by the half-century mark.

Moreover, it is the denominations that refuse to adapt to secularism that are growing the fastest, while those that try to be "modern" and "relevant" are withering. Ecstatic forms of Christianity and "anti-modern" Islam are thriving.

The Christian population in Africa, which was about 10 million in 1900 and is currently about 360 million, is expected to grow to 633 million by 2025, with conservative, evangelical, and syncretistic groups dominating. In Africa churches are becoming more influential than many nations, with both good and bad effects.

IDEAS

**DAVID
BROOKS**

Secularism is not the future; it is yesterday's incorrect vision of the future. This realization sends us recovering secularists to the bookstore or the library in a desperate attempt to figure out what is going on in the world. I suspect I am not the only one who since September 11 has found himself reading a paperback edition of the Koran that was bought a few years ago in a fit of high-mindedness but was never actually opened. I'm probably not the only one boning up on the teachings of Ahmad ibn Taymiyya, Sayyid Qutb, and Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab.

There are six steps in the recovery process. First you have to accept the fact that you are not the norm. Western foundations and universities send out squads of researchers to study and explain religious movements. But as the sociologist Peter Berger has pointed out, the phenomenon that really needs explaining is the habits of the American professoriat: religious groups should be sending out researchers to try to understand why there are pockets of people in the world who do not feel the constant presence of God in their lives, who do not fill their days with rituals and prayers and garments that bring them into contact with the divine, and who do not believe that God's will should shape their public lives.

Once you accept this—which is like understanding that the earth revolves around the sun, not vice-versa—you can begin to see things in a new way.

The second step toward recovery involves confronting fear. For a few years it seemed that we were all heading toward a benign end of history, one in

which our biggest worry would be boredom. Liberal democracy had won the day. Yes, we had to contend with globalization and inequality, but these were material and measurable concepts. Now we are looking at fundamental clashes of belief and a truly scary situation—at least in the Southern Hemisphere—that brings to mind the Middle Ages, with weak governments, missionary armies, and rampant religious conflict.

The third step is getting angry. I now get extremely annoyed by the secular fundamentalists who are content to remain smugly ignorant of enormous shifts occurring all around them. They haven't learned anything about religion, at home or abroad. They don't know who Tim LaHaye and Jerry B. Jenkins are, even though those co-authors have sold 42 million copies of their books. They still don't know what makes a Pentecostal a Pentecostal (you could walk through an American newsroom and ask that question, and the only people who might be able to answer would be the secretaries and the janitorial staff). They still don't know about Michel Aflaq, the mystical Arab nationalist who served as a guru to Saddam Hussein. A great Niagara of religious fervor is cascading down around them while they stand obtuse and dry in the little cave of their own parochialism—and many of them are journalists and policy analysts, who are paid to keep up with these things.

The fourth step toward recovery is to resist the impulse to find a materialistic explanation for everything. During the centuries when secularism seemed the wave of the future, Western intellectuals developed social-science models of extraordinary persuasiveness. Marx explained history through class struggle, other economists explained it through profit maximization. Professors of international affairs used conflict-of-interest doctrines and game theory to predict the dynamics between nation-states.

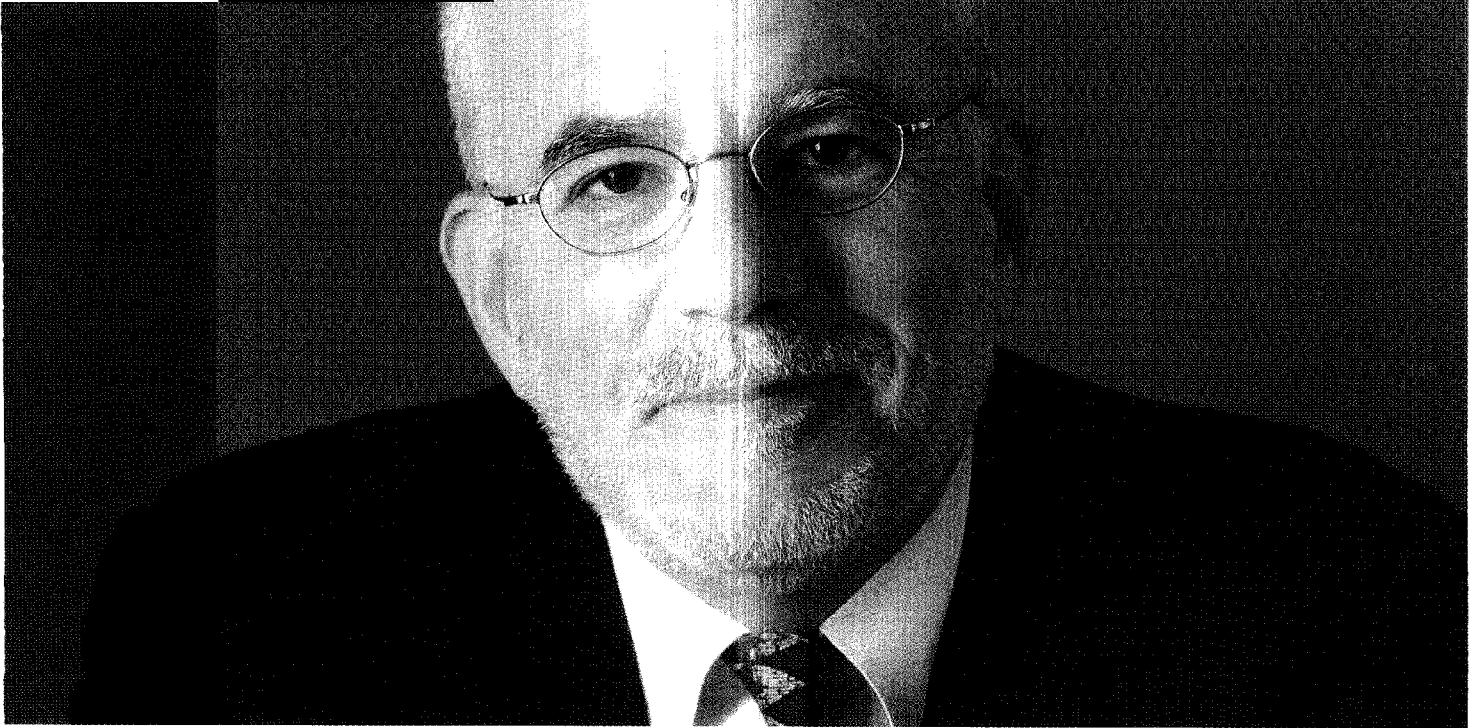
All these models are seductive and partly true. This country has built powerful institutions, such as the State

Q&A

1.0

Raising Children of Affluence

Peter White, Managing Director, Family Advisory Practice



Q: Is being born into wealth a burden?

A: It doesn't have to be. But it does come with its own set of complexities. Parents grapple with issues beyond the technical. What is the effect of inheritance? How do you instill a sense of responsibility in children who may never have to work? Even allowances can become an issue.

Q: What is Family Advisory Practice?

A: We're a division of The Citigroup Private Bank devoted to helping clients think through the human implications of their wealth.

Q: Can you elaborate?

A: It's not just about increasing or preserving assets. Parents want their wealth to bring about the best possible experience for those they care about most—their children. Family philanthropy is the next-most-common issue for us.

Q: This doesn't sound like a banker talking.

A: I'll take that as a compliment.

Q: One would expect to hear about financial products for affluent families.

A: Obviously, we make our living providing comprehensive financial solutions for people. But we can do that much better when we have a clear understanding of our clients and their values. So it isn't all that far afield when you think about it.

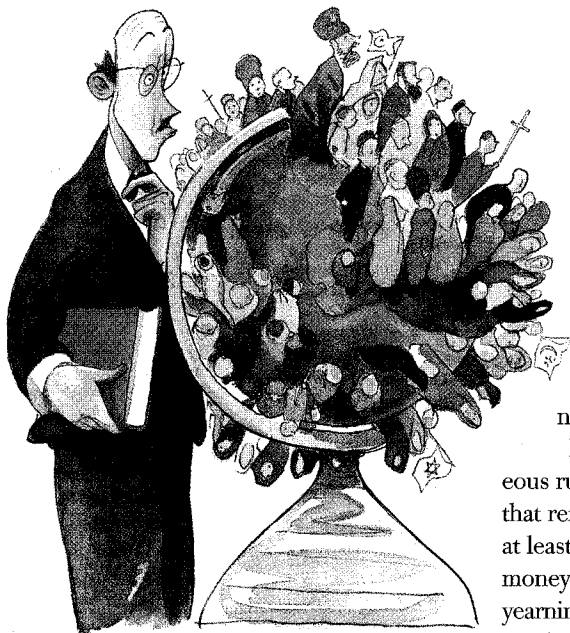
To have your own dialogue with us please call, 1.800.996.2300, ext. 620.



Ninety offices in fifty-eight cities around the world.

The Citigroup Private Bank provides services and products through various Citigroup affiliates. Not all services are available at all locations. For more information, contact a private banker or relationship manager. © 2002 Citicorp.

**PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED**



Department and the CIA, that use them to try to develop sound policies. But none of the models can adequately account for religious ideas, impulses, and actions, because religious fervor can't be quantified and standardized. Religious motivations can't be explained by cost-benefit analysis.

Over the past twenty years domestic-policy analysts have thought hard about the roles that religion and character play in public life. Our foreign-policy elites are at least two decades behind. They go for months ignoring the force of religion; then, when confronted with something inescapably religious, such as the Iranian revolution or the Taliban, they begin talking of religious zealotry and fanaticism, which suddenly explains everything. After a few days of shaking their heads over the fanatics, they revert to their usual secular analyses. We do not yet have, and sorely need, a mode of analysis that attempts to merge the spiritual and the material.

The recovering secularist has to resist the temptation to treat religion as a mere conduit for thwarted economic impulses. For example, we often say that young Arab men who have no decent prospects turn to radical Islam. There's obviously some truth to this observation. But it's not the whole story: neither Mohammed Atta nor Osama bin Laden, for example, was poor or oppressed. And although it's possible

to construct theories that explain their radicalism as the result of alienation or some other secular factor, it makes more sense to acknowledge that faith is its own force, independent of and perhaps greater than economic resentment.

Human beings yearn for righteous rule, for a just world or a world that reflects God's will—in many cases at least as strongly as they yearn for money or success. Thinking about that yearning means moving away from scientific analysis and into the realm of moral judgment. The crucial question is not What incentives does this yearning respond to? but Do individuals pursue a moral vision of righteous rule? And do they do so in virtuous ways, or are they, like Saddam Hussein and Osama bin Laden, evil in their vision and methods?

Fifth, the recovering secularist must acknowledge that he has been too easy on religion. Because he assumed that it was playing a diminishing role in public affairs, he patronized it. He condescendingly decided not to judge other creeds. They are all valid ways of approaching God, he told himself, and ultimately they fuse into one. After all, why stir up trouble by judging another's beliefs? It's not polite. The better option, when confronted by some nasty practice performed in the name of religion, is simply to avert one's eyes. Is Wahhabism a vicious sect that perverts Islam? Don't talk about it.

But in a world in which religion plays an ever larger role, this approach is no longer acceptable. One has to try to separate right from wrong. The problem is that once we start doing that, it's hard to say where we will end up. Consider Pim Fortuyn, a left-leaning Dutch politician and gay-rights advocate who criticized Muslim immigrants for their attitudes toward women and gays. When he was assassinated, last year, the press described him, on the basis of those criticisms, as a rightist in the manner of

Jean-Marie Le Pen, which was far from the truth. In the post-secular world today's categories of left and right will become inapt and obsolete.

The sixth and final step for recovering secularists is to understand that this country was never very secular anyway. We Americans long for righteous rule as fervently as anybody else. We are inculcated with the notion that, in Abraham Lincoln's words, we represent the "last, best hope of earth." Many Americans have always sensed that we have a transcendent mission, although, fortunately, it is not a theological one. We instinctively feel, in ways that people from other places do not, that history is unfulfilled as long as there are nations in which people are not free. It is this instinctive belief that has led George W. Bush to respond so ambitiously to the events of September 11, and that has led most Americans to support him.

Americans are as active as anyone else in the clash of eschatologies. Saddam Hussein sees history as ending with a united Arab nation globally dominant and with himself revered as the creator of a just world order. Osama bin Laden sees history as ending with the global imposition of sharia. Many Europeans see history as ending with the establishment of secular global institutions under which nationalism and religious passions will be quieted and nation-states will give way to international law and multilateral cooperation. Many Americans see history as ending in the triumph of freedom and constitutionalism, with religion not abandoned or suppressed but enriching democratic life.

We are inescapably caught in a world of conflicting visions of historical destiny. This is not the same as saying that we are caught in a world of conflicting religions. But understanding this world means beating the secularist prejudices out of our minds every day. ▀

David Brooks, an Atlantic correspondent, is also a contributing editor of Newsweek, a senior editor of The Weekly Standard, and a political analyst for The NewsHour With Jim Lehrer.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

**"IT USED TO TAKE WEEKS TO MATCH A SET OF PRINTS. LONG
ENOUGH FOR A SUSPECT TO DISAPPEAR. NOW WE CAN DO IT IN
MINUTES. AND THAT'S BAD NEWS FOR THE BAD GUYS."**



A federal database with over 400 million fingerprints. Computers making matches in minutes. In the war on crime, the greatest weapon is information. To those who fight that war, we offer our best solutions. And our unwavering commitment to provide the advanced systems and services they need. They are relentlessly focused on their mission. And so are we.

WE NEVER FORGET WHO WE'RE WORKING FOR.

LOCKHEED MARTIN 

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BACK TO BORK?

A new strategy of demanding nominees' views on judicial issues ensures that the next Supreme Court nomination battle will be ugly

The consensus among Supreme Court watchers these days is that one, and perhaps two, justices will retire this year, probably in the summer. The leading candidates are Chief Justice William Rehnquist, seventy-eight, who is said to be tired and ready to go, and Associate Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, seventy-two, who is believed to be eager to head home to play golf in Arizona. Although there's been a lot of guessing about whom President Bush might nominate to fill a vacancy, perhaps the more intriguing question is How big will the confirmation fight be?

Big. When it comes to judicial selection, relations between Republicans and Democrats in the Senate are more strained than they have been at any time since the Clarence Thomas hearings, in 1991. By the 2000 election the two sides appeared to have reached a kind of equilibrium of outrage. Republicans were outraged at Democrats for the way they treated nominees for federal judgeships in the later years of the Reagan Administration and during the presidency of George H.W. Bush. Democrats were outraged at Republicans for the way they treated nominees in the later years of the Clinton Administration. It seemed that the situation could hardly get worse—but then, in May of 2001, the defection of Senator James Jeffords, of Vermont, gave control of the Senate back to the Democrats, who used their new power to kill two of President Bush's appeals-court nominations. Now, with the Republicans back in control of the Senate, and the biggest judicial prize—a Supreme Court vacancy—in sight, the chances that an ugly battle will occur soon are good.

Just how ugly the fight turns out to be will depend on which justice or justices retire. If a conservative like Rehnquist leaves and the President nominates another conservative to replace him, Democrats will undoubtedly oppose the choice, but with perhaps a little less passion knowing that it will

mean no change in the balance of the Court. But if a liberal like Associate Justice John Paul Stevens—who is eighty-two years old—retires, and the President nominates a conservative to replace him, it would bring about an explosive clash, as Democrats fight to protect a liberal seat.

POLITICS **BYRON YORK**

However big the battle turns out to be, its intensity will be due only in part to the bitterness on each side, and only in part to the real philosophical differences between the parties on judicial issues. What will also shape a summer Court battle is a new movement, led by Senate Democrats, to rethink the way the Senate confirms judicial candidates. During their eighteen months in power, from June of 2001 to January of 2003, some key Democrats on the Senate Judiciary Committee sought to make the judicial nomination process more openly—and, they would say, more honestly—ideological. Frustrated by old-style confirmation hearings in which nominees refused to reveal their views on critical issues such as federalism, affirmative action, and, above all, abortion (all with the explanation that candidates should not discuss the specifics of issues that might come before them on the bench), these Democratic senators began relentlessly pressing nominees for their innermost thoughts on hot-button questions of law.

The idea of frankly ideological hearings had been kicking around legal and academic circles for years, but it became a more imminent matter on June 26, 2001, in Room 226 of the Dirksen Senate Office Building, when Senator Charles Schumer, of New York, then the chairman of the usually low-profile Subcommittee on Administrative Oversight and the Courts, called to order a hearing titled "Judicial Nominations 2001: Should Ideology Matter?" In the months before the hearing Schumer had become the committee's leading proponent of the ideological approach, and he used the session to lay a political

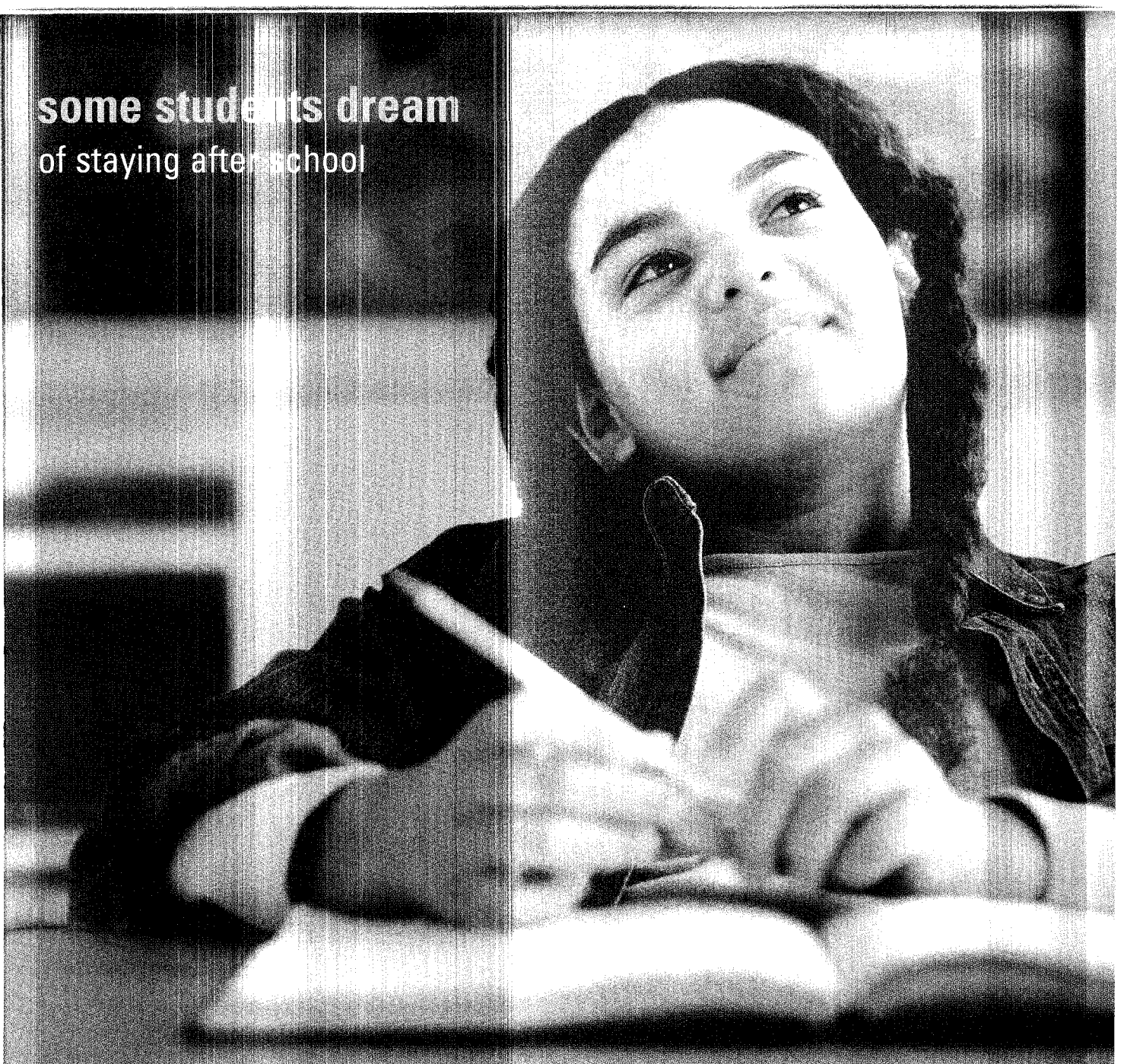
and intellectual foundation for it.

"Legitimate considerations of ideological beliefs seem to have been driven underground," Schumer said as he opened the hearing. "It is not that we don't consider ideology; it is just that we don't talk about it openly." Schumer explained that in the past the Senate often engaged in vigorous ideological battles over nominees. In the nation's first century about one out of every four candidates for the Supreme Court was defeated by the Senate, sometimes for plainly ideological reasons. That situation changed at the end of the nineteenth century; from 1895 to 1967 only one nominee was defeated. After that a series of failed nominations culminated in the intensely ideological battle over Robert Bork's nomination, in 1987. In the poisonous aftermath of that fight senators became fearful of discussing ideology too openly.

And that, Schumer continued, turned confirmation hearings into a kind of theater in which participants discussed everything except the most important issues. "Unfortunately, this unwillingness to openly examine ideology has sometimes led senators who oppose a nominee to seek out non-ideological disqualifying factors, like small financial improprieties from long ago, to justify their opposition," Schumer said. "This, in turn, has led to an escalating war of 'gotcha' politics that, in my judgment, has warped the Senate's confirmation process and harmed the Senate's reputation."

Schumer invited three prominent liberal lawyers—Laurence Tribe, of Harvard Law School; Cass Sunstein, of the University of Chicago; and Marcia Greenberger, of the National Women's Law Center—to testify at the hearing. (Two months earlier the same three had appeared at a Democratic retreat and reportedly urged lawmakers to take an aggressive stance against Bush's judicial nominees.) Only a more assertive and openly ideological Judiciary Committee, they told the subcommittee, could stop

**some students dream
of staying after school**



For over 10 years, more than 140 million prescriptions have been filled for the cholesterol-lowering medication ZOCOR. I've been taking ZOCOR ever since I had bypass surgery about 4 years ago. My doctor told me that along with a healthy diet and exercise, ZOCOR could lower my cholesterol, which is what I really needed to do. I've always felt good knowing ZOCOR is a time-tested medication. You should too. And my cholesterol? ZOCOR really got it down.

ZOCOR is an effective medicine that along with diet and exercise can significantly lower your cholesterol. A clinical study among people with high cholesterol and heart disease found 42% fewer deaths from heart attack among those taking ZOCOR.* One tablet, taken once a day, can help people with high cholesterol and heart disease live a longer, healthier life.

Important consideration: ZOCOR is a prescription medicine and isn't right for everyone, including women who are nursing or pregnant or who may become pregnant, anyone with liver problems, and people who are allergic to any ingredients of ZOCOR. Unexplained muscle pain or weakness could be a sign of a rare but serious side effect and should be reported to your doctor right away. Your doctor may do blood tests before and during treatment with ZOCOR to check for liver problems. To avoid serious side effects, discuss with your doctor medicine or food you should avoid while on ZOCOR (see details immediately following this ad).

When diet and exercise aren't enough, ask your doctor if ZOCOR is right for you. For more information and the **PRR Guide for Managing High Cholesterol**, call 1-800-MERCK-75 or visit zocor.com.

YOUR RESULTS MAY VARY.

PLEASE READ THE ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ABOUT ZOCOR IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THIS AD.

*42% reduction based on 111/2,221 (ZOCOR) vs 189/2,223 (placebo).

ZOCOR is a registered trademark of Merck & Co., Inc.



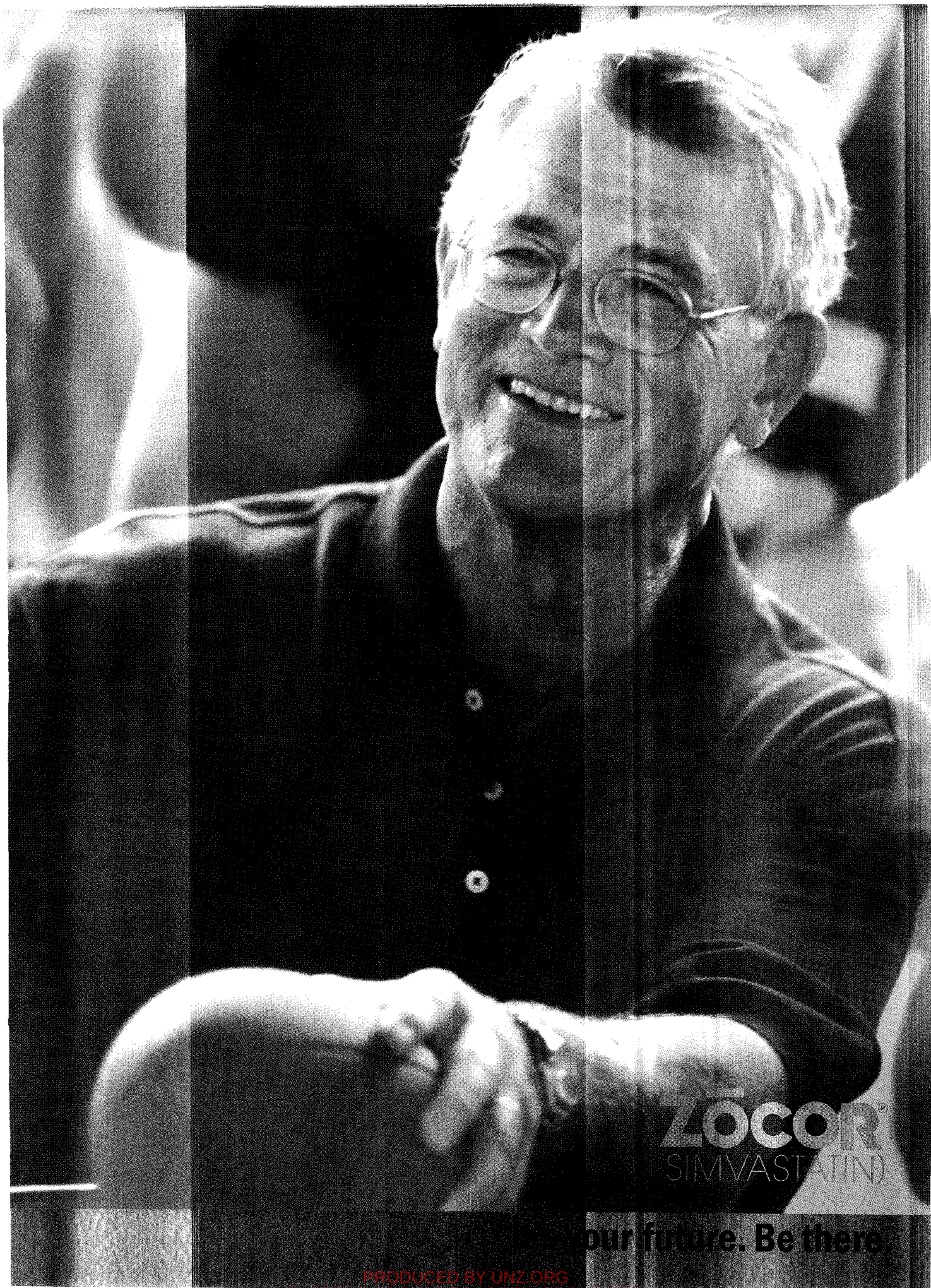
MERCK

©2002 Merck & Co., Inc. All rights reserved.
2020750811/442G1 ZOCOR



To find out if you qualify call 1-800-MERCK-75.

PRODUCED BY UNCSHRS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ZOCOR
SIMVASTATIN

our future. Be there.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ZOCOR[®]

(SIMVASTATIN)

PLEASE READ THIS SUMMARY CAREFULLY, AND THEN ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT ZOCOR. NO ADVERTISEMENT CAN PROVIDE ALL THE INFORMATION NEEDED TO PRESCRIBE A DRUG. THIS ADVERTISEMENT DOES NOT TAKE THE PLACE OF CAREFUL DISCUSSIONS WITH YOUR DOCTOR. ONLY YOUR DOCTOR HAS THE TRAINING TO WEIGH THE RISKS AND BENEFITS OF A PRESCRIPTION DRUG FOR YOU.

USES OF ZOCOR

ZOCOR is a prescription drug that is indicated as an addition to diet for many patients with high cholesterol when diet and exercise are inadequate. For patients with coronary heart disease (CHD) and high cholesterol, ZOCOR is indicated as an addition to diet to reduce the risk of death by reducing coronary death; to reduce the risk of heart attack; to reduce the risk for undergoing cardiac procedures (coronary artery bypass grafting and percutaneous transluminal coronary angioplasty); and to reduce the risk of stroke or transient ischemic attack (TIA).

WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED

Some people should not take ZOCOR. Discuss this with your doctor.

ZOCOR should not be used by patients who are allergic to any of its ingredients. In addition to the active ingredient simvastatin, each tablet contains the following inactive ingredients: cellulose, lactose, magnesium stearate, iron oxides, talc, titanium dioxide, and starch. Butylated hydroxyanisole is added as a preservative.

Patients with liver problems: ZOCOR should not be used by patients with active liver disease or repeated blood test results indicating possible liver problems. (See WARNINGS.)

Women who are or may become pregnant: Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus. **Women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely that they will become pregnant.** If a woman does become pregnant while on ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug and talk to her doctor at once.

Women who are breast-feeding should not take ZOCOR.

WARNINGS

Muscle: Tell your doctor right away if you experience any unexplained muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness at any time during treatment with ZOCOR so your doctor can decide if ZOCOR should be stopped. Some patients may have muscle pain or weakness while taking ZOCOR. Rarely, this can include muscle breakdown resulting in kidney damage. The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients taking certain other drugs along with ZOCOR:

- Cyclosporine, itraconazole, ketoconazole, erythromycin, clarithromycin, HIV protease inhibitors, the antidepressant nefazodone, or large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily), particularly with higher doses of ZOCOR.
- Gemfibrozil, other fibrates, or lipid-lowering doses (≥ 1 g/day) of niacin, particularly with higher doses of ZOCOR.
- Amiodarone or verapamil with higher doses of ZOCOR.

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater at higher doses of simvastatin.

Because the risk of muscle side effects is greater when ZOCOR is used with the products listed above, the combined use of these products should be avoided unless your doctor determines the benefits are likely to outweigh the increased risks.

If your doctor determines that the benefits of combined use of ZOCOR with gemfibrozil, other fibrates, or niacin likely outweigh the increased risk of muscle problems, the dose of ZOCOR should not exceed 10 mg daily. No more than 10 mg/day of ZOCOR should be taken with cyclosporine.

The combined use of verapamil or amiodarone with doses above ZOCOR 20 mg should be avoided unless your doctor determines the benefits outweigh the increased risk of muscle breakdown.

Your doctor should also carefully monitor for any muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness, particularly during the initial months of therapy and if the dose of either drug is increased. Your doctor also may monitor the level of certain muscle enzymes in your body, but there is no assurance that such monitoring will prevent the occurrence of severe muscle disease.

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients with kidney problems or diabetes.

If you have conditions that can increase your risk of muscle breakdown, which in turn can cause kidney damage, your doctor should temporarily withhold or stop ZOCOR. Also, since there are no known adverse consequences of briefly stopping therapy with ZOCOR, treatment should be stopped a few days before elective major surgery and when any major acute medical or surgical condition occurs. Discuss this with your doctor, who can explain these conditions to you.

Liver: About 1% of patients who took ZOCOR in clinical trials developed elevated levels of some liver enzymes. Patients who had these increases usually had no symptoms. Elevated liver enzymes usually returned to normal levels when therapy with ZOCOR was stopped.

In the ZOCOR Survival Study, the number of patients with more than 1 liver enzyme level elevation to greater than 3 times the normal upper limit was no different between the ZOCOR and placebo groups. Only 8 patients on ZOCOR and 5 on placebo discontinued therapy due to elevated liver enzyme levels. Patients were started on 20 mg of ZOCOR, and one third had their dose raised to 40 mg.

Your doctor should perform routine blood tests to check these enzymes before you start treatment with ZOCOR and periodically thereafter (for example, semiannually) for your first year of treatment or until 1 year after your last elevation in dose. Patients titrated to the 80-mg dose should receive an additional test at 3 months. If your enzyme levels increase, your doctor should order more frequent tests. If your liver enzyme levels remain unusually high, your doctor should discontinue your medication.

Tell your doctor about any liver disease you may have had in the past and about how much alcohol you consume. ZOCOR should be used with caution in patients who consume large amounts of alcohol.

PRECAUTIONS

Before starting treatment with ZOCOR, try to lower your cholesterol by other methods such as diet, exercise, and weight loss. Ask your doctor about how best to do this. Any other medical problems that can cause high cholesterol should also be treated.

Drug Interactions: Because of possible serious drug interactions, it is important to tell your doctor what other drugs you are taking, including those obtained without a prescription. You should also tell other doctors who are prescribing a new medicine for you that you are taking ZOCOR[®] (simvastatin).

ZOCOR can interact with the following:

- Itraconazole
- Ketoconazole
- Erythromycin
- Clarithromycin
- HIV protease inhibitors
- Nefazodone
- Cyclosporine
- Large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily)

The risk of myopathy is also increased by the following lipid-lowering drugs that can cause myopathy when given alone:

- Gemfibrozil
- Other fibrates
- Niacin (nicotinic acid) (≥ 1 g/day)

The risk of muscle breakdown is increased with other drugs:

- Amiodarone
- Verapamil

Some patients taking lipid-lowering agents similar to ZOCOR and coumarin anticoagulants (a type of blood thinner) have experienced bleeding and/or increased blood clotting time. Patients taking these medicines should have their blood tested before starting therapy with ZOCOR and should continue to be monitored.

Central Nervous System Toxicity; Cancer, Mutations, Impairment of Fertility: Like most prescription drugs, ZOCOR was required to be tested on animals before it was marketed for human use. Often these tests were designed to achieve higher drug concentrations than humans achieve at recommended dosing. In some tests, the animals had damage to the nerves in the central nervous system. In studies of mice with high doses of ZOCOR, the likelihood of certain types of cancerous tumors increased. No evidence of mutations or of damage to genetic material has been seen. In 1 study with ZOCOR, there was decreased fertility in male rats.

Pregnancy: Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus.

Safety in pregnancy has not been established. In studies with lipid-lowering agents similar to ZOCOR, there have been rare reports of birth defects of the skeleton and digestive system. Therefore, women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely they will become pregnant. If a woman does become pregnant while taking ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug and talk to her doctor at once. The active ingredient of ZOCOR did not cause birth defects in rats at 3 times the human dose or in rabbits at 3 times the human dose.

Nursing Mothers: Drugs taken by nursing mothers may be present in their breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, a woman taking ZOCOR should not breast-feed. (See WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED.)

Pediatric Use: ZOCOR is not recommended for children or patients under 20 years of age.

Geriatric Use: Higher blood levels of active drug were seen in elderly patients (70–78 years of age) compared with younger patients (18–30 years of age) in 1 study. In other studies, the cholesterol-lowering effects of ZOCOR were at least as great in elderly patients as in younger patients, and there were no overall differences in safety between elderly and younger patients over the 20–80 mg/day dosage range.

SIDE EFFECTS

Most patients tolerate treatment with ZOCOR well; however, like all prescription drugs, ZOCOR can cause side effects, and some of them can be serious. Side effects that do occur are usually mild and short-lived. Only your doctor can weigh the risks versus the benefits of any prescription drug. In clinical studies with ZOCOR, less than 1.5% of patients dropped out of the studies because of side effects. In a large, long-term study, patients taking ZOCOR experienced similar side effects to those patients taking placebo (sugar pills). Some of the side effects that have been reported with ZOCOR or related drugs are listed below. This list is not complete. Be sure to ask your doctor about side effects before taking ZOCOR and to discuss any side effects that occur.

Digestive System: Constipation, diarrhea, upset stomach, gas, heartburn, stomach pain/cramps, anorexia, loss of appetite, nausea, inflammation of the pancreas, hepatitis, jaundice, fatty changes in the liver, and, rarely, severe liver damage and failure, cirrhosis, and liver cancer.

Muscle, Skeletal: Muscle cramps, aches, pain, and weakness; joint pain; muscle breakdown.

Nervous System: Dizziness, headache, insomnia, tingling, memory loss, damage to nerves causing weakness and/or loss of sensation and/or abnormal sensations, anxiety, depression, tremor, loss of balance, psychic disturbances.

Skin: Rash, itching, hair loss, dryness, nodules, discoloration.

Eye/Senses: Blurred vision, altered taste sensation, progression of cataracts, eye muscle weakness.

Hypersensitivity (Allergic) Reactions: On rare occasions, a wide variety of symptoms have been reported to occur either alone or together in groups (referred to as a syndrome) that appeared to be based on allergic-type reactions, which may rarely be fatal. These have included 1 or more of the following: a severe generalized reaction that may include shortness of breath, wheezing, digestive symptoms, and low blood pressure and even shock; an allergic reaction with swelling of the face, lips, tongue, and/or throat with difficulty swallowing or breathing; symptoms mimicking lupus (a disorder in which a person's immune system may attack parts of his or her own body); severe muscle and blood vessel inflammation, sometimes including rash; bruises; various disorders of blood cells (that could result in anemia, infection, or blood clotting problems) or abnormal blood tests; inflamed or painful joints; hives; fatigue and weakness; sensitivity to sunlight; fever, chills; flushing; difficulty breathing; and severe skin disorders that vary from rash to a serious burn-like shedding of skin all over the body, including mucous membranes such as the lining of the mouth.

Other: Loss of sexual desire, breast enlargement, impotence.

Laboratory Tests: Liver function test abnormalities including elevated alkaline phosphatase and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities.

NOTE: This summary provides important information about ZOCOR. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the prescribing information and then discuss it with them.

ZOCOR is a registered trademark of Merck & Co., Inc.

©2002 Merck & Co., Inc. All rights reserved.

 **MERCK**
Whitehouse Station, NJ 08899

20207508(1)(442C)-ZOC-CO

the White House from packing the courts with doctrinaire conservatives. Democrats simply had to be tougher on Bush nominees.

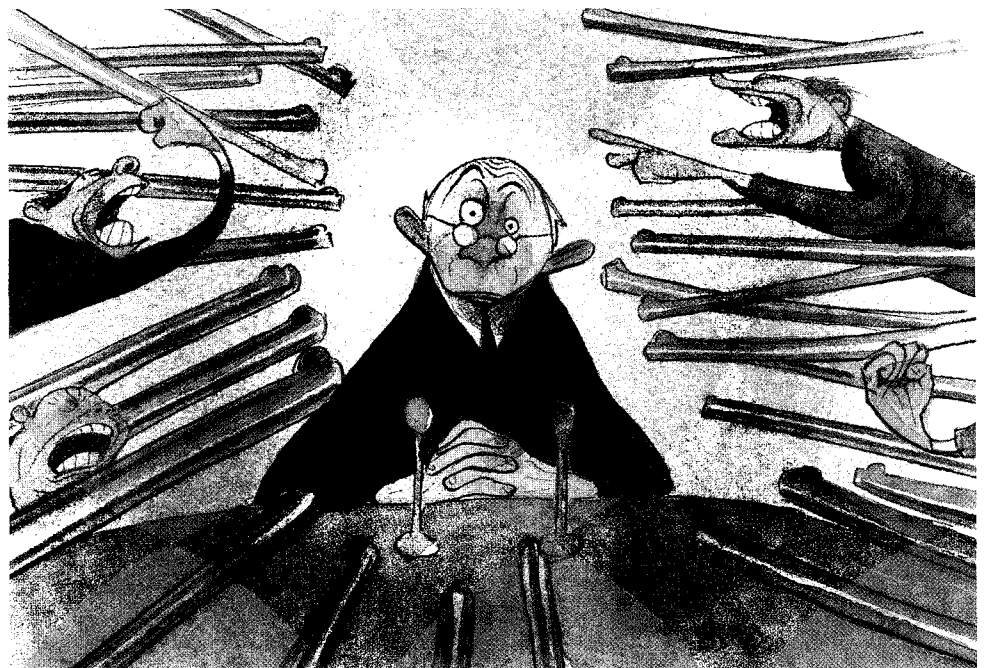
Tribe made the point by mocking old-style confirmation hearings in which senators solemnly asked whether the nominee would follow the law. “Duh!” he exclaimed, as the room erupted in laughter. “Will you uphold your oath?” Tribe continued. “Of course. ‘Do you believe in precedent?’ Yes, I have seen some. But ask a question like ‘How will you go about deciding which precedents should be overturned and which shouldn’t . . . and what would it take to make it justifiable to overrule *Roe v. Wade*,’ and when a nominee says, ‘Oops, I can’t talk about that because that might have something to do with what I will do as a judge,’ it seems to me at that point you ought to really scratch your head and say, ‘Of course it would have something to do with what you would do as a judge; I wouldn’t be asking you otherwise.’”

In the months that followed, during confirmation hearings for more than a dozen nominees to the federal courts of appeal, Democrats took Tribe’s advice, with extraordinarily effective results. The first thing they did was turn the tables on conservative Republicans, who had been fond of asking the old “Will you follow the law?” question as a way of demanding that judges pledge not to engage in judicial activism—writing decisions not firmly grounded in the original meaning of the law. Now Democrats asked the same question but with a specific edge—the law to which they wanted the nominee to pledge loyalty was *Roe v. Wade*. (Other issues, such as federalism and affirmative action, provoke fractious debate, but not to the extent that abortion does.) Democrats exacted promises from a variety of Bush nominees that they would faithfully follow *Roe*. Indeed, one could say that in a year and a half of confirmation hearings the Democrats created a whole new generation of Republican judges publicly committed to strictly enforcing *Roe*.

One of these is Michael McConnell, the brilliant University of Utah professor who won confirmation to the Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals. McConnell is a fervent foe of abortion (he wrote a 1998 op-ed in *The Wall Street Journal* titled “*Roe v. Wade* at 25: Still Illegitimate”), yet under repeated questioning he virtually bent over backward pledging fealty to legalized abortion. He said repeatedly that *Roe* is “settled law,” and at one point called it “as thoroughly settled as any issue in current constitutional law.”

Then Democrats pressed the issue

privacy in the Constitution and later became the foundation for *Roe*. Many conservative legal scholars—and some liberals, too—believe that *Griswold* was poorly decided and there is no enumerated constitutional right to privacy. That, in turn, leads to serious questions about *Roe*. But it would be suicidal for a nominee to say so before a Democratic Judiciary Committee. Democrats knew that, of course. This is how Schumer pressed the issue during one particularly heated confirmation hearing: “It’s 1965. You are sitting in the Supreme Court of



one step further. Clearly, Bush nominees had gotten the message that one had to accept *Roe* to win confirmation. Most, if not all, had no problem with that; *Roe*, after all, *is* settled law, and judges on the federal courts of appeals have no authority to overturn it. But Democrats also demanded that many of the nominees—any one of whom might one day be chosen for a place on the Supreme Court—say that *Roe* is not only settled law but *good* law.

In some instances, they did that by questioning nominees closely about *Griswold v. Connecticut*, the 1965 Supreme Court case that established the right of

the United States. Chief Justice Warren comes into your chambers with a copy of the opinion in *Griswold v. Connecticut*, the seminal case that held there is a right to privacy in the Constitution. He asks for your thoughts on the opinion. Now, there is no law to follow right now, but he is asking for your opinion in terms of everything that has been part of you. What do you tell him? Do you agree with the holding? Do you agree with the outcome, but get there in a different way? In other words, that there is a constitutional right to privacy, the penumbra of which extends to at least the first two trimesters of a woman’s pregnancy—

what do you tell [Justice Warren]?"

Schumer asked the question of Priscilla Owen, a justice on the Texas state supreme court who had been nominated to a place on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. There was little if anything about Owen that would have been objectionable in an earlier, less contentious era, but some Democrats seized on rulings she had made limiting the ability of underage girls in Texas to bypass a state law that required the girls to notify one parent before getting an abortion (the law required just that the parent be notified, not that he or she give consent). Owen danced around Schumer's question rather than giving a straightforward answer. Schumer became angry. "I am not trying to surprise you," he told Owen. "My staff told the people in the Justice Department I would ask you this very question." But Owen still did not answer, possibly because she could not honestly do so in a way that would satisfy Schumer. Her nomination was defeated in the Judiciary Committee by a straight party-line vote.

If anything in the world is a sure bet, it is that Schumer will ask that question of the next Supreme Court nominee.

The appeals-court fights of 2001–2002 might best be viewed as one long trial run for a Supreme Court confirmation. And although it is arguably true that the more ideological approach brought a greater measure of honesty to confirmation hearings, it is also true that it brought a significant amount of bloodshed. During their time in power the Democrats confirmed just seventeen of the thirty-two people President Bush nominated to positions on U.S. circuit courts of appeals (and two of these were Clinton choices whom Bush nominated as a goodwill gesture). That's a confirmation rate of 53 percent. (Those appeals-court nominations were the most controversial; confirmations of most of the President's nominees to the lower, less influential U.S. district courts were quick.) In contrast, during the six years

of the Clinton presidency that Republicans controlled the Senate, forty-six of the sixty-eight people Clinton nominated for appeals-court seats were confirmed—a rate of 68 percent.

But there is a story inside those numbers. The confirmation rate for Clinton's judges dropped dramatically in his last two years in office. Virtually every President has had a similar experience, but it was especially pronounced for Clinton, whose relations with Senate Republicans had been soured by scandal and impeachment. During that time Republican senators mastered the art of killing nominations without actually killing them, by putting nominees in a state of limbo in which their appointments were never approved or rejected. In Clinton's final two years Republicans confirmed just 44 percent of his circuit-court nominees (although a couple of the failed nominations were made so late that they had no reasonable hope of confirmation). What the Democrats did when they regained power in 2001–2002 was, in effect, to apply the standards of Clinton's late-term presidency to George W. Bush's first years in office—normally a President's most productive for getting judicial nominees confirmed. A new, lower, benchmark was set.

That has worried some senators in both parties. Last September, when the committee met to vote on Priscilla Owen, several Republicans warned that a vote against her nomination would change the ground rules for future confirmation hearings. Senator Mitch McConnell, of Kentucky, said the committee was "passing some kind of threshold" with the Owen vote. "I'm not going to be voting, I don't think, in the future in the way I have in the past," McConnell said. "And it is important to remember in the Senate, what goes around comes around." Even the normally undemonstrative Iowa Republican Charles Grassley, who pointed out that he voted to confirm the Clinton Supreme Court nominees Ruth Bader Ginsburg

and Stephen Breyer, said the judiciary committee's recent direction would change the way he votes in the future—strongly hinting that he would vote in a more openly ideological way.

Some of those comments were to be expected; at that time the Republicans were on the losing side and complaining loudly. But some Democrats worried too. In March of last year, just before the committee killed the nomination of Charles Pickering, a federal district judge in Mississippi who was up for a place on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, Senator Joseph Biden, of Delaware, a former chairman of the committee, urged his fellow Democrats to examine why they were doing what they were doing. "I would be very, very, very, very, very careful of the precedent that we establish here on this vote," Biden said. He worried that if the committee rejected Pickering because of his "personal beliefs relative to a social issue," then "when we have a Republican Senate again, it will be a cold day in hell before we have anybody on the bench who is pro-choice." "We'd better be very, very, very careful," Biden continued, "for we may get what we wish for, and it may very well cause the most significant dilemma in the court that we've had in a long, long time." Then Biden, along with every other Democrat on the committee, voted against Pickering.

As Mitch McConnell said, what goes around comes around. Now there is a Republican Senate again. At least theoretically, the Republicans can confirm any Bush nominee they want (including Pickering and Owen, who have both been renominated). But Republicans have just fifty-one votes in the Senate, and the President's opponents have spent many months preparing to oppose his choice for the Supreme Court. Both sides are angry, and a high-court confirmation, never easy, will likely become a heavily ideological fight. ■

Byron York is the White House correspondent for National Review.

FOR BEST PERFORMANCE IN A PURPORTING ROLE, THE NOMINEES ARE...

WINONA RYDER, FOR PURPORTING THAT SHE WAS ONLY REHEARSING FOR THE ROLE OF A SHOPLIFTER.



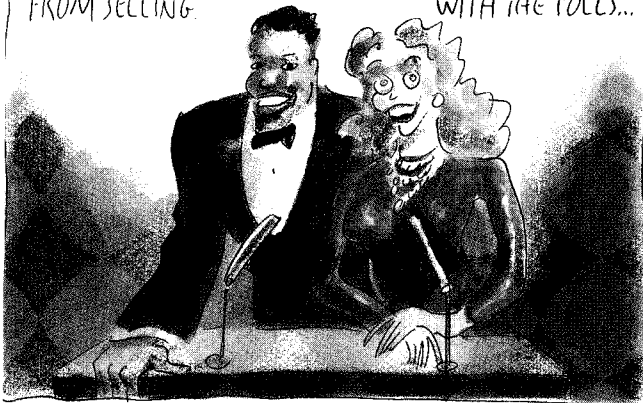
AMIRI BARAKA, FOR PURPORTING THAT JEWS KNEW PLANES WERE GOING TO CRASH INTO THE WORLD TRADE CENTER.

GEORGE W. BUSH, FOR PURPORTING THAT HIS DUMPING 212,000 SHARES WASN'T THE RESULT OF INSIDE INFORMATION.



MICHAEL JACKSON, FOR PURPORTING THAT A "RACIST CONSPIRACY" KEPT HIS NEW ALBUM FROM SELLING.

AL GORE, FOR PURPORTING THAT IF HE SHOULD RUN AGAIN, HE WOULD "JUST LET IT RIP TO HELL WITH THE POLLS..."



TRENT LOTT, FOR PURPORTING THAT HIS SUPPORT OF STROM THURMOND'S SEGREGATIONIST PRESIDENTIAL BID WASN'T REALLY SUPPORT FOR SEGREGATION.

AND THE WINNER IS...
AL GORE!!



GOLLY, THIS IS JUST WONDERFUL! I GUESS I'M LUCKY YOU DON'T HAVE AN ELECTORAL COLLEGE. HEH, HEH. BUT SERIOUSLY...

I WELCOME THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW YOU THE NEW ME, THE POST-CANDIDATE ME, THE SPONTANEOUS ME.



Y'KNOW, AT FIRST I WASN'T GOING TO ATTEND THIS CEREMONY. A POLL I TOOK SHOWED 68% OF AMERICANS OVER FORTY REGARDED THESE AWARDS AS MEANINGLESS. BUT THEN I SAW THAT 76% OF AMERICANS UNDER TWENTY WATCHED THESE SHOWS, SO I SAID TO TIPPER, "GOSH, HONEY, THE YOUNG PEOPLE ARE THE FUTURE OF THIS COUNTRY, AND I THINK WE OUGHT TO GO..."



BEST PURPORTING ACTOR by Edward Sorel

PRIMARY SOURCES

Selections from reports, studies, and other documents. This month: Who's the most partisan newspaper columnist of them all?; follow-up at Three Mile Island; Uzbek love; the term paper goes extinct

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

The Cost of War

Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, estimated the cost of the war to preserve the Union to be a thirteenth of what it eventually was. John Maynard Keynes's famous *Economic Consequences of the Peace* failed to predict the Great Depression looming in the aftermath of World War I. In a report from the American Academy of Arts & Sciences, William Nordhaus, a professor of economics at Yale, cites these monuments of faulty economic forecasting. He nevertheless proceeds to give the clearest and most thorough prediction yet written of the economic consequences of war with Iraq. Nordhaus's high-range estimate for the cost of a war itself is \$140 billion, around 1.5 percent of U.S. GDP—about half of what the United States spent during the Mexican or the Spanish-American War, and far less than expenditures during the Korean and Vietnam Wars. But peacekeeping, reconstruction, and nation-building could cost more than a hundred billion dollars. Is it plausible that Congress would appropriate this postwar-reconstruction money, Nordhaus asks, when the annual U.S. foreign-aid budget for the entire world is only \$15 billion? The accompanying tables alone—of the cost per capita in dollars and in lives, of each of America's major wars—make the chapter worth a look. (Nordhaus's contribution is one of three articles in the academy's report.)

—“War With Iraq: Costs, Consequences, and Alternatives” (www.amacad.org/publications/monographs/War_with_Iraq.pdf)

Lions Don't Pay

Kenya recently held successful democratic elections for only the second time in its history, giving rise to the (faint) hope that it can now deal with the findings of a national study on urban bribery. The study, conducted by Transparency International, found a society in which bribery is a way of life. It estimated that Kenyan city dwellers pay an average of sixteen

bribes a month, making their total cost of living 31 percent more than it would be in a bribe-free society. Police officers were found to demand bribes more frequently than any other Kenyans (accounting for 40 percent of the total), but employees of the Ministry of Public Works were found to demand the largest bribes. (The Immigration Department, the Ministry of Lands, and the Nairobi City Council were also found to be highly corrupt.) The most bribe-free institution was perceived to be the Central Bank of Kenya, followed by the Kenya Wildlife Service.

—“Corruption in Kenya” (www.tkenya.org)

THE NATION

Follow the (Stupid) Money

Late last year New York Attorney General Eliot Spitzer, who has become the scourge of Wall Street because of his attacks on financial-industry shenanigans, went into the lion's den—a dinner at which awards were given to institutional investor “all-stars”—and proceeded to beard away.

☞ *The message being broadcast to individual investors by linking the awards to stock picking is deceptively simple: follow the 'smart' ... money and act on these recommendations. That message is simply deceptive. It implies that tonight's awards measure the performance of the buy, sell and hold recommendations offered. In fact, tonight's awards do no such thing ... At the request of my office, a company by the name of Investars has analyzed the recommendations of more than four hundred past and present institutional investor all-star analysts in 51 industries ... The results are in, and they're telling. In many instances, those named to the all-star team are turning in lackluster performances. The advice of analysts not chosen would very often have been more profitable to individual investors than the advice of all-star team members ... When measured by the performance of their stock recommendations, only one of the more than 100 members of the 2000 and 2001 first team all-stars included in their study ranked first in their sector ... More than 40% of this year's first*

team all-stars did not perform as well as the average analyst for their sector. The same is true of the 2000 and 2001 first team all-stars whose performance was reviewed.

—“Speeches of New York State Attorney General Eliot Spitzer” (www.oag.state.ny.us/press/statements/nov12_inst.html)

Three Mile Island, Twenty Years On

On March 28, 1979, an accident in a nuclear reactor at the Three Mile Island power plant, in Pennsylvania, caused radioactive isotopes to be released into the environment, arousing widespread fears of contamination. The next few years made hits of such nuclear-nightmare films as *The China Syndrome* and *Silkwood*. Meanwhile, researchers at the Pennsylvania Department of Health began compiling a comprehensive health registry and monitoring the long-term health of nearly everyone who lived in the area of exposure around Three Mile Island. Now, more than twenty years after the event, *Environmental Health Perspectives* has just published a report concluding that although future illnesses may yet be traced to radiation exposure in 1979, after twenty years of follow-up study there is “no consistent evidence that radioactivity released during the nuclear accident has had a significant impact on the overall mortality experience of these residents.”

—“Long Term Follow-Up of the Residents of the Three Mile Island Accident Area: 1979–1998” (ehpnet1.niehs.nih.gov/docs/2003/5662/abstract.pdf)

SOCIETY

The Other CPI

What national newspaper has the most partisan op-ed page? Conservatives would say it's *The New York Times*. Liberals would say it's *The Wall Street Journal*. According to the recently released Combined Partisanship Index (let's call it CPI) for 2002, which systematically tracks columnists' political comments, the liberals are correct: the conservative-leaning *Journal* easily outpartisaned

the liberal-leaning *Times*. (*The Washington Post*, though it boasted some of the most partisan individual columnists, had a low partisan ranking, because of its "greater ideological diversity and a large number of centrist and international affairs columnists.") But the most partisan columnist—by a long shot—is a liberal, the *Times*'s Paul Krugman, who scored an 82 (out of 100) on the CPI. In ninety-nine columns last year Krugman made ninety-three positive comments about Democrats but only forty-two positive comments about Republicans. It was his negative comments, however, that made him the runaway winner: twenty-one about the Democrats, 759 about the Republicans. (A CPI score of zero would mean that all political references in a column over the course of a year were exactly balanced between the parties; a CPI score of 100 would mean that all references favored, or disparaged, only one party.) Krugman was followed by Collin Levey (57 on the CPI), Claudia Rosett (46), and Robert L. Bartley (37), all of *The Wall Street Journal*, and Michael Kelly (34), of *The Washington Post*.

—“The Absurdity of Partisanship”
(www.lyinginponds.com)

Term (Paper) Limits

If 95 percent of high school teachers surveyed believe that writing a research term paper is “important” or “very important,” then why have only 19 percent of them ever assigned a paper of more than 5,000 words, and only 38 percent ever assigned one of more than 3,000 words? Because it simply takes too long to grade them. According to a new study by the Center for Survey Research and Analysis, 66 percent of teachers polled spend at least half an hour per paper, with 37 percent spending at least an hour, and 18 percent spending two hours or more. Let’s do the math. Some teachers have five classes of thirty students each. Assigning a twenty-page paper to each student would mean that the beleaguered teacher has to read 3,000 pages—and,

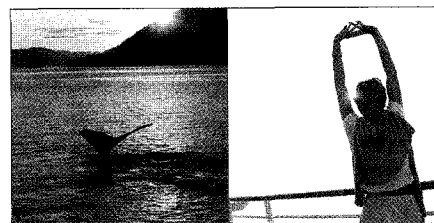
based on the estimates of how much time it takes to evaluate one paper, spend seventy-five to 300 hours grading—while teaching classes, creating tests, and attending faculty meetings. One teacher explained to researchers that grading papers “just takes up my free time after school ... messes up my fishing time.”

—“History Research Paper Study”
(www.tcr.org/historytcr.pdf)

The Next “Special Relationship”?

Yet another survey showing that the world thinks the United States is overweening and arrogant? Well, yes: the first Pew Global Attitudes Project does report that since 2000 “favorability” ratings for the United States have fallen in nineteen of the twenty-seven countries where the survey was conducted that year, and that pockets of “true dislike, if not hatred” of this country are concentrated in the Middle East and Central Asia. The good news is that in thirty-five of the forty-two countries surveyed in 2002, people continue to have an overall view of the United States that is, at least, somewhat favorable, and few people interviewed say they would like to see a second superpower rise to challenge us. Perhaps the most alarming finding is that a majority of respondents in Lebanon and Ivory Coast, and sizable minorities in Nigeria, Bangladesh, Jordan, Pakistan, and at least five other countries, say they believe that suicide bombing in defense of Islam is justifiable. The most surprising finding is how beloved America has become in Uzbekistan, which has a significant Muslim population and where the United States has recently established military bases. If the survey is accurate, we are loved more by the Uzbeks than by just about anyone else in the world (only the Filipinos, oddly, love us more): favorable ratings for the United States outweigh unfavorable ratings by nearly 8 to 1 there, and more than a third of Uzbeks view us “very favorably.”

—“What the World Thinks in 2002”
(people-press.org/reports/display.php3?ReportID=165)



Dramatic views.
Crisp, clean air.
And pure luxury.
This is the best
possible way to
experience Alaska.



Imagine the blue-green wilderness of the Inside Passage. And the spectacle of Glacier Bay, where 100-ton blocks of ice crash into the water. Now imagine seeing all these sights from the only ship that gives you the space and freedom to experience Alaska this fully: Crystal Harmony. In all, we offer ten sailings, nine of which sail round-trip from San Francisco. And when you travel with us, you'll discover why the readers of *Condé Nast Traveler* and *Travel + Leisure* have voted us “World’s Best Large-Ship Cruise Line,” for seven years in a row.

Call your travel agent for reservations and information. For our brochure, call 1.800.820.6663, or visit www.crystalcruises.com

©2003 Crystal Cruises/Bahamian Registry

CRYSTAL  CRUISES®

MORTAL JUSTICE

The demography of the death penalty

From 1976, when the United States Supreme Court allowed the re-instatement of the death penalty after a four-year moratorium, to the end of last year 820 people have been executed in this country. (Some 3,700 others are on death row, waiting to be executed.) Only three nations—China, Iran, and Saudi Arabia—are known to have executed more people than the United States did in 2001, the most recent year for which global comparisons are available. And 2001 was actually a slow year for executions in this country: the number of people executed—sixty-six—was the lowest since 1996.

America's high ranking among the most frequent deployers of capital punishment is due in surprisingly large part to the predilection of one region—and particularly one state, and even more particularly one *county*—for the practice. As the map to the right shows, fifteen southern states have accounted for 81 percent of all U.S. executions since 1977. Texas alone, with 289 executions, is responsible for 35 percent of the total during that time, and has often ranked among the top ten *countries* in the number of people it executes each year. And Harris County, which encompasses Houston, has executed more people than all states except Texas and Virginia over the past quarter century.

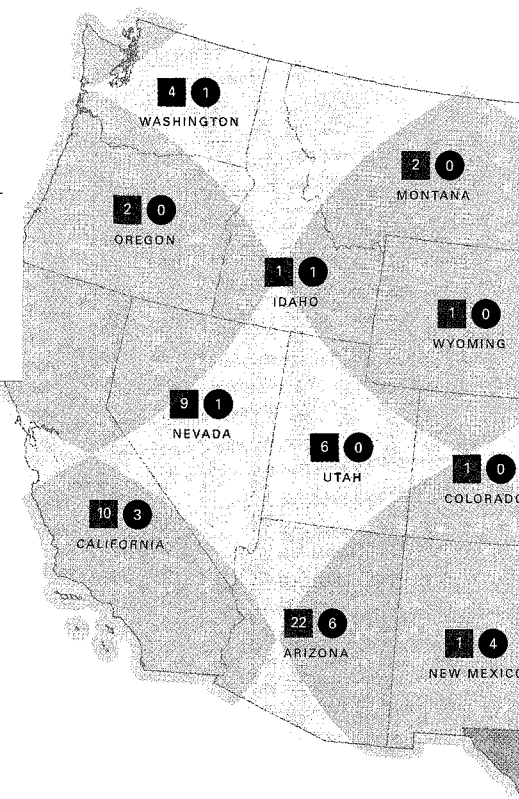
Twelve states and the District of Columbia allow no death sentencing at all, and the remaining thirty-eight states

differ as to what kinds of crimes may be punished by death and how old a criminal must be to receive a death sentence. Moreover, in most states the majority of death sentences and executions are concentrated in a few counties. Differences in murder rates account for some of this geographic variance—murder rates are highest in the South and in large metropolitan areas—but not all. For instance, from 1978 to 2000 Harris County executed at nearly twice the rate of Dallas County, although Dallas's murder rate is higher than Harris's.

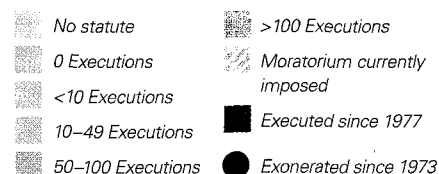
Execution rates also vary widely according to race—not the race of the criminal but, rather, the race of the victim. Whereas only 51 percent of murder victims over the past twenty-five years were white, more than 80 percent of those executed during that time period had been convicted of killing whites. And whereas African-Americans were the victims in 46 percent of all homicides, only 14 percent of the criminals executed in the past twenty-five years had been convicted of killing black people.

DEAD MAN WAITING

Although it has one of the lowest execution rates among active death-penalty states, California has the nation's largest death row, currently housing nearly 620 inmates. Many experts attribute this stockpiling of the condemned to a lack of legal resources in the state and to the jurisdiction of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, which is well known (and widely reviled in conservative circles) for its willingness to re-open death penalty cases.



THE DEATH PENALTY SINCE 1973

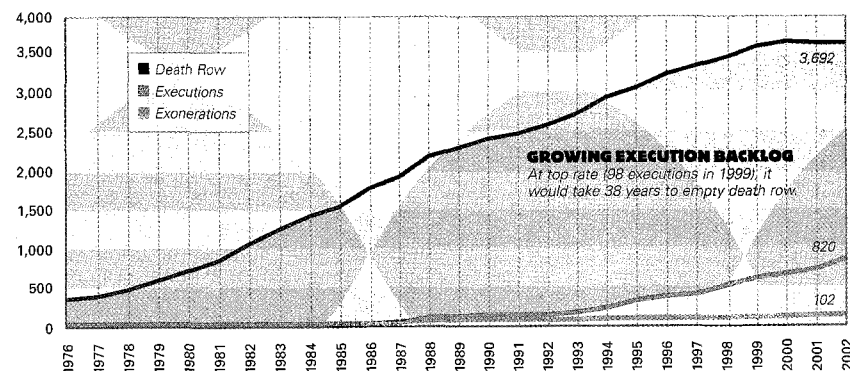


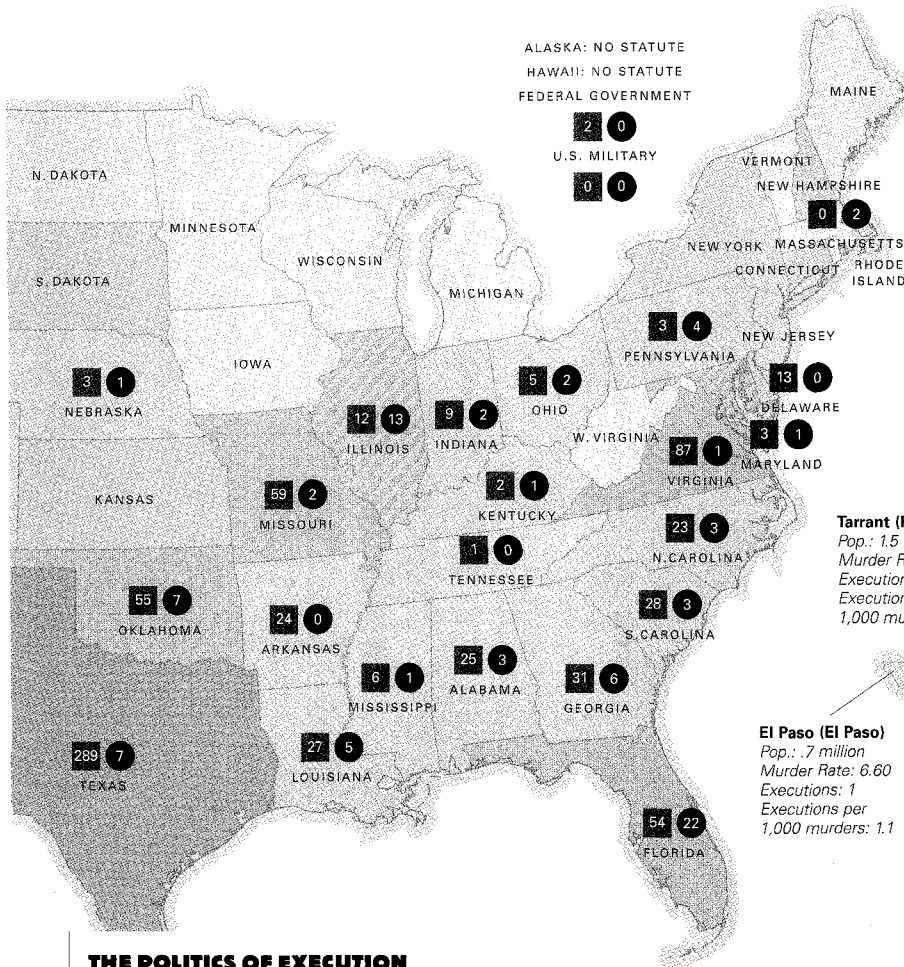
All data as of December 31, 2002

States also vary widely in how frequently they exonerate death-row inmates. Between 1977 and 2002 Texas executed 289 people while exonerating only seven. During the same period Illinois executed twelve people and exonerated thirteen. These disparities raise questions about the resources available to defendants, the adequacy of court-appointed counsel, and ultimately the accuracy of some convictions that have resulted in executions. Since 1973, 102 people on death row have been fully exonerated, sometimes mere hours before their scheduled executions. The advent of DNA testing has added another element to the debate. Opponents of the death penalty cite DNA-based exonerations as evidence of how close states have come to killing innocent people and how likely it is that a mistake will be made—and as evidence that fatal

THE DEATH-ROW BOOM

Capital punishment activity since the end of the moratorium





TOO CLOSE TO CALL?

In 2000, not long after a thirteenth person on Illinois's death row was exonerated (in this case by a Northwestern University journalism class, just hours before the scheduled execution), George Ryan, then the governor, called for a moratorium on executions. After holding clemency hearings for nearly all of Illinois's death-row inmates, Ryan cleared death row, commuting 167 sentences and pardoning four inmates before leaving office, in January.

Dallas (Dallas)
Pop.: 2.2 million
Murder Rate: 19.33
Executions: 26
Executions per 1,000 murders: 3.1

Tarrant (Ft. Worth)
Pop.: 1.5 million
Murder Rate: 12.78
Executions: 22
Executions per 1,000 murders: 6.5

THE EXECUTION CAPITAL OF THE NATION

Executions by Texas county, 1978-2002

El Paso (El Paso)
Pop.: .7 million
Murder Rate: 6.60
Executions: 1
Executions per 1,000 murders: 1.1

Bexar (San Antonio)
Pop.: 1.4 million
Murder Rate: 14.91
Executions: 18
Executions per 1,000 murders: 4.3

Nueces (Corpus Christi)
Pop.: .3 million
Murder Rate: 11.06
Executions: 10
Executions per 1,000 murders: 13.0

Harris (Houston)
Pop.: 3.5 million
Murder Rate: 18.85
Executions: 67
Executions per 1,000 murders: 5.3

THE POLITICS OF EXECUTION

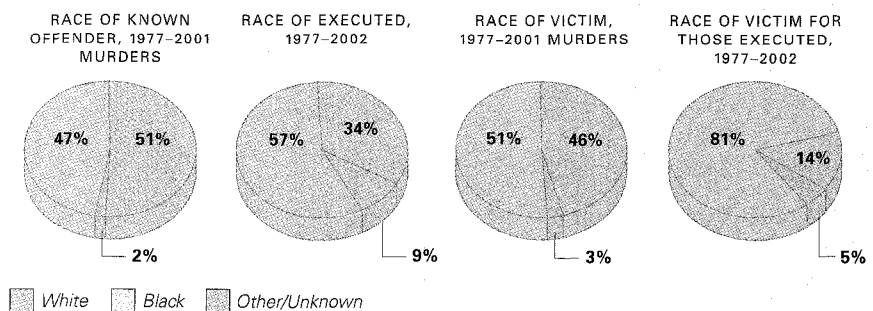
Do elections induce executions? In 2000 the presidential candidate George W. Bush presided over forty executions—more than during any other year of his Texas governorship. And according to one study, lame-duck governors are 46 percent more likely to commute a death sentence than governors hoping for re-election.

mistakes already have been made. Proponents cite the same exonerations as evidence that DNA testing has made wrongful executions less likely.

Supporters of the death penalty also argue that whatever small risk there is of executing an innocent person, it is more than offset by the lives saved as a result of capital punishment's deterrent effect. The data available, however, fail to bear that out. In fact, for each of the years 1980 to 2000 the average murder rate in states with capital punishment ranged from 1.4 to 2 times as high as the murder rates for states with no death penalty. Although these data fail to control for demographic differences among regions, numerous studies over the years have also failed to show deterrent effects.

IT'S NOT WHO YOU ARE BUT WHO YOU KILL

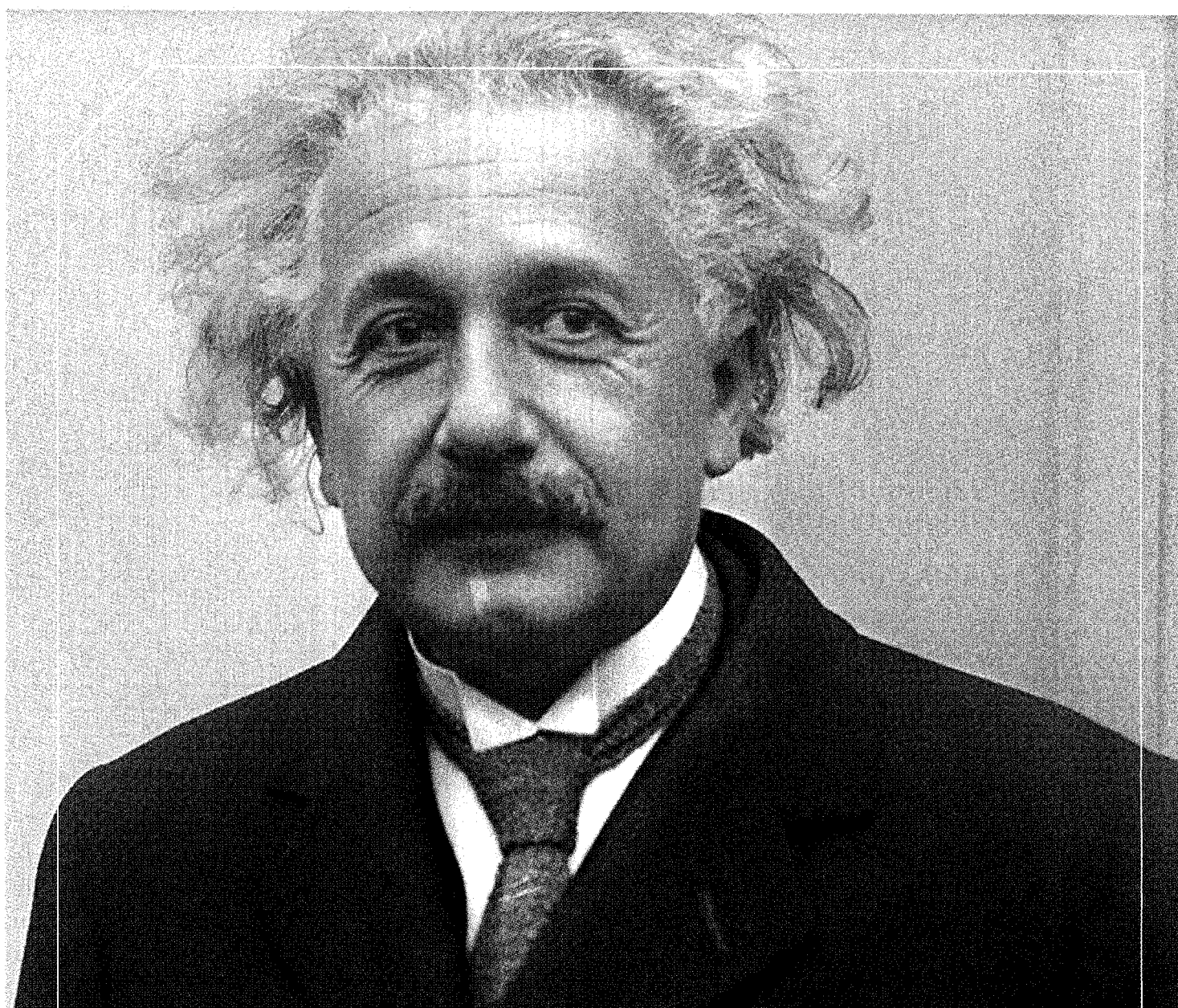
Execution rates vary far more by race of victim than by race of murderer



Some studies have even shown that certain kinds of homicides *rise* following a state execution—evidence of what researchers call the “brutalization effect”

Is the death penalty constitutional? What brought about the four-year hiatus in executions from 1972 to 1976 was the Supreme Court's ruling, in *Furman v. Georgia*, that the arbitrary and capricious application of capital

punishment in America represented cruel and unusual punishment. The extreme variation in how often and under what circumstances the death penalty is applied today suggests that it may not be long before the Court is compelled once again to consider whether capital punishment as currently practiced is constitutional. —JEN JOYNT AND CARRIE SHUCHART



Albert Einstein figured out that time and space are relative.

And he knew that nothing could move faster than the speed of light. But when it came to things like money, he **never wasted time thinking** about it. That's where we came in, the people with over 80 years' experience managing portfolios for the world's sharpest minds. Today we could offer Professor Einstein, one of our earliest participants, an even bigger universe to pick from.

Log on for ideas, advice, and results. TIAA-CREF.org or call 800.842.1924



*Managing money for people
with other things to think about.SM*

RETIREMENT | INSURANCE | MUTUAL FUNDS | COLLEGE SAVINGS | TRUSTS | INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT

Albert Einstein became a participant in 1933. TIAA-CREF Individual and Institutional Services, Inc., and Teachers Personal Investors Services, Inc., distribute securities products. © 2002 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association-College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF), New York, NY. Albert Einstein™ licensed by the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, represented by the Roger Richman Agency, Inc., www.albert-einstein.net

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WYNTON'S BLUES

For two decades Wynton Marsalis ruled the jazz universe, enjoying virtually unqualified admiration as a musician and unsurpassed influence as the music's leading promoter and definer. But after a series of sour notes—he parted from his record label, has been caught up in controversy at Jazz at Lincoln Center, and has been drawing increasing fire from critics and fellow musicians alike for his narrow neotraditionalism—perhaps the biggest name in jazz faces an uncertain future. Just like jazz itself

BY DAVID HAJDU

Photographs by Nubar Alexanian

.....

Manhattan is empty during the last week of August, and the kind of emptiness it achieves is like that of the mind during meditation—a temporary, unnatural purity. On a Tuesday evening in late August of 2001 I was wandering around Greenwich Village and ended up at the Village Vanguard. After sixty-some years of business the illustrious little jazz haunt hasn't changed; it remains one of the inexplicable constants of the Manhattan landscape. Its midtown cousin, Birdland (named for the bebop saxophonist Charlie "Yardbird" Parker), closed down decades ago and was replaced by a strip joint, Flash Dancers, which has been in business longer than Birdland was; a theme nightclub near Times Square now uses the Birdland name. There's still a Cotton Club in Harlem, but not in the original location, and now it's a seedy disco. The Vanguard has somehow survived in its primordial basement and has retained all the bohemian eccentricities that have always helped make it cool: the fence-post marquee, with performers' names handwritten vertically; the treacherously angled stairwell; no food served; no credit cards accepted. Lorraine Gordon, the Vanguard's owner and the widow of the club's founder, is a Medici of the jazz world, a patron and king-maker. Among jazz fans and musicians the Village Vanguard is clearly a paragon of the music's own kind of purity—one that's neither temporary nor unnatural.

I walked in on a set in progress and took the next-to-last seat on the burgundy-leather banquette that runs



along the east wall. The end table, Lorraine Gordon's, was vacant, indicating that Gordon was probably in the kitchen, where she does the books and where musicians congregate between sets. (Although foodless, the Vanguard has one of the most venerable kitchens in New York.) A small combo was running through the bebop classic "Blue 'n' Boogie" at a duly vertiginous speed. There was no mistaking the bandleader: Charles McPherson, an alto saxophonist who was a protégé of the late bassist and composer Charles Mingus. McPherson is a venturesome musician who upends the jazz repertoire on the bandstand, and he composes pieces built on surprise, as Mingus did. Although he is a superior talent, he's not a top jazz attraction, which

is why he was scheduled for the last week in August. For his second tune after my arrival McPherson, in homage to his mentor, played Mingus's homage to Lester Young, "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat." The performance was languid, and my eyes drifted, settling eventually on the trumpet player, because he was turned away from the audience and even from the rest of the band, staring at the floor. Although I couldn't place him, he looked vaguely familiar, like an older version of Wynton Marsalis.

During the third song, Charlie Parker's "Chasin' the Bird," the trumpeter stepped to the center of the bandstand to take a solo. "Excuse me," I whispered to the fellow next to me (a jazz guitarist, I later learned). "Is that Wynton Marsalis?"

"I very seriously doubt that," he snapped back, as if I had asked if it was Parker himself.

Stylishly dressed in an Italian-cut gray suit, a dark-blue shirt, and a muted blue tie, the soloist had the burnished elegance that Wynton Marsalis and his musician brothers have been bringing to jazz for two decades. If this man was not Wynton, he looked like what "Marsalis" means—but older and heavier, and not just in appearance. There was a weight upon him; he didn't smile, and his eyes were small and affectless. I could barely reconcile the sight before me with the image of youthful élan that Wynton Marsalis has always called to mind.

The fourth song was a solo showcase for the trumpeter, who, I could now see, was indeed Marsalis, but who no more sounded than looked like what I expected. He played a ballad, "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance With You," unaccompanied. Written by Victor Young, a film-score composer, for a 1930s romance, the piece can bring out the sadness in any scene, and Marsalis appeared deeply attuned to its melancholy. He performed the song in murmurs and sighs, at points nearly talking the words in notes. It was a wrenching act of creative expression. When he reached the climax, Marsalis played the final phrase, the title statement, in declarative tones, allowing each successive note to linger in the air a bit longer. "I don't stand ... a ghost ... of ... a ... chance ..." The room was silent until, at the most dramatic point, someone's cell phone went off, blaring a rapid sing-song melody in electronic bleeps. People started giggling and picking up their drinks. The moment—the whole performance—unraveled.

Marsalis paused for a beat, motionless, and his eyebrows arched. I scrawled on a sheet of notepaper, MAGIC, RUINED. The cell-phone offender scooted into the hall as the chatter in the room grew louder. Still frozen at the microphone, Marsalis replayed the silly cell-phone melody note for note. Then he repeated it, and began improvising variations on the tune. The audience slowly came back to him. In a few minutes he resolved the improvisation—which had changed keys once or twice and throttled down to a ballad tempo—and ended up exactly where he had left off: "with ... you ..." The ovation was tremendous.

Lorraine Gordon had come in shortly before the final notes. Leaning over to me, she said, "What did I miss?"

That was a good question, and I had others. What was Wynton Marsalis, perhaps the most famous jazz musician alive, doing as a sideman in a band led by a little-known saxophonist in the slowest week of the year? Where were the scores of fans who used to line up on the sidewalk whenever Marsalis played, regardless of whether he was billed and promoted? Why did he look so downtrodden, so leaden ... so different that he was scarcely recognizable? How could his playing have been so perfunctory (as it was for most of that evening) and yet so

transcendent on one bittersweet song about loss and self-doubt? What happened to Wynton Marsalis?

That may be like asking What happened to jazz? For twenty years the fates of Marsalis and jazz music have appeared inextricably intertwined. He was a young newcomer on the New York scene at a time when jazz seemed dominated and diminished by rock-oriented "fusion," marginalized by outré experimentation and electronics, and disconnected from the youth audience that has driven American popular culture since the postwar era. Extraordinarily gifted and fluent in both jazz and classical music, not to mention young, handsome, black, impassioned, and articulate, especially on the importance of jazz history and jazz masters, Marsalis was ideally equipped to lead a cultural-aesthetic movement suited to the time, a renaissance that raised public esteem for and the popular appeal of jazz through a return to the music's traditional values: jazz for the Reagan revolution. In 1990 *Time* magazine put him on the cover and announced the dawn of "The New Jazz Age." Record companies rediscovered the music and revived long-dormant jazz lines, signing countless young musicians inspired by Marsalis, along with three of his five brothers (first his older brother, Branford, a celebrated tenor saxophonist; later Delfeayo, a trombonist; and eventually the youngest, Jason, a percussionist) and his father, Ellis (a respected educator and pianist in the family's native New Orleans). By the 1990s Wynton Marsalis had become an omnipresent spokesperson for his music and also one of its most prolific and highly decorated practitioners (he was the first jazz composer to win a Pulitzer Prize, for *Blood on the Fields*, his oratorio about slavery)—something of a counterpart to Leonard Bernstein in the 1950s. He took jazz up and over the hierarchical divide that had long isolated the music from the fine-arts establishment; the modest summer jazz program he created won a full constituency at Lincoln Center. In 1999, to mark the end of the century, Marsalis issued a total of fifteen CDs—about one new title every month.

In the following two years he did not release a single CD of new music. In fact, after two decades with Columbia Records, the prestigious and high-powered label historically associated with Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk, and Miles Davis, Marsalis has no record contract with any company. Nor does his brother Branford, who just a few years ago was not only one of Columbia's recording stars but an



executive consultant overseeing the artists-and-repertory direction of the label's jazz division. (Branford recently formed an independent record company.) Over the past few years Columbia has drastically reduced its roster of active jazz musicians, shifting its emphasis to reissues of old recordings. Atlantic folded its jazz catalogue into the operations of its parent company, Warner, and essentially gave up on developing new artists. Verve is a fraction of the size it was a decade ago. In addition, jazz clubs around the country have been struggling, and the attacks of September 11 hurt night life everywhere; New York's venerable Sweet Basil closed in the spring of 2001, after twenty-five years in operation, and later reopened as a youth-oriented world-music place. In the institutional arena, Carnegie Hall discontinued its in-house jazz orchestra at the end of the 2001–2002 season.

For this grim state of affairs in jazz Marsalis, the public face of the music and the evident master of its destiny, has been declared at least partly culpable. By leading jazz into the realm of unbending classicism, by applying the Great

Man template to establish an iconography (Armstrong, Ellington, Parker, Coltrane), and by sanctifying a canon of their own choosing (Armstrong's "Hot Fives," Ellington's Blanton-Webster period, Parker's Savoy sessions, Coltrane's *A Love Supreme*), Marsalis and his adherents are said to have codified the music in a stifling orthodoxy and inhibited the revolutionary impulses that have always advanced jazz.

"They've done a lot to take the essence of jazz and distort it," the composer and pianist George Russell told *The New York Times* in 1998. "They've put a damper on the main ingredient of jazz, which is innovation."

A former executive with Columbia Records who has worked intimately with five Marsalises says, "For many people, Wynton has come to embody some retro ideology that is not really of the moment, you know—it's more museum-like in nature, a look back. I think as each day passes, Wynton does lose relevance as a shaper of musical direction. He's not quite the leader of a musical movement any longer. That doesn't mean he's not remarkable, or without considerable clout, or that he's not the leader of a cultural

movement. But within the record industry the Marsalises are no longer seen as the top guys."

Six weeks after he played in Charles McPherson's band at the Village Vanguard, Wynton Marsalis turned forty. (His publicists will have to come up with a nickname to replace "the young lion.") Marsalis has been struggling, clearly. In addition to the rest of his troubles, he and his fiancée broke off the engagement that might have brought stability to his notoriously mercurial romantic life (he has three sons by two single women, one on each coast), and Jazz at Lincoln Center suffered a setback shortly after Marsalis's birthday, when the chairman of its board of directors was murdered in his home. This February, Marsalis returned briefly to the spotlight, when he, his three musical brothers, and their father joined forces on their first CD together, *The Marsalis Family: A Jazz Celebration*—released on Branford's new label, Marsalis Music, and supported by a high-profile PBS special and a brief national tour starting a few days later. But this effort to celebrate the Marsalis legacy is seen by some in the jazz world as just another exercise in nostalgia. It's a criticism that familiarly echoes the one that has bedeviled jazz as a whole for some years. Yet if the lives of this man and America's great indigenous music are indeed entwined, their predicament calls for fuller scrutiny and better understanding. It's too easy to dismiss Marsalis's condition as a midlife crisis.

Every icon needs an origin myth. Born in the same city as jazz, Wynton Marsalis was blessed with a signifying provenance. "I'm from New Orleans," he has told an interviewer, as shorthand for his musical background. "We don't need a concert hall for jazz." In many ways Marsalis's story is so neatly connected to jazz history that it defies credulity. Had a screenwriter created Wynton Marsalis, a cynical producer would have sent back the opening scenes for rewrite: too perfect. Not only did he come from the cradle of jazz but he plays the trumpet, the instrument that originally defined the music. "The first jazz musician was a trumpeter, Buddy Bolden," Marsalis once said, "and the last will be a trumpeter, the archangel Gabriel." Moreover, Marsalis rose to prominence in the mid-1980s, just as jazz was approaching its centennial. "There's a tremendous symbolic resonance that has always been a part of what Wynton's about," says Jeff Levenson, a veteran jazz writer who also worked as an executive at both Columbia and Warner Bros. Records. "This kid emerges who's a hotshot ... and the whole thing has a kind of symmetry to it. Louis Armstrong starts things off—trumpet player, New Orleans, turn of the century. Wynton closes it out—a trumpet player from New Orleans."

Dolores and Ellis Marsalis still live in the house Wynton left when he moved to New York on a scholarship to Juilliard, in 1979. It is a nice, modest house of green-painted clapboard, in a neighborhood that used to be nicer. To

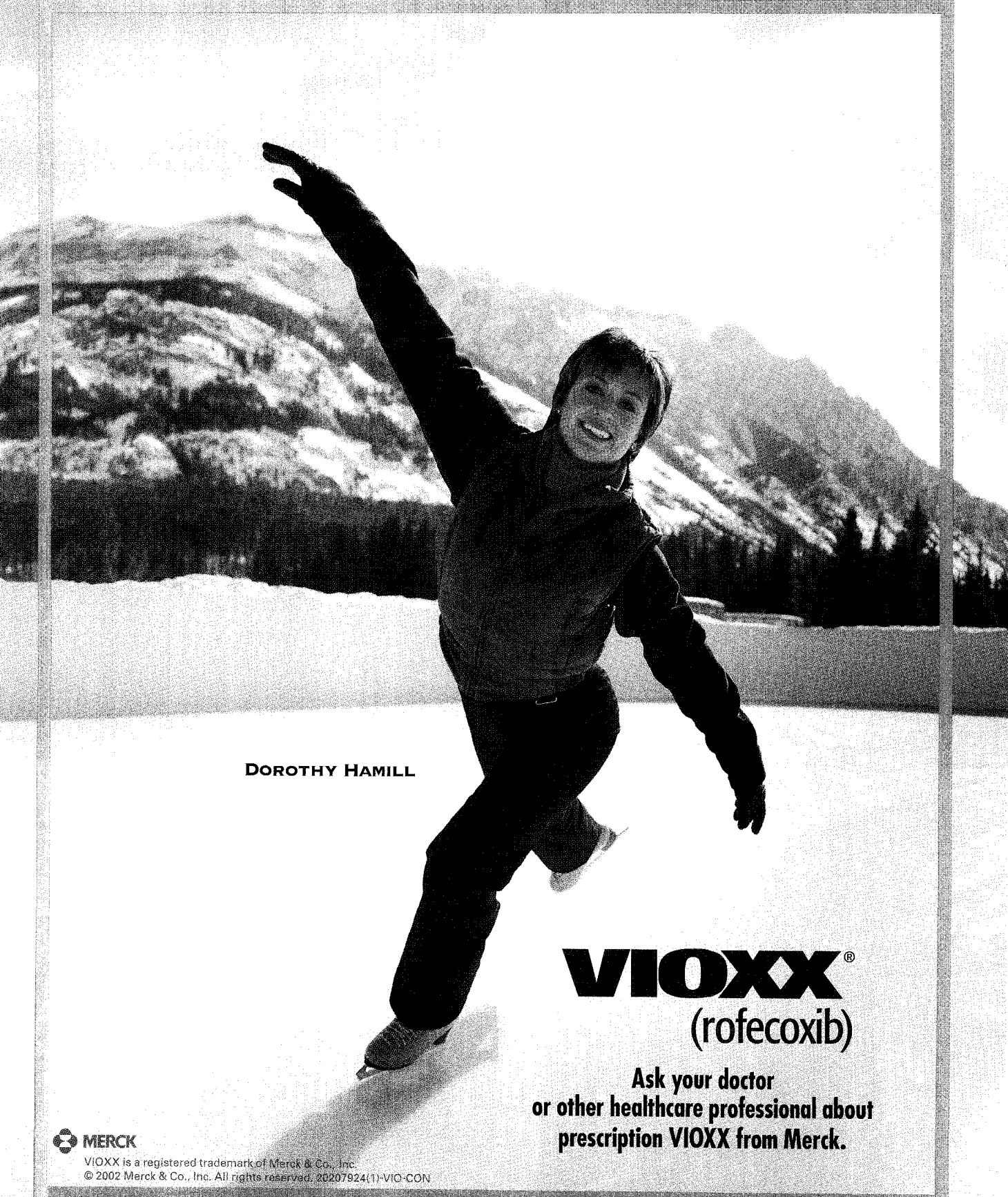
enter the house one goes through an iron gate and past a patch of lawn with manicured shrubbery and a statue of a black madonna in the center. The interior looks large without six boys frolicking in it at once. (Only thirty-two-year-old Mboya, who is autistic, lives at home now.) Dolores Marsalis keeps the house, her husband tells me with a pride they obviously share: everything is just so, and communicates to the visitor in a gracious way. The chairs have pressed crocheted doilies pinned to their backs: they are not for horseplay. The walls are covered with paintings and graphics portraying African-American themes: they are not decorations but art. The table next to the front door holds a display of photographs of women in the family: everybody counts.

Ellis Marsalis is a sturdy man, sixty-eight, who moves with a deliberate bounce. A lifelong educator who has taught music on every level from elementary school to college, he held a chair in jazz studies endowed by Coca-Cola at the University of New Orleans until his retirement, in 2001. When he speaks, his words have the measured authority of a lesson. Wynton Marsalis is very much like his father in the way he holds himself (hunched a bit, as if he were reading from a music stand), sits (legs spread), gestures (forward and in tempo), and speaks (with a disarming touch of New Orleans patois).

To Ellis Marsalis, the work ethic his own father taught by example is primary to success, be it in commerce or in art. "When I was teaching [high school]," he says, "I used to see a lot of talent that didn't particularly go anywhere, and at first it was really mysterious to me. I couldn't really understand it—I mean, to see a seventeen-year-old kid who's a natural bass. Those are born. You don't learn to do that. And to hear coloratura sopranos who couldn't care less. I was forced to reappraise what my understanding of talent is. Then I eventually began to discover that talent is like the battery in a car. It'll get you started, but if the generator is bad, you don't go very far."

A musician by aspiration who took up teaching by necessity, Ellis Marsalis was ambivalent about his own decision to stay in New Orleans and raise his children, rather than to pursue a big-time career in New York. "At the time Wynton was growing up, I still had a lot of anxiety about going to New York," he recalls. I asked him if he thought Wynton had recognized his frustrations and had set out to aim higher by making New York his home base. Was he trying to fulfill his father's dream? "Could be," Ellis said, nodding slowly. "It could be."

In *The History of Jazz* (1997) Ted Gioia wrote, "[Wynton] Marsalis's rise to fame while barely out of his teens was an unprecedented event in the jazz world. No major jazz figure—not Ellington or Armstrong, Goodman or Gillespie—had become so famous, so fast." The facts are impressive even twenty years later: while still at Juilliard, Marsalis was invited to join another kind of conservatory, the Jazz



DOROTHY HAMILL

VIOXX[®]
(rofecoxib)

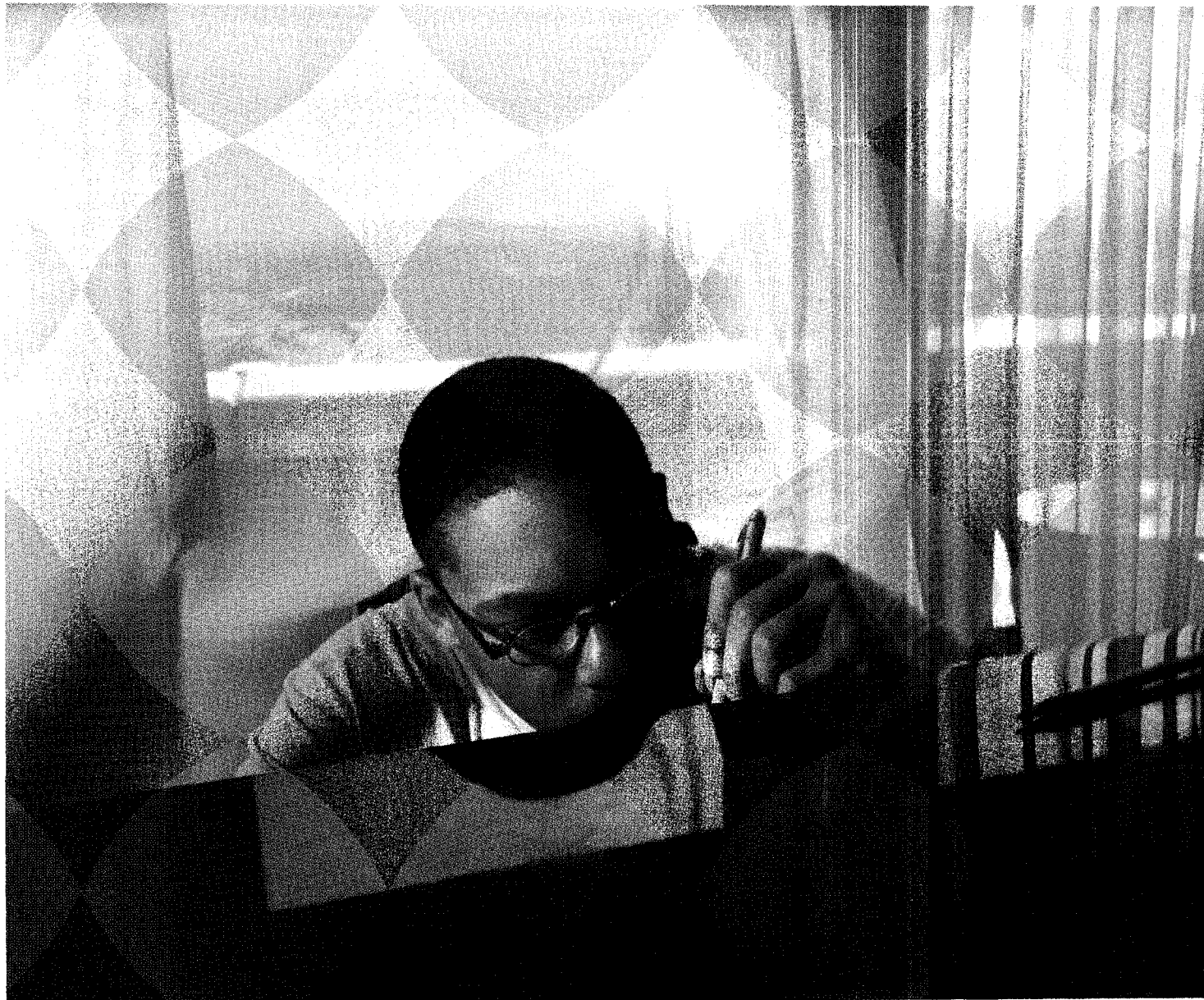
**Ask your doctor
or other healthcare professional about
prescription VIOXX from Merck.**



VIOXX is a registered trademark of Merck & Co., Inc.
© 2002 Merck & Co., Inc. All rights reserved. 20207924(1)-VIO-CON

For more information about VIOXX, call 1-888-VIOXX-11 or visit vioxx.com.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Messengers, a band led by the drummer Art Blakey; soon after, he was appointed the group's musical director, at age nineteen. As Ellis Marsalis says, "He called up and said, 'Man, I have a chance to join Art Blakey's band. What do you think?' I said, 'Well, one thing about Juilliard, man,' I said, 'Juilliard's going to be there when they're shoveling dirt in your face. Art Blakey won't.'" By 1982, when he turned twenty-one, Wynton had toured with the jazz star Herbie Hancock and had played with distinction on half a dozen albums, leading "the jazz press to declare him a prodigy," Jon Pareles wrote in *The New York Times* in the mid-1980s. Columbia Records signed him in an extraordinary contract that called for Marsalis to make both classical and jazz recordings, and he started a collection of Grammys in both categories. No jazz musician has had such success since.

To a degree Marsalis's aesthetic, which draws reverentially on the African-American traditions of the blues and swing, seems to repudiate the style of the previous era. Swing was a rejection of traditional New Orleans jazz, bebop

a rejection of swing, cool jazz a rejection of bop, free jazz a rejection of the cool, and fusion a rejection of free jazz. (Though reductive and Oedipal, this theory bears up well enough if one ignores the innumerable overlaps, inconsistencies, and contradictions, and also the entire career of Duke Ellington.) Wynton and his young peers were rejecting fusion, an amorphous mixture of jazz and pop-rock, which they saw as fatuous and vulgar, and which they thought pandered to commercialism.

As the composer and trumpeter Terence Blanchard, a childhood friend of Wynton's who followed him to New York and into Blakey's band, recalls, "In the early eighties we had to fight for our existence in the music war. The fusion thing was real big, and we were trying to get back to, like, just the fundamental elements in jazz."

But for all fusion's attributes as a target (it was slick, ostentatious, cold, and elementally white, much like the big-band "innovations in modern music" of Stan Kenton and the "third-stream" pretenses of the 1950s), the style scarcely dominated the New York jazz scene when the



Marsalis brothers and Blanchard started out. In fact, when Wynton Marsalis played at the club Seventh Avenue South in the last week of January 1982, to promote his eponymous first solo album, nearly every jazz room in town featured bebop (or older styles of the music): Kai Winding was at the Vanguard, Anita O'Day at the Blue Note, Dizzy Gillespie at Fat Tuesday's, Archie Shepp at Sweet Basil, George Shearing at Michael's Pub.

"There was a whole lot of jazz in New York then, and it was straight-ahead [bebop], by and large," recalls the pianist and educator Barry Harris. "You had all the work you could do [as a bebop musician], and nobody was doing fusion but the kids. Now, they made the festivals and whatnot for the younger crowd. That was where that was at. It was no big thing. That was a good time for straight-ahead [music] in New York."

Although marginal to the core jazz constituency, centered in New York (as it had been for decades and continues to be), fusion had a vogue appeal to college audiences and other young people. The Marsalis revolution was especially radical, then, in rejecting a style popular among musicians of the revolutionary's own age, rather than the music established by his elders; it was

subversive not only ideologically as well as aesthetically, and the ensuing polarization in jazz circles on the subject of Marsalis and his music was uniquely intra-generational.

The musical landscape Marsalis entered in full stride and soon dominated was far more complex than most accounts have suggested—as is the actual music he has made. Marsalis was never a nostalgist like the tuba player Vince Giordano, who re-creates jazz styles of the early twentieth century. The improvisations on the first few Wynton Marsalis albums employed elements of the blues and swing (along with other styles, including free jazz), but in the service of personal expression; and Marsalis's earliest compositions, with their harmonic surprises and their lightning shifts in time signature, were less homage than montage. In the image his detractors like to paint (over and over), Marsalis single-handedly halted jazz's progress. "Wynton has the car in reverse," the trombonist and composer Bob Brookmeyer has said, "and the pedal to the metal"; if so, the vehicle was already in gear. Over the course of the 1970s a movement to elevate esteem for jazz and protect the music's heritage was

emerging in one sphere at the same time that fusion and the music of the living bebop masters coexisted in their own spheres. The Smithsonian Institution began an effort to preserve the musical archives of Duke Ellington and other jazz masters; the bandleader and trumpeter Herb Pomeroy was leading a repertory jazz program at the Berklee College of Music, in Boston; the saxophonist Loren Schoenberg was working with Benny Goodman to revive his big band; the bassist Chuck Israels formed the National Jazz Ensemble; the musicologist and conductor Gunther Schuller was conducting vintage jazz works and writing about them as if there were a canon; the impresario George Wein founded the New York Jazz Repertory Company. "I just felt like it was time," recalls Wein, who later produced the neo-traditional concerts of the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band. "There was a lot of that percolating at the time, and that's the atmosphere that Wynton and the others came into."

The revival movement itself was a revival. Back in the late 1930s, when the "From Spirituals to Swing" concerts at Carnegie Hall gave American jazz the imprimatur of the cultural establishment, the music had changed course and languished in a contemplative state. Writers and musicians of the period rediscovered the artists and styles of the music's (relatively recent) past—a respite, time has shown us, during which jazz began metamorphosing into bebop.

The debate over classicism that has swirled around Marsalis is nothing new either. The enduring issue is, of course, not which work is entitled to a place in the canon—Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*? Jelly Roll Morton's "Black Bottom Stomp"?—but who is empowered to confer that distinction. Marsalis has compounded things substantially, not only by making music that he expects will be taken seriously but also by defining the terms, and by challenging white critics and white-dominated institutions to yield authority over such matters.

The scholar and author Gerald Early, a professor at Washington University in St. Louis, says, "Wynton Marsalis is a target for criticism because, unlike a lot of artists, he's become a quite outspoken critic himself, and he has articulated a historical theory and an aesthetic theory about jazz music. I think that critics feel kind of threatened and rather uncomfortable when an artist comes along who's capable of doing that pretty well—well enough so that a critic has to respect it." Indeed, most of the early press about Marsalis was laudatory, until he dared to use his platform to advance ideas about jazz history and black identity. Ever since, jazz critics, most of whom are white, have tended to treat Marsalis more severely. "The fact that these critics are white, that a lot of the audience for jazz music is white," Early says, "I think is a source of tension for many of the artists who are black. White critics basically codified and structured the history of this music and made the judgments about who is significant in the music and so forth, and I think in this

culture that can't help but be a real source of tension for many black jazz musicians."

Stanley Crouch, a critic and a long-standing influence on Marsalis, is quick to expand on the theme. "I think a lot of the criticism of Wynton's music is based upon a hostility toward him. Marsalis, any way the critics look at him, is superior to them. He's a greater musician than any of them are writers. He's a good-looking guy. He has access to and has had access to a far higher quality of female than any of them could ever imagine. He doesn't look up to them, and that's a problem."

Wynton Marsalis lives in an airy eight-room apartment on the twenty-ninth floor of a high-rise tower a few dozen footsteps from the stage entrance to Alice Tully Hall, where Lincoln Center's jazz orchestra has been playing since it started, in 1987. His home is as conscientiously detailed as the house of his parents. On a visit a year ago I asked him if his mother had helped him decorate it, and he laughed. "Maybe she should have," he said. "She knows what she's doing." But he has his own taste, and it isn't his mother's. The living room, which is so spacious that at first I didn't notice the grand piano in the corner, is done in vivid colors; Marsalis says that he likes Matisse for the "positivity and affirmation" of his work, and that he picked up the artist's vibrant palette in his appointments. Patterns on the carpeting and the fabrics suggest crescents, the symbol of his home town. Sunlight floods the room from banks of windows at the room's outer corners. "I like the sun," Marsalis told me as we sat on sofas opposite each other. "The source of life. There's a lot of sun in New Orleans." An enormous lithograph of Duke Ellington hangs over one of the sofas, and other prints and photographs of Ellington, along with those of Armstrong and Blakey, line the hall leading to the other rooms.

Gerald Early has commented on Marsalis's sense of style: "Whether he is at the cutting edge of what's going on in jazz now is neither here nor there. He represents a certain kind of image, which I think is enormously important, of the jazz musician as this kind of well-dressed, extremely sophisticated person, and a person who lives well—a person who reads books, a person who, you know, enjoys a kind of *GQ* sort of life."

Until recently Wynton Marsalis seemed physically unaccountable to time. His good looks were the boyish kind. Full-cheeked and bright-eyed, he was adorable. At the same time, he always carried himself with a poised surety, a masculine grace, that tended to make women straighten up and men start poking their toes at things. The nickname "young lion" seemed appropriate, Marsalis being a creature of fearsome beauty who is also nocturnal, combative, and nomadic. But his body has begun its midlife thickening. He projects a quieter, softer, slower presence now, although he still plays a tough game of basketball.

For most of the past twenty years he has been on view in his natural state: working. Marsalis is living by the work ethic that his father passed on from his grandfather, with a determination that would seem pathological if it weren't utterly normal for him. He is not manic; he works at a moderate pace but never stops. Indeed, although Marsalis has not been recording much lately, he is constantly working with the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra. From his office in the headquarters of Jazz at Lincoln Center he oversees its creative and educational activities. He practices the trumpet for several hours every day. He plays with his sons when they are with him. And in the evening he goes out—leaving just a few hours a night for sleep. When we spoke at his home, I asked him what the man in the lithograph over his head, Duke Ellington, meant to him.

"Indefatigable worker. He loved music and people and playing. He played a lot, and he loved jazz, and he loved the Afro-American people."

"Do you have a performance philosophy?"

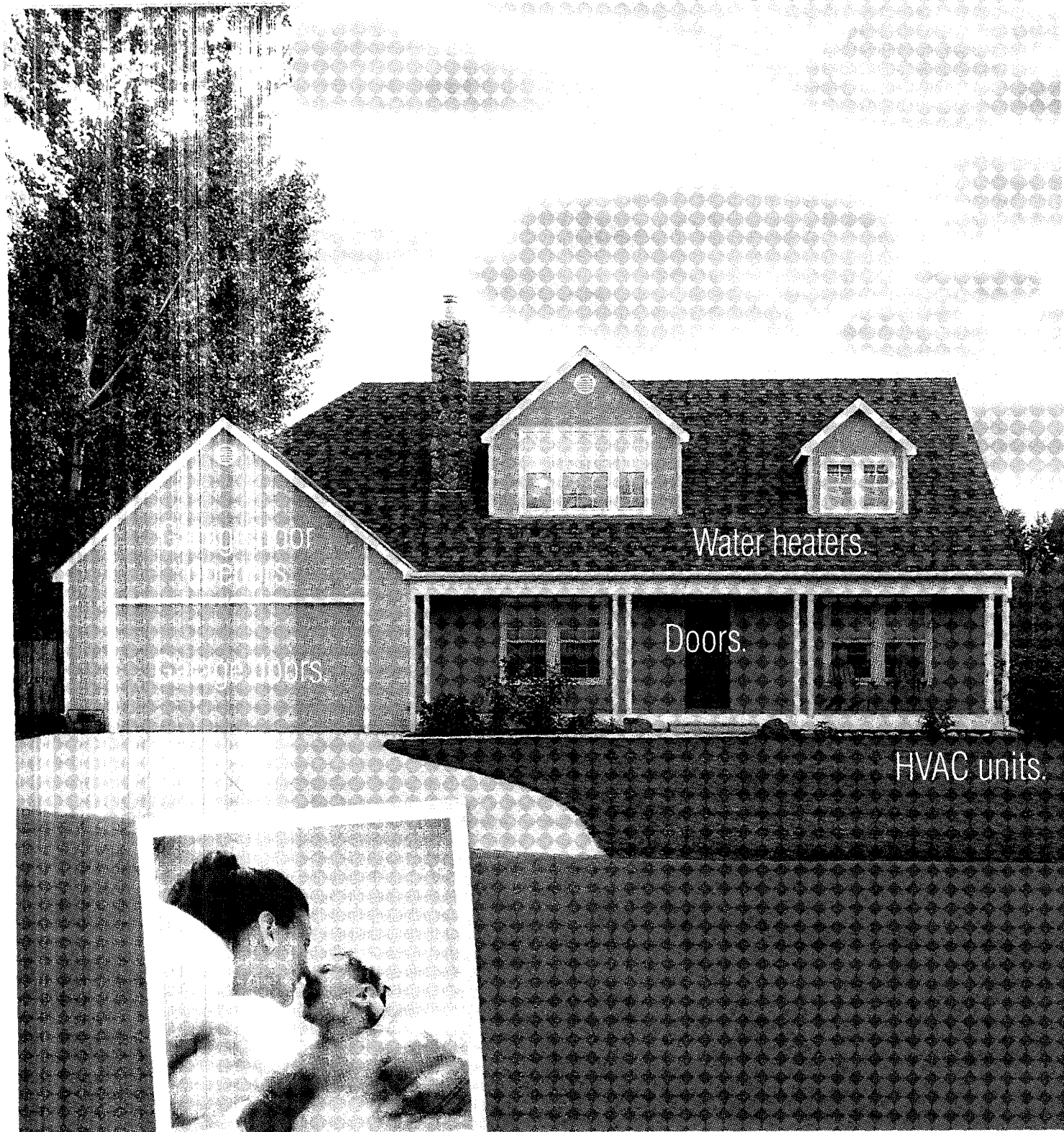
"I've always tried to be respectful of my audience. I always sign people's autographs, always acted like I was working for them. I try to play people's requests, try to come up with a way of playing that I thought people would want to listen to—never thought I was above them. I'm here to do a job. I always try to be professional, and many times, in halls across the country, I'm the last one to leave—all the crews are gone.

"For me to tell people who are spending their money and have worked their jobs and are going on a date with their husbands or their wives, tell them, 'I know you all are here, and you should be honored that I'm here'—that's just not my philosophy."

He keeps a dressing room full of elegant clothing—closets of dark suits and formal wear, and a rack of hats. The bedroom has a long cabinet with framed family photos and other memorabilia on display; when Marsalis sits up in his bed, they are what he sees.

He flopped onto his mattress and focused on the task of cleaning and lubricating his trumpet. "I should properly do this all the time," he said, shaking his head at himself. "I keep playing till it's so filthy all you hear when I play it is the dirt." Marsalis pulled his instrument apart and began a consuming procedure that involved massaging a viscous fluid onto each of the parts. As he worked, he talked about music, which is what he seems most at home doing wherever he is.

"My daddy said to me, when I was leaving high school, you know, debating whether I would go to New York, should I go into music, and the whole thing was, 'Well, you don't want to go into music, because you'll end up being like your daddy.' He struggled his whole life. He said, 'Man, I can tell you one thing. Do it if you want to do it and if you love doin' it. But if you don't want to do it for that reason, don't do it. Because when it really, really gets hard, you



Peace of mind.

All professionally installed with Home Depot At-Home Services. Our trusted network of licensed installation and service professionals can tackle a wide range of projects. So visit your local Home Depot or www.homedepot.com for installation and maintenance services you can trust. And the next time you don't feel like doing a project yourself, let us do it for you.



have to tell yourself, 'This is what I want to do.' My father told me, 'Don't sit around waiting for publicity, money, people saying you're great. Son, that might never happen. If you want to do it and you love doin' it, do it. But if you don't ...'" Marsalis shook his head.

For all his success and acclaim, Marsalis is vexed by his critics in the jazz establishment. "My relationship with the jazz critics has never been good," he said, pausing for some time, at least half a minute. "It's never been a great relationship. I've never been portrayed accurately—not at all. The whole thing was always, like, trying to water down your level of seriousness, always trying to make you seem like an angry young man and all this. Man, you know—that was just bullshit.

"When I hear that term, 'classicism,' it's hard for me to figure out what people are talking about. There are so many musicians playing today—like, the way Joe Lovano plays, the way Marcus Roberts plays, the way that Joshua Redman plays, the way that Danilo Pérez plays, the way Cyrus Chestnut plays. There are a lot of musicians playing a lot of different styles. In any period of any music a vast majority of the practitioners sought some common language, and then there are people who do variations on that language. I think we need to delve deeper into the tradition, not run away from it. See, musicians are always encouraged to run away from it. You know, if you're a musician, you want to run from it, for a basic reason—because you don't compare well against it."

A decade ago *The New Yorker* ran a cartoon depicting a middle-aged white man lying in bed. Two young children are bursting into the room. "Dad! Dad! Wake up!" one of the kids yells. "They just discovered another Marsalis!" As each of his musician brothers—and their father—followed Wynton onto the national jazz scene, the Marsalis era took a shape that began to seem dynastic. The family looked like musical Kennedys, from the strong-willed patriarch to the pair of handsome, charismatic sons who led their generation to the younger siblings struggling to fulfill impossible expectations. Eventually all five musicians ended up working at Columbia Records—back under the same roof but in a variety of roles.

Easily reduced to clichés of sibling contrast, Wynton and Branford have personified the duality Wynton sees in the world of the arts: purity versus corruption. In its cover story on Wynton and the young lions, *Time* emphasized the brothers' polar attributes.

Wynton, extraordinarily disciplined and driven by an insatiable desire to excel, was a straight-A student who starred in Little League baseball, practiced his trumpet three hours a day and won every music competition he ever entered. Branford ... was an average student, a self-described "spaz" in sports and a naturally talented musician who hated to practice.

Branford has played with rock and pop musicians such as Sting and the Grateful Dead; Wynton has derided

pop-jazz players as "cult figures, talking-all-the-time heroes, who have these spur-of-the-moment, out-of-their-mind, left-brain, off-the-wall theories about music which make no sense at all to anybody who knows anything about music." Branford has performed and recorded funk music under the pseudonym Buckshot LeFonque (derived from a pseudonym that the saxophonist Cannonball Adderley used in the 1950s). Wynton told a Kennedy Center audience in 1998, "There's nothing sadder than a jazz musician playing funk."

They maintain a respectful distance, playing together on occasion and rarely explicitly criticizing each other in public. "I love my brother, man," Wynton told me emphatically. "That doesn't mean we talk every day. We might not get a chance to talk to each other at all for a long time, and we might not agree on everything when we do talk—or when we don't. But I love my brother Branford, man. I love all my brothers."

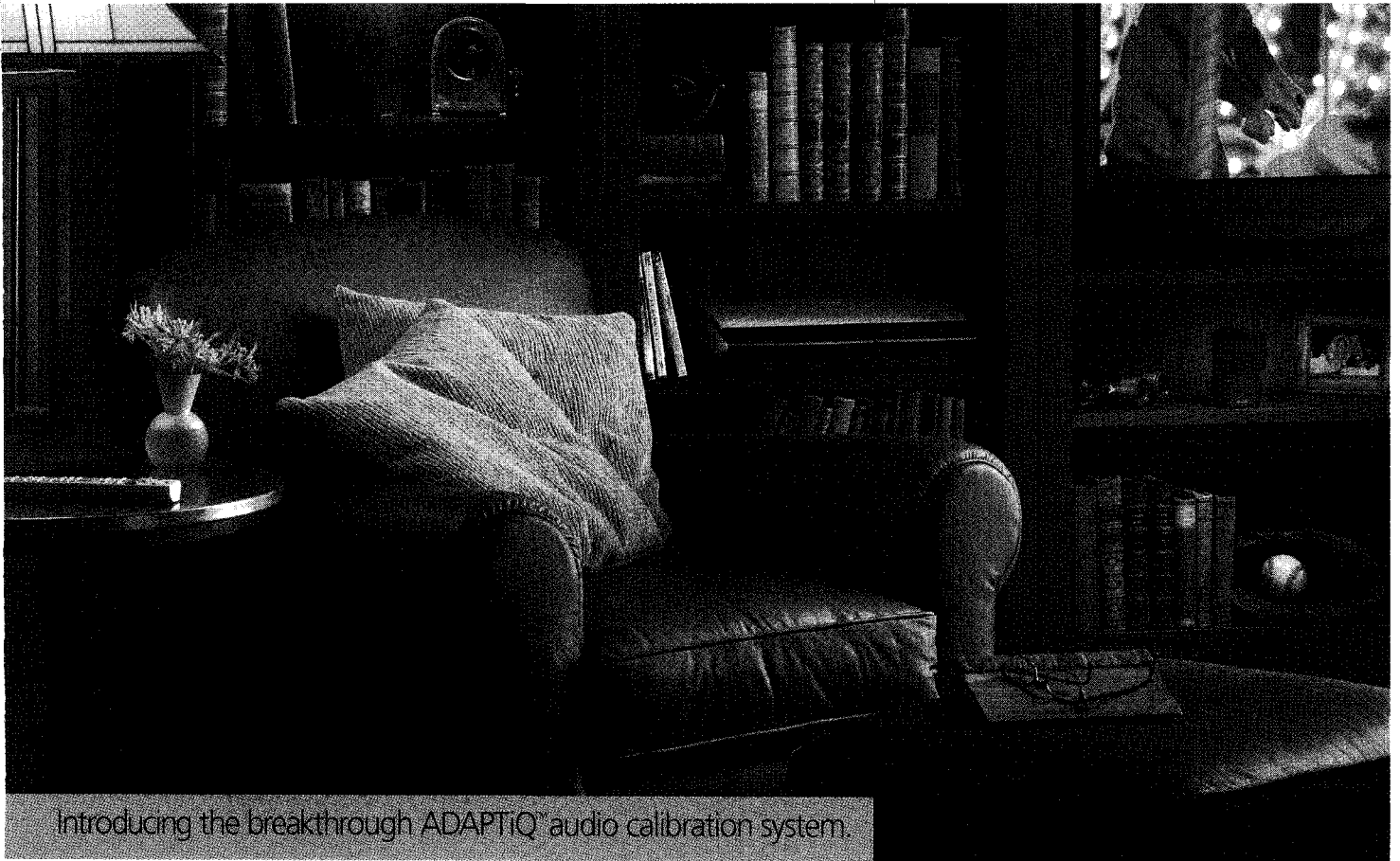
Branford toed the same line when I interviewed him last year, and yet he promptly drew a distinction between his work and Wynton's. "I love my brother," he said, "but we're totally different. I don't agree with some of the statements that he makes when he says jazz lost the world when it stopped being dance music. One of the things that attracted me to jazz was the fact that it wasn't dance music. I wouldn't want to play jazz and have people dance to it. That's not my thing."

Although at first praising Wynton's efforts to carry on the legacy of jazz, Branford couldn't seem to resist taking a thinly veiled shot. "I think it's something that should have been done a long time ago and has to be done," he said. "I use classical music as a role model. There are classical musicians who preserve music. There are people who play madrigals. There are people who only play in their Baroque chamber orchestras."

Some of those who know the two brothers well see sibling dynamics as an explanation for every step in their careers. "They have tremendous love and tremendous respect for each other, and they will fight to defend one another when speaking to outsiders," Jeff Levenson, the former Columbia executive, says. "But I really do believe that for Wynton and Branford, each of their achievements has been a competitive strike against the other. They've channeled all that rivalry stuff into their own motivational energy."

Branford's career has largely followed pop-culture convention—he's been a musical anti-hero. He exudes a lusty nonchalance, an Elvis quality, that also infuses his saxophone playing. His music is muscular and aggressive. Thoroughly aware of his bad-boy reputation and its market value, he has sustained it into his forties through practice. "They [writers] think I'm an arrogant cuss, which I am," he told me. When Wynton speaks of being mistaken for "an angry young man," the man might be his older brother. Branford's success, coursing through the turbulence of pop-music stardom,

There are so many reasons to own a Bose® Lifestyle® DVD system.
And we've just added a new one.



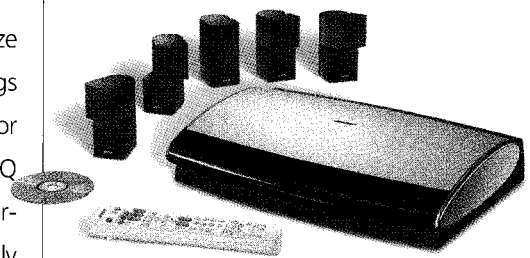
Introducing the breakthrough ADAPTiQ® audio calibration system.

Customizes sound to your room, so your Lifestyle® DVD system will sound best where it matters most. And it's only from Bose.

No two rooms sound exactly the same. Where you place your speakers, room size and shape, reflective and absorption qualities...even whether a room has rugs or hardwood floors can affect sound. And until now, there wasn't a simple way for home theater systems to account for these variables. Introducing the new ADAPTiQ audio calibration system, now available in Lifestyle® 35 and 28 DVD home entertainment systems. It listens to the sound in your particular room and automatically adjusts your Lifestyle® system to sound its best. So now, no matter what your room's acoustics, you'll enjoy action-packed movies and lifelike music delivered by a system performing to its fullest potential. ■ The ADAPTiQ system is just one reason you'll enjoy our Lifestyle® systems. Some others: An elegant media center with built-in DVD/CD player. Barely noticeable cube speakers. An Acoustimass® module that produces rich impactful bass. And an advanced universal remote that controls your system – even from another room. Bose Lifestyle® home entertainment systems. Now with the ADAPTiQ system, the height of our technology just got higher.

For a FREE information kit, or names of dealers and Bose stores near you call:

1.800.ASK.BOSE ext.M13 ask.bose.com/wm13



*Lifestyle® 35 DVD
home entertainment system*

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

network television, and best-selling genres including funk, seems, if not inevitable, at least easy to understand.

Wynton, for his part, rose on a bubble made from an unprecedented mixture of seemingly incompatible ingredients: youth culture, history, the African-American experience, mass marketing, and the ideals of fine art. He was a young man who honored his elders, promoted higher standards in a cynical business, and played a black music thought to be in decline to become a national sensation. How long could he float like that?

When jazz musicians teach improvisation, they often start with a basic assignment: Go home and listen to a recording you like. Take one musical phrase that appeals to you, and use it to construct a composition of your own.

The record industry spent the 1990s on a similar project: the big labels heard what Wynton Marsalis was saying, took from it what appealed to them, and used it to build a new business of their own. In seeking to elevate the public perception of jazz and to encourage young practitioners to pay attention to the music's traditions, Marsalis put great emphasis on its past masters—particularly in his role as director of Jazz at Lincoln Center. Still, he never advocated mere revivalism, and he has demonstrated in his compositions how traditional elements can be referenced, recombined, and reinvented in the name of individualistic expression. "It's a mistake when people say about Wynton that what he's doing is recapitulating the past," Gerald Early says. "I really think that what he's doing is taking the nature of that tradition and really trying, in fact, to add to it and kind of push it forward." But record executives came away with a different message: that if the artists of the past are so great and enduring, there's no reason to continue investing so much in young talent. So they shifted their attention to repackaging their catalogues of vintage recordings.

Where the young lions saw role models and their critics saw idolatry, the record companies saw brand names—the ultimate prize of American marketing. For long-established record companies with vast archives of historic recordings, the economics were irresistible: it is far more profitable to wrap new covers around albums paid for generations ago than it is to find, record, and promote new artists.

As Bruce Lundvall, the head of the Blue Note recording company, acknowledges, "The profitability of the catalogue is a mixed blessing. Let's say [consumers] buy their first jazz record when they hear Wynton or Joshua Redman or whoever it might be. Then they want to get the history. They start to buy catalogue, and that's exactly what the active, current roster is fighting. I remember [the saxophonist] Javon Jackson saying to me, 'I'm not competing with Joshua Redman so much as [with] Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane and Lester Young and Stan Getz'—the whole history of jazz saxophone players, which is available [on CD]."

Jeff Levenson adds, "The Frankenstein monster has turned on its creators. In paying homage to the greats, Wynton and his peers have gotten supplanted by them in the minds of the populace. They've gotten supplanted by dead people."

But dead people make poor live attractions, and thus jazz clubs have suffered commensurably. "You know, I really love Duke and Louis and Miles and Ben Webster and all those guys, but I like jazz best when I can hear it live—it is supposed to be spontaneous music," says James Browne, who ran Manhattan's Sweet Basil. "They've been saying jazz is America's classical music, and it deserves respect. Well, now it's America's classical music. Thanks a lot. What do we do now?"

No longer signed to major record labels, Wynton, Branford, and other jazz musicians of their generation are taking stock (and they now have the leisure to do so). The focus of the discourse in jazz has shifted from the nature of the art form to that of the artist.

Both Wynton and Branford describe their departures from Columbia Records as an opportunity for self-evaluation. "I'm not with Columbia," Wynton said soberly in his apartment. "It was not vituperative. It's just time for me to do something else. It's just time, and it's a good thing. It's just time for me to figure out how I can forward my identity, to say, 'This is who I am.'"

"The record companies should have abandoned us a long time ago. They should have saved us the trouble. It's not going to be healthy for our pocketbooks, but it's healthy for jazz. Through that void there is opportunity. Somewhere in that void is an opportunity for somebody to come up and start signing jazz musicians and letting them make the records they want to make."

Within Lincoln Center, Wynton Marsalis's jazz program has always had a status much like that of black culture in America: it is of the whole, yet other. Jazz at Lincoln Center began as a way to fill blank dates on the calendar at Alice Tully Hall, the smallest of the institution's four major theaters. "I didn't think it was important at the beginning," Marsalis says. "They called me and said they wanted to do some concerts with dead hall space in Lincoln Center, and did I have any ideas about what they could do? Because I had played classical music, I was a person to





call. So I called Crouch—"What do you think? What could we do?" So we got together. It wasn't that big a deal—it was just three of us in a room [Marsalis, Crouch, and Alina Bloomgarden, of Lincoln Center], talking. Then I started to take it seriously."

Although Jazz at Lincoln Center is now the institutional equal of the Metropolitan Opera, the New York Philharmonic, and the New York City Ballet, most of its concerts are still being held in Alice Tully Hall. Sometime around the fall of 2004 Jazz at Lincoln Center will move into a sprawling multipurpose compound at Columbus Circle, a few blocks south of Lincoln Center proper. There, at the yet unfinished Frederick P. Rose Hall, it will be part of the new AOL Time Warner Center, which will house not only the corporate headquarters of AOL Time Warner but also a hotel, a condominium tower, and various stores and restaurants. It will be the only one of Lincoln Center's fiefdoms to be based "off-campus." Still of the whole, yet other.

Marsalis has been deeply involved in the planning of—and the fundraising for—this new home for Jazz at Lincoln

Center, which he talks about with a keen sense of "the spirit of place," the phrase he once used as the title of a concert of Duke Ellington's travel music. In a piercing wind on a January afternoon last year we walked around the construction site, a beam skeleton more than ten stories high at that point, and he described the philosophical underpinnings of the project.

"This is going to be the House of Swing, and we want everything in it to swing, even though the only thing swinging around here now is girders—watch your head," Marsalis said calmly. Against the cold he and I were both wearing long topcoats, woolen scarves, and hardhats, but he looked comfortable; he seemed to know every unmarked area in the maze of steel and most of the men working in it. Marsalis guided me to the center of an open space, about 250 square yards, which would someday be one of Jazz at Lincoln Center's two main performance venues—this one large enough to stage one of Ellington's symphonic suites; the other one about half its size, for small groups and solo recitals. "They're like two sides of the same thing, like night and day or man and woman," he said.

"Sound is very important," Marsalis continued. "So are the people. The people are as important as the musicians here." The stages will be lower and closer to the seats than they are in typical theaters, and the spaces will be designed to carry, not diminish, the sound of the audience. "We want to hear the audience answering us back—the call and response, we want that."

On our way to a makeshift elevator used for shuttling the work crews and materials, a foreman approached Marsalis, accompanied by several construction workers. "Excuse me, Wynton—I want you to meet Moose," the foreman said. "He's a hell of a singer."

A stocky fellow stepped forward tentatively. He had a stiff-lipped, nervous grin that he spoke through. "Hi, Wynton," he said.

Marsalis shook his hand. "Why don't you come over some time and do some tunes with us—sing with the band?" Marsalis said, waving a hand northward in the direction of Lincoln Center.

"No kidding?" the aspiring singer said, still grinning (but less nervously).

"Come on over—we'll do some tunes."

Like Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, both of whom toured the world under the auspices of the U.S. State Department during the Cold War, Marsalis has a feel-

ing for people and a passion for his art that in combination make him a potent political force. No one denies his importance as a global ambassador of jazz. "He has never moved me as a trumpet player," Whitney Balliett, a well-known jazz critic, says. "But God—watching him in the Burns thing [Ken Burns's 2001 PBS documentary about jazz], it's phenomenal! All he has to do is open his mouth, and out it comes." According to the composer and conductor David Berger, who has been associated with the Lincoln Center jazz program since its inception, "Duke Ellington probably had more charisma than anybody I ever met—I mean, he was amazing. But Wynton, he's got it too. When you talk to him, he makes you feel good—just his presence, his energy. It elevates you and makes you want to be a better person."

I accompanied Marsalis to an event at the Cross Path Culture Center to benefit Barry Harris's jazz-education institute, and I lost him in the crowd of several hundred people. Dozens of jazz musicians, including Randy Weston, Kenny Barron, Allan Harris, and Jeffery Smith, were milling around the loftlike open space. When a camera flash went off, I spotted Wynton having his picture taken. Shortly after that another flash popped, ten or fifteen feet away from the first, and I saw Wynton posing again. I realized that all I needed to do to find him at any point during the evening was to look out at the crowd, and a camera flash would mark him.

To an institution like Jazz at Lincoln Center, with a new headquarters under construction and some \$28 million left to raise from corporate sponsors, grants, and society donors, Marsalis is an asset of immeasurable value. "What strategy does the board of directors have for raising the necessary funds?" I asked the board chairman, Lisa Schiff, in her office, a few blocks south of Jazz at Lincoln Center's future home. "Wynton," she said.

For years Jazz at Lincoln Center was savaged by charges of mismanagement, racism, elitism, ageism, cronyism, and sexism, but these days it is more inclusive, forward-looking, and professional. Indeed, the concert schedule put together for the 2001–2002 year by Marsalis and his reorganized staff (including Todd Barkan, the artistic administrator, an independent-minded impresario who joined Jazz at Lincoln Center two years ago) was practically a manifesto against canonical rigidity. Emphatically multicultural, eclectic, and even contemporary, the program presented the music of Brazil (Pixinguinha, Cyro Baptista), of women (Abbey Lincoln, Barbara Carroll, Rhoda Scott), of white people (Woody Herman, Lee Konitz), of the French (a tribute to the Hot Club de France), and of young adventurers (Greg Osby, Akua Dixon). Perhaps Marsalis really did have a plan for Moose the construction worker to sing with the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra.

"One of my problems with Wynton used to be that he drew such a hard line many times," the composer and saxophonist Greg Osby recalls. "He doesn't seem to be that firm anymore. A lot of it I recognize as youth. He's a lot more

SURE

I'd call this place hell
if it didn't sound so final.
I prefer: The Underworld:
awe clapping its great wings about our heads.
My daughter read the hero's name without ever
having heard it said:
Useless, she informed us, blinded the Cyclops.
Useless: that's a name he might have liked,
next to Nobody, next to Walk-through-the-fires-of-the-dead.
First things first, he learned, usefully.
Back to the living,
the false world, the changing one
where customs differ,
but where everyone wants certainty to last.
So, much later, a poet wrote of an infant god
whirling in flames:
Poor Robert Southwell, first strung up,
next gutted, then beheaded.

—LEE UPTON

Lee Upton is the author of four poetry collections, including Civilian Histories (2000), and three books of literary criticism, including The Muse of Abandonment (1998).

The Bill of Rights

Amendment I

establishment of religion, or prohibiting
people peaceably to assemble

Amendment II

the security of a free State

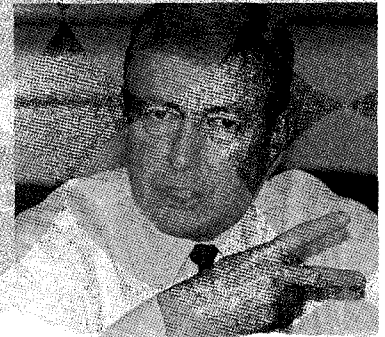
Amendment III



THE AUTHORS

Amendment IV

personal houses, papers, and effects
on probable cause, supported by Oath



THE EDITOR

For more than 200 years, the Bill of Rights has stood as a wall between governmental abuse and the rights of a free people. But John Ashcroft, driven by a radical ideology and shamelessly using the events of September 11, 2001 as a subterfuge, has systematically been dismantling that wall.

Today, the government can get a secret warrant to search your home without telling you until long afterwards.

Today, the government can monitor your Internet use, read your emails, examine your online purchases with minimal judicial oversight. Today, you can be detained without access to a lawyer, without being charged with a crime.

Today, John Ashcroft has authorized the FBI to monitor your political activities, to send agents into your house of worship.

We can only guess what tomorrow will bring.

The American Civil Liberties Union is leading the fight to protect your rights, and to stop the Ashcroft assault on our civil liberties.

Isn't that your fight too?



Join us. Because freedom can't protect itself.

www.aclu.org

Illustration courtesy of Library of Congress

accepting of varied presentation now. Not to say that he loves it, but he's a lot more tolerant of it."

Jazz's public advocates, Marsalis among them, like to talk about the music as a democratic art, a form of communal expression founded on the primacy of the individual voice. In recent years the conversation about the future of the music has focused on the global expansion of the jazz community and the integrity of the voices in that expanded community. But if the effectiveness of any democracy is in inverse proportion to its size, it looks—again—as though jazz may be doomed. That is to say, the music may not survive in the form we now know. Two decades after Wynton Marsalis and his troops took up arms against fusion, world music, the apotheosis of fusion, is at the gate.

"I wonder about the future of jazz, with all the music from other parts of the world floating around more and more and more," Whitney Balliett says. "Eventually that's going to be picked up in jazz. It already has been, and I wonder if there will eventually, in the next ten or twenty years, be a kind of diffusion—if the music will no longer be the jazz that we had ten or twenty years ago."

As for Marsalis, the very subject of globalism and jazz makes him choke on his words. I brought up the topic while we were eating Chinese food on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, after he had told me how much he was enjoying his spicy chicken. "World music"—he coughed out the phrase—"and all that stuff. I like people's music from around the world, and music from around the world belongs in Jazz at Lincoln Center. But for me—my music—I like jazz. I like the swingin'. I loved Art Blakey. I loved Dizzy. I love jazz musicians. Jazz has to be portrayed and brought forward for what it is—and celebrated. It can't be sold by being subsumed into the world-music market, and I'm just not willing to—I'm not willing to compromise my integrity under any circumstances. I wouldn't do it when I was twenty. I'm certainly not going to do it when I'm forty."

In 1939 Duke Ellington walked away from his contract with Columbia Records. Coincidentally, he, too, turned forty that year, and was at a career crossroads. After more than a decade of near servitude to his manager, Irving Mills, Ellington ended their association and started rebuilding his musical organization. He hired a pair of virtuoso innovators, the bassist Jimmy Blanton and the tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, and began composing with a new collaborator, the twenty-four-year-old Billy Strayhorn. "Ellington's music was marked by increased rhythmic drive and instrumental virtuosity," John Edward Hasse wrote in a 1993 biography of the composer. "[It presaged] bebop and other musical developments to come, and numerous musical explorations and innovations. With breathtaking originality, Ellington broke more and more new ground." In 1946 the jazz magazines would proclaim, almost in unison, that Ellington was *passé* again. Ten years after that *Time* would declare "a turning

point in [Ellington's] career," saying that the composer had "emerged from a long period of quiescence and was once again bursting with ideas and inspiration."

When Wynton Marsalis turned forty, in the fall of 2001, Jazz at Lincoln Center threw him a surprise party at the Manhattan nightclub Makor, a couple of blocks away from his apartment. I had received an invitation and had been told that the guest list would be limited strictly to those who knew Marsalis well or worked closely with him, but there were hundreds of people sardined into the place: musicians and administrators from Jazz at Lincoln Center; the saxophonist Jimmy Heath; the broadcaster Ed Bradley; and others I could not see, because no one could move. Marsalis entered at 10:30 that evening, accompanied by his father and Stanley Crouch (who lured Marsalis to the club under the pretext of meeting a couple of women). The band struck up "Happy Birthday," New Orleans-style, and Marsalis waded through the crowd toward the bandstand, beaming, his arms raised high in the air.

It took him nearly twenty minutes—and thirty choruses of "Happy Birthday"—to reach the stage. "It really was a surprise," Marsalis said, and he began to cry. "Sometimes you're working so much, and this stuff just unfolds, and—I don't know. I can't say nothing."

The first piece the band played, after "Happy Birthday," was Ellington's "C-Jam Blues" (also known as "Duke's Place"), and the last song of the night was Ellington's "It Don't Mean a Thing (If It Ain't Got That Swing)." Thanking his well-wishers, Marsalis eventually approached my vicinity in the crowd, and I asked him if he knew where Ellington had been on the same day in his life. "In Sweden," he said in half a beat. "Making some music—or making something!" (Ellington had indeed been in Stockholm, on a European tour.)

A few weeks later we were talking about his birthday, and Marsalis brought up Ellington again. "I have so much further to go," he said. "I'm just a baby. I'm just trying to figure out how to play. Like Duke, man—Duke never stopped, never stopped learning. Till the end, man, he was sitting at the piano every night—every night—trying to figure out how to do it better.

"I've had my ups and downs. Everybody does. I don't know what you would say about me right now. But I'm not concerned with that. You have to keep your mind on the issue, and the issue is the music. You have to look at the world around you and the things that happen to you and take them inside yourself and make something out of it. That's what jazz is. That's how I feel."

For Wynton Marsalis, fate is an opportunity for creative improvisation—another ringing cell phone at the Village Vanguard. ■

David Hajdu is the author of Lush Life: A Biography of Billy Strayhorn (1996) and Positively 4th Street: The Lives and Times of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, Mimi Fariña, and Richard Fariña (2001). He is currently a nonfiction writer-in-residence at the University of Chicago.

ARTIC MONTHLY

U

POST- PRESIDENT FOR LIFE

BY JAMES FALLOWS

THE BILL SHOW

BY P. J. O'ROURKE

POST-PRESIDENT FOR LIFE

BY JAMES FALLOWS

The post-presidency of Bill Clinton will, like the Clinton Administration, be noisy and attention-getting. Will it accomplish anything—or turn out to be limbo in overdrive? Clinton is the youngest ex-President since Teddy Roosevelt—and he is still the most skillful politician in the Democratic Party. What he does with the rest of his life will set a precedent for the growing number of vigorous and long-lived ex-Presidents to come



Late last year I spent an afternoon talking with Bill Clinton in Fayetteville, at the University of Arkansas. When it was over, all I wanted was to get either a coffee or a beer. Clinton had made one major speech and several other appearances earlier that day, and was due in Chicago that night. As we stepped out of the interview room, we found scores of people still waiting to catch a glimpse of him. Naturally he headed for them and, with apparent delight, shook hands with each person and had his picture taken with most. Once, such a performance could have been explained as part of his thirty-year campaign for electoral approval. Now he does it because he likes to.

And because he can. Two years after he left the White House at age fifty-four, the youngest former President since Theodore Roosevelt, nearly a century earlier, Bill Clinton remains almost alarmingly vigorous. Roosevelt, who was an ex-President at fifty, had served seven years and could have chosen to run again. He soon regretted not having done so, and for the next presidential election he was back, in a losing effort as the Bull Moose Party nominee. But running for President is one of the very few options not open to Bill Clinton. (Before Clinton only Dwight Eisenhower and Ronald Reagan were affected by the Twenty-second Amendment, and both were too old and sick to have run again anyway.)

Clinton would clearly run again if he could. In speeches he says he was “too young” and “too restless” to just retire after leaving office. What will he do with himself? How he uses these stores of energy is of obvious importance to him. It will also matter to the rest of us, both because of factors peculiar to Clinton and because of general trends in the role of former Presidents.

The factors peculiar to Clinton involve the aftereffects of his presidency. His central rhetorical theme in office concerned transition—building the “bridge to the twenty-first century,” moving the economy from the industrial to the technological age, expanding alliances to reflect the end of the Cold War, changing the Democratic message so that the party could win national elections. The strategy was an obvious success while Clinton was in office. But two years after his departure the completion of each transition is in doubt.

Clinton’s Vice President, Al Gore, could not hold the presidency. Clinton himself probably could have done so, as he is known to believe, which only reinforces the suspicion that his two terms demonstrated personal virtuosity more than lasting institutional effect. Consider the contrast with Ronald Reagan: Reagan was not in shape to have won a third term, but his Vice President, the elder George Bush, was elected, and Reagan’s impact on his party helped it toward its current natural-majority status in Congress.

The prosperity of Clinton’s 1990s, hailed as a “long boom” then, is being reconsidered as a “bubble” now. Both labels overstate reality, but the prolonged current recession inevitably raises doubts about the previous gains. The main

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY BLITT

Performance. Unlike any other.



Born of a century of innovative engineering, even the most luxurious Mercedes-Benz offers unrivaled power and responsiveness. Call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES. Visit MBUSA.com. **The S-Class**



Mercedes-Benz

Model shown S55 AMG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

defense and security problem of the moment, dealing with terrorism, is one that Clinton today says he was deeply concerned about, but it was hardly the centerpiece of the Administration's public statements.

Clinton is lionized around the world to an extraordinary degree. He is more popular in most foreign countries than those countries' own leaders. When he appeared with Tony Blair last fall at the British Labour Party's annual conference, and made an indirect but unmistakable attack on the domestic policies of George W. Bush, he received a two-minute standing ovation and rapturous comment in the press. "There is no single definition of what makes a great political speech," the *Guardian* observed in a representative editorial. "Yet no one who was present at Blackpool yesterday afternoon was in any doubt that they had just heard one ... If one were reviewing it, five stars would not be enough ... What a speech. What a pro. And what a loss to the leadership of America and the world."

The performance was so powerful that Blair promptly called Bush to assure him of his continued loyalty and support. At another recent gathering in England, Clinton so upstaged all others, including Blair, that some attendees thought the Prime Minister was miffed. In response to a question I put to him, Blair graciously said of Clinton, "I'm

His circumstances fit a more general trend, which is the institutionalization of the post-presidency as part of political life.

When George W. Bush took office, America had five living former Presidents. Only once before, and briefly, had there been so many. A series of one-term administrations in the pre-Civil War decades left five ex-Presidents on the scene at the start of Abraham Lincoln's term. (Several of them opposed Lincoln's anti-slavery policies, and one, John Tyler, was actually elected to the Confederate House of Representatives.) The difference now is all the structure, expectations, and opportunities that come with being an ex-President.

A presidential-library system gives former Presidents a reason to raise millions of dollars, and provides a venue for conferences, staff reunions, historical displays, and so on. There are corporate directorships, the lecture circuit, celebrity golf tournaments. A world media market has made U.S. Presidents some of the best-known people on earth. They are invited to give speeches, receive awards, resolve disputes, support worthy causes. Foreign publishers bid eagerly for rights to their books.

Different ex-Presidents find different ways of using these opportunities, but the younger they are, the more opportunities they are likely to seize. They have more energy. They need more money for the years ahead. They often

CLINTON WAVED OFF A QUESTION ABOUT TALK-SHOW OPTIONS. WHAT HE DID SAY ABOUT DIRECT INVOLVEMENT IN TODAY'S DEBATES IS THAT HE DOESN'T WANT TO "TAKE UP OXYGEN" THAT THE STRUGGLING PREEMIES OF THE DEMOCRATS' NEXT GENERATION NEED IN ORDER TO SURVIVE.

giving no secrets away by saying his contribution was, for many people, the highlight of the weekend ... People listen because they know that he knows what he is talking about."

Yet in his own country Clinton's position is as ambiguous as ever. An illustration of a point everyone understands: On my way to hear Clinton's speech in Fayetteville, I was trapped in traffic amid the throngs of supporters eager to get there. The taxi driver, a native Arkansan, used the time to give an extra-detailed explanation of why Clinton was not simply a terrible President but perhaps the greatest liar ever born.

The polarizing nature of Clinton's personality is a given. But while in office he could always point to his "job approval" rating—essentially, public gratitude for peace and prosperity—as proof of his worth. Retroactively that rating is being revised. Although he cannot run for re-election, he may feel he has to run for history's approval, as Jimmy Carter has done with his good works, and as Richard Nixon attempted to do with his many books about foreign policy. And as was the case with Nixon and Carter, the end of Clinton's presidency has not meant the end of a vociferous anti-Clinton chorus in politics and parts of the press.

In short, Clinton has both motive and opportunity to keep himself in the public eye: motive because of doubts about his legacy; opportunity because of his vigor and relative youth.

have more to prove. They have more time in which to carry out their plans. When Jimmy Carter received the Nobel Prize, twenty-two years after he left the White House, he was only a few months older than Ronald Reagan had been at the end of his second term. Carter was fifty-six when he left the presidency, Reagan seventy-nine.

Younger politicians and longer life-spans mean that the future is likely to hold more Carters and Clintons. George W. Bush is Clinton's contemporary, so he would be fifty-eight after one term or sixty-two after two. America has one very active former President in Carter and is now getting another in Clinton. They are a preview of the future.

Over the course of last fall I had a variety of brief exchanges with Clinton, extensive interviews with many of his past appointees and current associates, and one long in-person discussion with Clinton in Fayetteville. I also saw Clinton perform before a variety of audiences, large and small. Simply as an experience, this was like coming across a champion athlete who had retired in his prime—Sandy Koufax, say—and seeing that he still had the old stuff. No one else in modern politics has matched Clinton's ability to speak with equal poise to people at every level of class, education, and sophistication. To skeptics, this is further proof that

Clinton is a chameleon. To me, it demonstrates a combination of emotional and intellectual acuity that other people would copy if they could. Seeing Clinton explain himself to a wide variety of audiences was like meeting Koufax in the late 1960s and watching him toss a ball around.

The immersion also left me with two feelings about the nature of his post-presidency. One is that it will be very much like his Administration. It will be noisy and controversial. It will rely heavily on his skills as a speaker, a charmer, and a fundraiser. It will create both admirers and contemptuous detractors. And it will present Clinton with a challenge he faced throughout his Administration: that of deciding on, and sticking with, a finite number of activities, causes, and principles from the vast range available to him.

Clinton's daily life appears to be a toned-down but still recognizable version of his White House existence. He travels in ordinary sedans or SUVs rather than in an armored limousine—but he still moves through town in a two- or three-car entourage with Secret Service agents and an aide. He can't travel on *Air Force One* anymore, and he mentioned the agony of returning occasionally to normal airline travel. But he still travels all the time, and advance workers radio back and forth to one another about his movements. The pressure for time on his schedule would seem intense to anyone but a sitting President. I can attest that every time I saw him in a public

gathering, throngs were clamoring to catch his eye. He is always on the phone, to political associates around the world and contacts overseas. On a drizzly late-October afternoon, as he walked onto the site of his presidential library, in Little Rock, an aide handed him a cell phone. "Gray, how ya' doing?" It was the governor of California, Gray Davis, checking a few details in the final stages of his re-election drive. If Clinton's in box was jammed with decision memos during his presidency, it's full of temptations and suggestions now. He could be the best-paid speaker in the world. He could endorse products or be dealt into businesses. Some of his associates think that Clinton's future is as an author, whether of policy books or mystery novels. Some think he should be the new Mayor Richard Daley, wielding power and developing strategies for the hapless Democrats. Some think he should be the old Bill Clinton—the leading voice of the Democrats against the Republicans. Some think he

could beat Jimmy Carter's record as an international peacemaker, because his greater political skills would better equip him to actually change minds. At least one man told me that Clinton could and should succeed Nelson Mandela as unofficial President of the Third World.

With luck Clinton could do one or a few of these things. No one could do more than a few. The risk, as one of his former senior officials told me, is that "in trying to make a difference in all, he makes a difference in none." (This is the place to note that members of the Clinton diaspora—a term some of them actually use—are reluctant to be quoted by name when expressing even mildly skeptical thoughts.)

Clinton recognizes this danger—in theory. When you leave the presidency, he told me, "you lose your power but not your influence, but the influence must be concentrated in a few areas." Still, at the moment he is trying to do almost everything—write a book, lead international causes, make money, offer advice. We'll soon see whether he can be more disciplined out of office than he was in it.

But my other feeling is this: Whatever path Clinton finally takes, it will not lead him far from the public stage. To the relief of some Americans and the annoyance of others, he is not going away. Clinton has been an international figure for barely a dozen years. He may have twice that long ahead of him. He will be post-President for life.



Bill Clinton has done a few things that are routine in his two years out of office. He has struggled to find the right direction; he has planned a presidential library; he has made a lot of money. A word about each of these.

"In almost every case it takes them a while to figure out what to do with themselves," Alan Brinkley, a historian at Columbia University, says of ex-Presidents in general. "The exceptions are few. John Quincy Adams is the most obvious one—he was back in the House two years after leaving the presidency." Teddy Roosevelt immediately went on a year-long safari to Africa and remained virtually invisible in political life for most of the next year before re-emerging as a Bull Moose. "Some Presidents never establish a particular role for themselves," Brinkley says. "Actually, most of them. They write their memoirs, build their libraries, play golf, make speeches, have no major role in public life." Harry Truman left office with dismal approval ratings and did not

survive to see his rehabilitation. Lyndon Johnson went into a quick decline in Texas, looking as if he were literally being killed by the controversy over the Vietnam War that had destroyed his presidency.

In his first year out of office Clinton fit this part of the pattern. The last-minute pardons he had issued sent him off in a new cloud of controversy and withering criticism. At least one big-ticket speaking engagement was canceled as a result. He was taken to task for booking expensive midtown office space in Manhattan, and he ended up in Harlem—which he now says was the best solution all along. And he turned his attention to his foundation and library.

Clinton's will be the twelfth presidential library. (Or the eleventh "official" one. The Richard Nixon Library, in Yorba Linda, is not recognized or operated by the National Archives, because of an ongoing dispute over presidential papers.) What now seems a timeless tradition was actually begun by Franklin Roosevelt, in 1939, to concentrate the archives of a presidency rather than letting them be scattered among aides and souvenir dealers. The libraries have become strangely revealing testaments to each President's style and character. Lyndon Johnson's library, on the University of Texas campus, is the dominant feature in the view of Austin from the interstate highway.

Clinton's library is meant to be "more than just a little shrine to me," as Clinton put it in our interview. Instead, in keeping with the standard rhetoric of his Administration, it is intended to be "America's first museum about our transition into a new millennium—about a new way of working, of relating to each other and the rest of the world." The parent organization of the library, by the way, is the William J. Clinton Foundation. At his speeches now the former President is always introduced as William Jefferson Clinton. His office e-mail domain is @owjc.org, for "office of William Jefferson Clinton." Jimmy Carter received his Nobel Prize as Jimmy Carter, but at some point in the past few years "Bill" Clinton officially disappeared.

Clinton's library will cost some \$165 million to build, and he is trying to raise \$200 million for its construction and an operating endowment. Clinton is careful to point out that he now devotes half his time to "public service," which ranges from charitable and international work to fundraising for his party. He also stresses that his mountain of debt, approximately \$10 million in legal fees from the impeachment and other problems, is the reason he is spending only half his time this way. "After I get my legal bills paid and my houses paid, and all that kind of stuff, I'd like to get where I can just spend a hundred percent of my time on public service," he told me. "That's my objective, and I hope by the time I'm sixty I'll be able to do that."

At his pace that goal should be well within reach. Even though Clinton has never been accused of being motivated mainly by money, the money is rolling in. "He used to joke that he'd be the poorest member of our class until he left

the White House," one of his college classmates told me. "Then he'd be the richest." Hillary Clinton received \$8 million for her upcoming book, and Bill Clinton's book deal has been widely reported as worth between \$10 million and \$12 million. Because Hillary Clinton is in the Senate, her spouse's income from speaking fees must be disclosed annually. According to the report for 2001, in his first year out of office Bill Clinton made \$9.2 million in fifty-nine speaking appearances. The listed fees ranged from a low of \$28,100 for an appearance at the London School of Economics to a high of \$350,000 from the Congresso Nazionale della Pubblicità, or National Advertising Council, in Milan. He got \$250,000 apiece for appearances before groups in Hong Kong, Spain, Brazil, and Germany, as well as for attending a *Fortune* magazine conference in New York. He made a three-day, three-speech swing, for a total of \$550,000, through Sweden, Austria, and Poland, and another three-day, three-speech tour, earning himself \$450,000, for the Miki Corporation of Japan. The Jewish National Fund, in the United Kingdom, paid \$400,000 for three speeches in three days in England and Scotland.

"He has literally a lifetime of six-figure speeches ahead of him, depending on how many he wants to do," Robert Barnett, the lawyer who represents Clinton in his business deals, including publishing and speaking arrangements, told me. "He could give two speeches every day of the year." Clinton's speaking agent, Don Walker, told the Associated Press that invitations were "piling up like airplanes over La Guardia on a foggy day," and that he was "positive" Clinton would be able to keep up the lucrative stream indefinitely. In addition to his star quality and his ability to give a strong speech, Clinton leaves customers happy because of his willingness to stay, socialize, and press the flesh. "He'll greet every guest, pose for every picture, answer every question, sign every autograph," Barnett says. "One afternoon at four o'clock I got a call from him in my office. He'd finished a speech in Hong Kong, where it was five A.M. He said, 'Yeah, I just got done shaking hands.'"

The view in the Clinton camp is that he has relentlessly taken the high road to pay his debts. He has turned down all the thousands of product endorsements, autograph and memorabilia deals, and similar offers that have poured into his office from around the world. Last fall, in a rare moment of total tone-deafness, Clinton kidded Bob Dole about his commercials for Viagra. The two were appearing together on *Larry King Live*, to raise money for children who had lost parents in the September 11 attacks. You could practically see Dole considering, one by one, the many comebacks he could make to this gauche comment. Finally he bit his tongue. To anyone other than Clinton, Viagra would seem the last subject about which he should jest. Clinton must have felt entitled because he'd rejected all ads himself.

One former senior official, after marveling at Clinton's intellectual and personal abilities, said he was counting the

days until the debts were paid and Clinton could go off the circuit. "If you look down the list of people he has addressed, it is pretty undistinguished," this person said. "I'm not sure he actually addressed the New Jersey Beer Distributors, but he's addressing groups *like* the New Jersey Beer Distributors." For the record, the speaking list includes Success Events International, of Tampa, two events at \$125,000 each; International Profit Associates, \$125,000; an executive-search firm in Spain, \$200,000; Colonial Life Insurance of Trinidad-Tobago, \$200,000; and the Greater Washington Society of Association Executives, \$125,000. In fairness to Clinton, he does have those debts, and any other way of raising so much money so fast, from endorsements to corporate consultancies to sweetheart venture-capital deals, would seem more compromising. The test will be whether he has actually stopped buck-raking by age sixty, in 2006.

Then there are those of Clinton's activities that are unusual. "If you look at the former Presidents that played a real role, they basically break down into three types." This was Clinton's response when I asked him which historical models he thought fit his own case.

The first group is represented by Thomas Jefferson; these are the ex-Presidents who kept a hand in politics through relationships with successors and protégés. "Jefferson essentially went back to his business but continued to exercise great indirect influence over the affairs of the country," Clinton said. "He gave advice to Madison and Monroe, counseled them." Richard Nixon also illustrates this approach, though Clinton did not mention him.

Clinton's second group is made of ex-Presidents who return to direct involvement in presidential politics. Theodore Roosevelt is known for his failed attempt to regain the presidency. Grover Cleveland is the only man ever to return to the White House after being voted out.

"Then there is the 'find some other way to serve' model," Clinton said. The best-known examples here are John Quincy Adams, with his return to the House, and Jimmy Carter. "But there are two other important examples." One is Herbert Hoover, who in his seventies, after a long period in the wilderness, complied with Harry Truman's request that he chair the Hoover Commission on government reorganization. The other is William Howard Taft, who in his mid-sixties became Chief Justice of the United States.

So which was the path for Clinton? More Carter than anything else, he said. "I had to sort of reconceive my life when I got out. I'd been in one vein for thirty years. I didn't want to go back to elective office. I didn't want to be a judge. And I wanted to be more active than Hoover. That's why I mainly thought, Carter."

Some of the activities Clinton is now considering or undertaking can be fit into either the Jefferson or the Carter category, but whichever model ultimately dominates, he faces the problem of deciding how many things he can try to do.

His ongoing role in politics depends on two traits that even his harshest critics acknowledge: his skill as a speaker and his cunning as a political strategist and tactician. As I observed him at events last fall involving a wide variety of groups, I was reminded of his virtuosity. I won't try to present

vignettes, not even of his induction into the Arkansas Black Hall of Fame, because when his words are reproduced on the page, they look much less interesting than they sounded when delivered. At none of the speeches did I see an audience member who squirmed in his or her seat, or seemed to lose attention even during hour-long presentations. At the end of one event in Washington, which occurred while the Senate was preparing to authorize war against Iraq, Clinton initially flummoxed his listeners by saying that instead of Iraq he wanted to discuss ... Africa. A deflating sound escaped the crowd, as

if air were going out of a huge balloon. I saw at least one reporter stalk out the back door. But an hour later, as Clinton reached his conclusion, every face in the room was turned to him attentively. I actually overheard a grizzled network cameraman, packing up his gear behind me in the press gallery, say, "I had *forgotten* what he can do."

I had interviewed Clinton several times over the years, usually in a more official setting; the long interview I conducted with him in Fayetteville reminded me what the nonstop flow of information out of him is like. Clinton was forty-five minutes late when he strolled into the office where I was to see him. Yet he acted as if he had all the time in the world. He pulled out a big cigar, which he never lit but gestured with throughout our conversation—and for half an hour, before I asked a single question, he delivered a monologue.

He gave a long, detailed, unhurried social history of Fayetteville and its environs. He talked about the local archi-



tect Fay Jones, whose Thorncrown Chapel, in the Ozarks, won a coveted design award, delivered by Prince Charles. He talked about Robert Leflar, who was a very old member of the Arkansas law-school faculty when Clinton was a very young member—and who for decades traveled once a week to New York to give lectures at New York University. About what victory at the nearby Battle of Pea Ridge had meant to General Grant during the Civil War. And why Isaac Murphy, a schoolteacher from the area who later became Arkansas's governor, led a movement for secession from Arkansas when the state seceded from the Union. "See, these five counties around here were hill-country counties, so there was no cotton culture! There were actually a hundred and fifteen free blacks in Marion County, ninety miles east of here. That was in the 1850 census, before all the southern states passed rules saying freed slaves had to get out. When the five counties tried to get out of Arkansas, they couldn't, because the counties were the creatures of the state. But Isaac Murphy kept trying ..." (Surprisingly, most of this checked out when I looked it up. The easy, encyclopedic display of obscure knowledge must have been the model for President Bartlet's discourses on *The West Wing*. If you enjoy that kind of display from Bartlet, you'd enjoy it from Clinton.) He mentioned the student who was

be one that alienated Europe, NATO, Arab and Muslim states, the United Nations, or anyone else who should increasingly be part of "us." The right way would strengthen those same alliances in the process of driving out Saddam Hussein. "My instinct is that the Iraqis will do pretty well when he's gone," Clinton said. "It's just that we can't go around deposing people without global support. Every African leader I know wants [Robert] Mugabe [the President-turned-tyrant of Zimbabwe] gone. But they'd be mad if we sent fifty thousand soldiers to depose him." In his speech earlier that day Clinton had made the case for international rather than unilateral efforts by arguing that America's current world dominance is "clearly a fleeting moment" that will end when China and India fulfill their ambitions and other powers rise. Therefore the United States should use the "magic moment" to build institutions it can rely on when the moment passes.

After a summer in which it seemed to disdain the need for or the value of allied cooperation, the Bush Administration had taken its case against Iraq to the United Nations. I asked Clinton what he thought accounted for this.

He ran through a list of suspects, trying to identify the people or forces that had changed Bush's mind. Perhaps Tony Blair? Blair had been faultlessly supportive of Bush in

"I THINK PRESIDENT BUSH HAS PRETTY GOOD POLITICAL INSTINCTS." CLINTON RAISED HIS EYEBROWS, SO THAT I WOULD APPRECIATE THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS PRAISE. "I THINK HIS ANTENNAE ARE SHARPER THAN, YOU KNOW, THE CHENEY-RUMSFELD-WOLFOWITZ WING."

"basically my first serious girlfriend," a concept to conjure with, but who was wooed away by the son of Sam Walton, the billionaire founder of Wal-Mart. "I mean, all these rich, textured characters. I could tell you stories ... I saw people out there I could not *bee-lee-eevee*." Clinton is a bigger, rangier man than one might guess from pictures; his hands and fingers are like a basketball player's. He sat a few inches away, poking toward my chest with his finger or slapping me on the knee.

Eventually he took up the events of the day, with capsule judgments on Iraq options, George Bush's performance, and Al Gore, then still considered the favorite for the 2004 Democratic nomination. On the subject of Iraq, Clinton said, he was "neither fish nor fowl," by which he meant that he was more alarmed about Saddam Hussein's menace than most doves but more concerned about the side effects of unilateral action than most hawks. "It's a funny thing when you're not in office anymore. In some ways your vision is clearer, because you see the big things clearer. But in other ways your vision is cloudier, because you may miss the exigencies of the moment."

The heart of his assessment was that Saddam Hussein has to go, but getting rid of him the wrong way could be as dangerous as leaving him in place. The wrong way would

public, but Clinton suggested that the Prime Minister "probably has been quite effective behind the scenes" in advocating an allied approach. "[Blair] took the problem very seriously. He was somewhat bullish on our ability to have good things happen in Iraq. But he also was determined to pull for the moderates in the Bush Administration who wanted to do this, if at all possible, with a broader alliance and in a way that strengthened the multilateral process." Maybe Brent Scowcroft, National Security Adviser to the elder George Bush? Perhaps his celebrated summer op-ed opposing unilateral war had been a powerful signal from the Republican wise men. "And I think that [the hawks] were somewhat sobered by the reactions of the Germans and other allies," Clinton said. "They might have complained about it, but they heard it ... And Colin, you know, Secretary Powell, he must have been weighing in."

But Clinton's central judgment was that Bush himself was responsible for the shift away from a threatened unilateral war: "I think President Bush has pretty good political instincts." He raised his eyebrows at this point, so that I would appreciate the significance of this praise. "I think his antennae are sharper than, you know, the Cheney-Rumsfeld-Wolfowitz wing. I think he's got a sense of what the traffic will bear." "It might all be a ruse," Clinton said of the Bush strategy of

working through the United Nations. "But it looks legitimate. It looks to me like it's a real straight-up deal. I tried to support the President's speech in Cincinnati [which endorsed the UN approach] as well as his subsequent efforts in the UN. I think changing this resolution [so that it called for tougher inspections] was really smart. Because, I mean, how are the French or Russians going to justify a vote against real inspections in favor of phony inspections?"

He continued, "That's sort of my take on it. I like where this thing is going. It seems—it feels legitimate. It feels like this is not just a vast charade, preparing for conflict. If that's true, and the conflict comes, we'll have much broader support and be much closer to where we were in Kosovo." The allied effort in Kosovo is for Clinton and his associates the gold standard of international peacekeeping cooperation. "And that will guarantee a much greater likelihood of success in the aftermath. And if, God forbid, [Saddam] does use or give away any of those weapons, we'll have a more broadly shared responsibility, because everybody else is going to be aware of the risks just like we are."

I mentioned to Clinton that the previous day the conservative pundit and sometime presidential candidate Pat Buchanan had said that George W. Bush had a "look in his eye" that showed he was determined, one way or another, to go to war. "A lot of the liberals think that too," Clinton said. "And I think part of [Bush] does want to do it."

"If I were one of those guys"—by which he meant veterans of the first Bush Administration—"I would feel pretty bad that I got talked into this hundred-hour war [in 1991]. But I've never criticized the Bush Administration for not deposing Saddam Hussein. Because I know the facts. And the facts are that George Bush had to promise not to march on Baghdad to get the Arab support."

Clinton was notably respectful when talking about the current President, in part because he understands from experience the difficulties of coping with Saddam Hussein. "I'm not criticizing President Bush on this, because I did the same thing," he said. "I've sat there and pontificated about how [Saddam] is 'the only guy to use chemical weapons on his own people.' Yeah, he did that, and the Reagan Administration was for him when he did it"—during the Iran-Iraq war. "Nobody raised a peep then, because he was against Iran."

Clinton seemed less engaged when it was time to talk about Al Gore. Weeks after our interview, after Gore had announced his decision not to run, Clinton e-mailed a response to a question I had asked: "I believe history will show that Al Gore did more good things for Americans as Vice President than any other person who ever had that office." But when I asked him in the fall what he thought of Gore's highly publicized speech in San Francisco in September, in which Gore had said that the Administration was using the prospect of war for political ends, Clinton said he hadn't heard or read the speech—a revealing admission in itself. "All I read were the press reports. And"—here a

long pause, basically the only one during our discussion—"my observations would be three."

His first big point was that Gore had a legitimate beef. A computer disk had recently turned up containing a memo from Karl Rove, Bush's chief political adviser, that emphasized the value of the war issue in the 2002 midterm elections. "I can only imagine what they would have done to us if they'd found a computer disk that said, 'Hey, we've got to bomb Bosnia because we're not in good shape for the '94 elections.' I mean, they would have just *killed* us!"

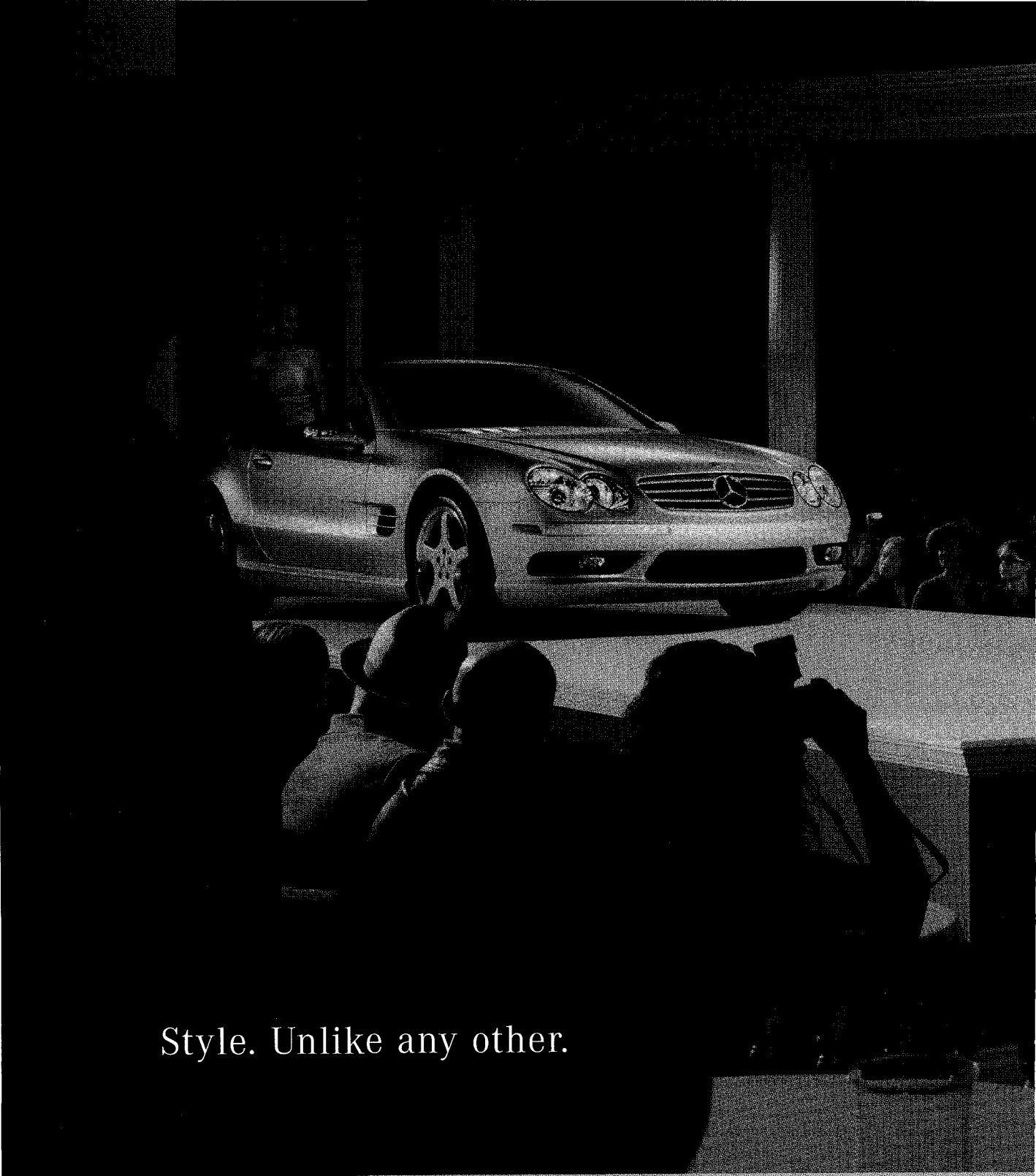
His second point was that it was also legitimate to discuss various means of conducting a war, including working through the United Nations. But—point three—it was important to raise questions "in the context of this serious problem we face from Iraq."

"Al and I, we had endless conversations about Iraq," Clinton said, somewhat seigneurlike. "Al Gore has a good, clear, unambiguous record of being strong on the importance of trying to contain Saddam Hussein and dealing with his chemical and biological weapons. So if he said what I think he said, I think it's fine."

Clinton then began to talk more directly about American domestic politics. His very existence poses a dilemma for the Democratic Party. On the one hand, he is still the best explainer, fundraiser, and campaigner the party has. During his speech at the Labour Party conference Clinton made the case against the Bush Administration's economic policies more effectively than any congressional Democrat has dared or managed to do.

On the other hand, Clinton's power seems strangely nontransferable. He could get himself elected, even after working himself into terrible binds. But compared with, say, Ronald Reagan, he has not had tremendous coattails—for his Vice President, for candidates in the House or the Senate, for his party nationwide. So arguments swirl among Democrats at all levels about where Clinton, like some sixteen-inch gun on the battleship *Missouri*, should be deployed. Should he speak more in public? Should he stick to a backstage role? Can he teach others what he knows?

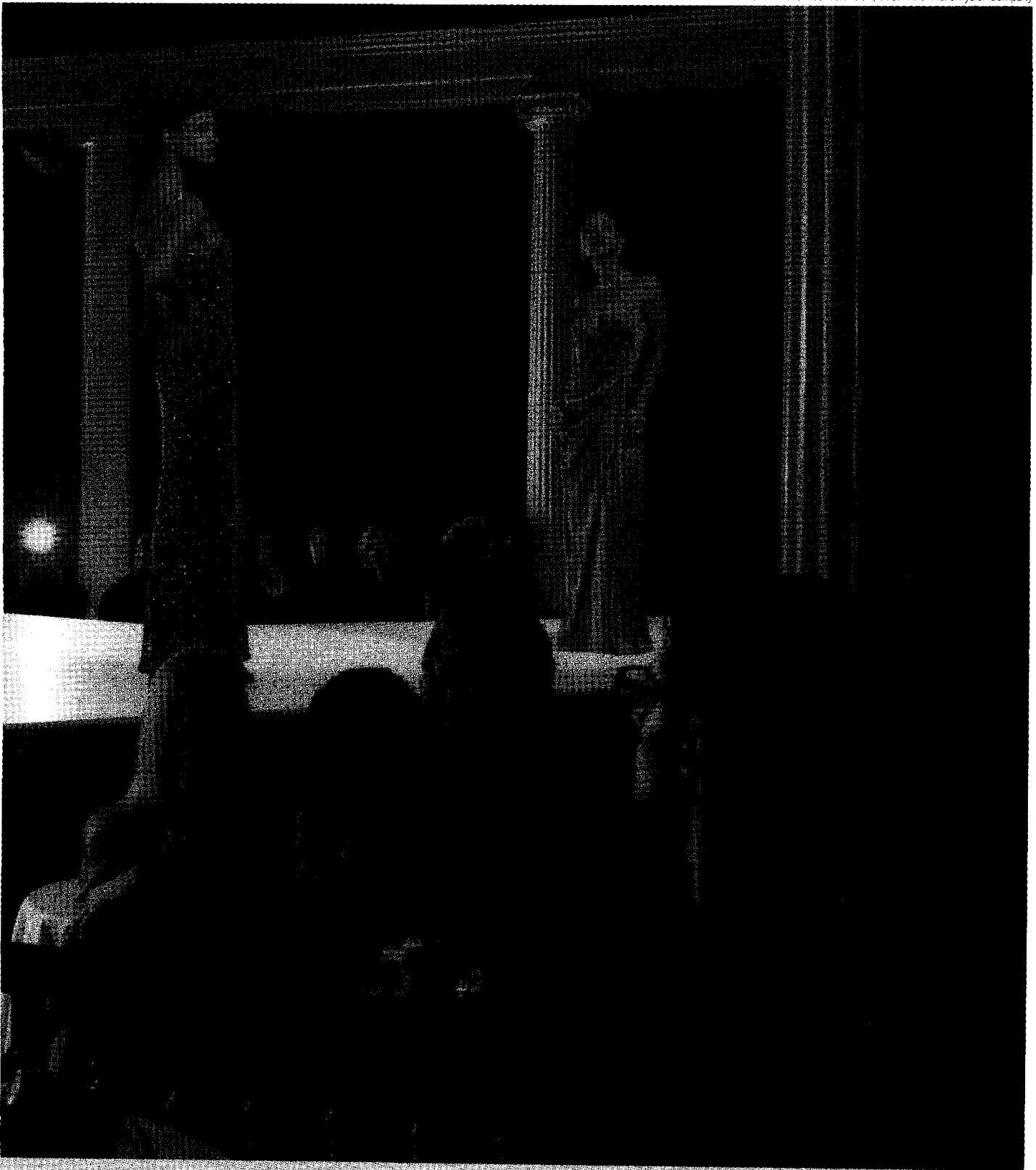
The Democrats are gravitating back toward Clinton's original slogan, "It's the economy, stupid," and they realize that Clinton might help to bring attention to the issue. Robert Rubin, Clinton's Secretary of the Treasury, told me that over the next year and a half the basic premises of economic policy should come up for debate, especially "fiscal discipline"—that is, controlling budget deficits. "The people who want tax cuts can't justify them if they're also concerned about fiscal rectitude," Rubin said. "So they'll have to say that fiscal discipline doesn't matter. In my view, that's nonsensical—and at odds with virtually all mainstream economic thinking—but it's the only thing they can say." Clinton could be "enormously effective" in making the fiscal argument, Rubin said—if he could find an "appropriate" way to re-enter the debate.



Style. Unlike any other.

Nowhere does form follow function with greater flair than in a Mercedes. Witness the 2003 SL with its retractable hardtop

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



and sleek profile. Call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES. Or visit MBUSA.com. **The SL-Class**



Some of Clinton's associates think that the only appropriate forum would be something august and nonpartisan, such as a university or a blue-ribbon commission. Others say to hell with augustness, get back into the fray. There was never a serious chance that Clinton would undertake a daily daytime talk show, on the *Oprah* model, because of its confining schedule. But some activists have tried to sell him on a weekly or monthly prime-time talk show, which would position Clinton as a hybrid of Ted Koppel, Bill Moyers, and FDR.

Clinton just waved his hand when I asked him about talk-show options. What he did say about direct involvement in today's debates is that he doesn't want to "take up oxygen" that the struggling preemies of the Democrats' next generation need in order to survive.

"Look," he said. "I can't run." In his tone he reminded me again of a champion athlete whose career had come to an unnaturally early end. "If somebody needs me to go do something [for the party], and nobody else can do it, I'll go do it." He pointed out that he had appeared at more than a hundred fundraising events for the party and its candidates in 2002. "I'd like for my direct political involvement to go way down ... but this year I don't know who else would have done it if I hadn't."

The political role Clinton says he prefers, and toward

brutally analytic, so he thinks, Let's see who emerges as the one with the guts and the gumption, and the ideas and the ability to sell them."

The coaching relationship is complicated, for some obvious reasons, and the most intriguing tension is between Clinton and Edwards.

On paper Edwards is the closest thing to another Clinton. He is a moderate-seeming, youthful-looking, racially progressive, glibly well-spoken "fresh face" from the South. A year ago hopefulness about Edwards and despair over the alternatives triggered an early rush toward him by party activists. According to some members of the diaspora, Clinton, too, hoped Edwards would be the next big thing for the Democrats.

But the Edwards campaign soon went into reverse, in the judgment of party elders. The shift began on May 5 of last year, when Edwards appeared on *Meet the Press* and seemed so ill-informed on so many issues that he looked like the wrong bet to make the Democrats' case against George Bush. In fairness, he was as well-informed as Bush himself had been four years earlier, but not as well-informed as the incumbent he would face in 2004.

According to Washington lore, Clinton called Edwards

"YOU KNOW, THIS IS SCARY," CLINTON TOLD ME ABOUT WRITING HIS MEMOIR. "EVEN IF YOU'VE BEEN TOTALLY HONEST ... WHAT IF PEOPLE DON'T LIKE IT? YOU KNOW, WHAT WAS THAT LINE FROM THE PRODUCERS—'SOMETIMES THEY WON'T COME AND YOU CAN'T MAKE 'EM'?"

which he is moving, is that of strategist, coach, and rabbi for the Democrats' next presidential campaign. He said he has friendly relations with all the announced or presumed candidates—which in the absence of Al Gore means John Edwards, John Kerry, and Joseph Lieberman, from the Senate; Dick Gephardt, from the House; and Howard Dean, from the statehouse in Vermont. "If they want to talk to me, I'll talk to them and give them my best advice," Clinton said. But he made it clear that he would not pick a favorite or—despite his obvious relish for the topic—try to "handicap" the race by talking about how each was doing against the field. The closest he came to a handicap statement was, surprisingly, about John McCain. "Senator McCain has become increasingly outspoken on progressive issues that make him attractive to Democrats," Clinton replied by e-mail last year. "I wish he would join our party. But I think it is unlikely."

Tom Daschle, who had considered a run, told me, "I am quite sure that every person who has contemplated seeking the presidency has attempted to build a better relationship with him. I think he is widely acknowledged as one of the best political strategists not only of our time but of any time." John Podesta, Clinton's former chief of staff, said that Clinton would avoid leaning toward any favorites because he trusts the primary process to winnow the field: "Ultimately he is

after the appearance to offer him some Dutch-uncle counseling. *Look, young man, you've got a great future ahead of you*, he is supposed to have said. *But you've got to learn the issues—so stay off the airwaves for the next year and hit the books.*

I asked Clinton if that was true. Not exactly, he said—which turns out to mean, essentially, yes. "But it's got a smidgen of truth in it"—which he began to explain by offering his theory of presidential elections.

"Every presidential election is really about three things. At the bottom level it's about the specific issues. Then there's the big-deal idea. What's this election about? What's the meta-message? And then right at the top is, How do you feel about this person to be President?" Clinton said admiringly that in the 2000 campaign Bush had figured out "the only conceivable meta-issue" for his side. "At the time, I had a sixty-five-percent approval rating. What could they say? So the compassionate-conservative message was, Well, hey, I'm not going to be all that much different from them, but with a smaller government and a bigger tax cut. Wouldn't you like that? So they made their deal look like our deal. That let them thread the needle—or at least they got close enough for the events to unfold."

How did the formula affect Edwards's chances? Clinton said, "He's a smart, articulate guy. Tough as nails. He's got a

compelling life story. He's been a senator as long as George Bush was governor of Texas. But ... he's been a senator ...” And here the real class divide in politics emerged, as Clinton sees it: between senators, who give speeches and cast votes, and governors, who have to balance large budgets and make departments run.

Four of the past five Presidents have been governors—all except Reagan's Vice President, the first George Bush. The last President elected from the Senate was John Kennedy. “The thing that people don't understand about running for President, which Clinton did understand,” says Al From, one of Clinton's early backers at the Democratic Leadership Council, “is that you have to know what you want to do. What we did for two solid years before Clinton announced was go around the country testing ideas. Governors see the reality of the school system and the welfare system and the tax code.” Clinton told me that it was his twelve years as governor, with experience at the delivery end of government, that prepared him for a national campaign. This brought him back to Edwards's predicament.

“I never saw the *Meet the Press* program,” he said. “But way before that appearance, when [Edwards] was making all these other television shows, he called me. I told him: John, you're great on TV. You make a great talk. You can talk an owl out of a tree.” (I think he said “owl,” but I didn't want to ask and sound like a city boy.)

“So I told him, months before that *Meet the Press* thing, that he'd been on TV enough to be hot. Which was good. But if I were in his position, I'd spend lots of time trying to think things through. 'Cause I told him that I thought that my association with the Democratic Leadership Council, with the education commissions in the state, with policy boards, with these groups most of you had never heard of, had given me a chance over a ten-year period to decide what I really believed about the big issues facing the country. And to build a meta-message of the bigger themes that would be the basis of my campaign. By the way, the great thing about this approach is that if you win, you don't need to wonder what you'll do. You've actually got something in place.”

The prevailing wisdom of the moment, though Clinton did not say so directly, is that Edwards has not risen to the challenge. In October, as Democratic senators queued up to give speeches on Iraq, Hillary Clinton was chosen to speak

in a prominent time slot. Edwards had been hoping to speak at the same time but was squeezed out. “Just stand there and look pretty, John,” Hillary called to him mockingly, in a remark that was heard through the chamber (and later reported in *Newsweek*). Edwards left rather than listen to the speech. With Edwards, and with all the other candidates in the current crop, Bill Clinton's dealings are further complicated by the knowledge that Hillary Clinton could well be a candidate in 2008 if the party fails in 2004. The least candid-seeming comment Clinton made to me, by e-mail, was about his wife's future political prospects: “Hillary has made clear she has no plans to run for President. She is working very hard to be the best senator she can be for New York, and I'm proud of all she has already accomplished for our state and America and the world. We have worked for many of the same things throughout our lives, and generally have no conflict in that regard.” As I look again at those last three words, I think this answer may be as artful as many of his others.



In addition to choosing the right “Jefferson” course to take in the years ahead, Clinton will also decide which of the various “Carter” possibilities he can sustain.

He says he hopes to emulate an underpublicized part of Carter's post-presidential career: his success as an author. Carter published one thick, dull book after leaving office—his official memoir, *Keeping Faith*. Then he turned himself

into a best-seller machine with a string of shorter, livelier, more personal books and memoirs, including *Turning Point*, about his first run for office, and *An Hour Before Daylight*, about his boyhood in Plains.

With his eight-figure contract from Knopf, Bill Clinton has already been wildly successful by most writers' standards. The book should eventually appear in at least thirty languages—in many cases with special chapters by Clinton about subjects of particular interest to readers in, say, Pacific Rim countries or parts of the former Soviet Union. But the typical White House memoir is a failure in the literary and artistic sense. Even Presidents who, like Carter and Nixon, write other, very interesting books do their worst work in their presidential memoirs. The one widely praised official memoir is Ulysses S. Grant's, which Grant wrote as he was dying, in an attempt to pay his bills, and with which he is assumed to have enjoyed the guidance of Mark Twain.

Clinton has told his associates that he has read all previous presidential memoirs, even the most obscure, plus other celebrated autobiographies, such as those of Lillian Hellman and Katharine Graham.

Clinton has put high hopes on writing a book that will be celebrated, rather than one that just pays the bills. In part this is natural vanity. "You know, this is scary," he told me. "Even if you've been totally honest, and think the book is you ... what if people don't like it? You can't make 'em buy a book. You know, what was that line from *The Producers*—'Sometimes they won't come and you can't make 'em'?" He laughed broadly. His uncertain tone could have been an act, but he sounded like someone who is bulletproof in his chosen field but now is exposing himself on new terrain. Also, if this book succeeds, Clinton has more he would like to write. He is a voracious reader of mysteries, and like many such people, he has fantasized about writing some of his own.

The book project highlights the question about Clinton's ability to focus. Writing a book is lonely and demoralizing work, even for someone who is not traveling every other day and making a hundred speeches a year. The hardest thing to imagine him doing is sitting alone for hours on end, staring at a notepad or a screen. Is he temperamentally fit for this process?

"Yes," he said sharply and immediately. "You know, I was scared to death I wouldn't be able to do it."

He described how he has remodeled an old barn behind his house in Chappaqua and set it up as a writing studio. He has his lifetime's accumulation of memorabilia: the programs from his schoolboy band concerts, every letter he wrote his mother in college and every letter she wrote back, the thoughts he tape-recorded every month or so while in the White House. There are more than eighty hour-long tapes in this collection, which he has had transcribed. "I organize this stuff. I bring the boxes in. And I sit and I write in a notebook." A jab at the chest for me on each stressed word.

"Some of this has been painful for me," he said, "but it's all been wildly instructive. And it convinced me that nearly every person over fifty should find a time to sit down and engage in the same exercise, even if you never intend to publish anything. You need to think about what really meant something to you. Who did you really love? Who really made you what you are?"

Clinton said the book would be doomed if it involved a ghostwriter. The stilted tone would give it away. His main literary help comes from Ted Widmer, an American historian at Washington College, in Maryland, who was a speechwriter on Clinton's national-security staff. Widmer meets with Clinton once or twice a month for a day, and asks him questions to draw out his recollections. The sessions are taped, and Clinton works from the transcripts.

What remains to be seen is whether the diction and pacing that serve Clinton so well as a speaker will survive the transition to the page. His formal speeches are not encouraging. I'm not sure the *Guardian* would have accepted as an op-ed article the speech that it praised so highly. His editor, Robert Gottlieb, who has seen several hundred pages of manuscript, presumably knows how it's going, but he is not free to discuss the book with reporters until it comes out, in 2004.



As if all this were not enough, Clinton is also undertaking several international humanitarian efforts of the sort often associated with Jimmy Carter. One is the struggle to control AIDS worldwide. In a speech this past fall at the Woodrow Wilson Center, in Washington, Clinton argued that AIDS is the most complicated and potentially most important international challenge of the next decade. He pointed out that medicines available in the developed world have largely made AIDS possible to live

with. Yet in Africa, India, China, and elsewhere, tens of millions of people are likely to die from the disease—perhaps as many as were killed in the wars and genocide of the twentieth century. Politically, strategically, and economically this large-scale death will have tremendous ripple effects throughout the Third World. And as a moral issue, Clinton said, the deaths should be seen as a preventable holocaust. He has joined Nelson Mandela in leading an international effort to improve the medical infrastructure of affected countries, so that drug companies and donors in the developed world won't feel they're throwing their money away if they send aid.

Clinton's other main international effort comes through his alliance with Hernando de Soto, an influential Peruvian economist and writer. After leaving office Clinton read De Soto's book *The Mystery of Capital: Why Capitalism Triumphs in the West and Fails Everywhere Else*. The book, like De Soto's previous *The Other Path*, argues that changes in property

rights are the key to creating capital for the majority in the Third World and the former Soviet Union. Peasants in the countryside and workers or squatters in Third World cities all have “assets,” De Soto says. They run tiny businesses, they tend little plots of land. Together these assets are worth trillions of dollars, or many times more than foreign aid or international loans. But because corrupt or antiquated legal systems do not recognize their rights to these assets, people have neither the ability nor the incentive to create new economic value in a market system.

De Soto is not at all a conservative by American political standards, but because of his emphasis on property rights, his acclaim in the United States has come mainly from the right. Late in 2001 Clinton got in touch with De Soto to say that he was much impressed by *Mystery* and that he would like to get together. “We had a meeting that went about three hours,” De Soto told me. “What surprised me is that he had actually read the book cover to cover and thought about it. Then he told me, ‘I’ve got a big chunk of my life, hopefully, ahead of me, and I want to do some good in this world. I think you’re off to doing something really extraordinary, and I would like to become involved.’”

Since that time Clinton has praised De Soto’s work as “the single most significant systematic thing going on in the world

But even De Soto wondered whether the very breadth of Clinton’s potential might be a problem. As a former senior appointee of Clinton’s said, “There is one thing Jimmy Carter has that Bill Clinton lacks. That is a kind of dogged discipline. There is a kind of promiscuity in Clinton’s interests, even though there is a greater need for discipline when he has fewer resources at hand. I have no doubt that he could make a big difference with AIDS in Africa, or in civil rights in the United States, or in increasing state capital in the poorest countries of the world, or in political philosophy.” But, this person said, Clinton couldn’t do all of these—or succeed in any of them unless he concentrated on one or two.

What Bill Clinton can do, in his public struggles to decide which opportunities to pass by, is help show the way for youngish ex-Presidents of the future. When I asked him about the prospect of an expanded corps of active ex-Presidents, he sounded excited in a way that made me think of “The X-Presidents” on *Saturday Night Live*. “What I would like to see us try to do is first of all find a few things we could do together,” he said. “And secondly, if we’re still all *compos mentis*, I’d like to see us organize really constructive debates about our honest disagreements—in a respectful way, so America could hear them ... Once we’ve got a handful of people who have been President and don’t have

“ONE THING CARTER HAS THAT CLINTON LACKS,” A FORMER TOP CLINTON APPOINTEE SAYS: “A KIND OF DOGGED DISCIPLINE. THERE IS A PROMISCUITY IN CLINTON’S INTERESTS, EVEN THOUGH THERE IS GREATER NEED FOR DISCIPLINE WHEN HE HAS FEWER RESOURCES AT HAND.”

economically.” He has also served as a middleman for the main action De Soto is proposing: namely, revising the constitutions, laws, and property regimes of developing countries to foster the growth of a market system. As De Soto puts it, his main audience is heads of state. In Afghanistan, in Kazakhstan, in Ghana, and in other countries Clinton has offered to participate directly in helping to bring these legal-reform projects to fruition. “His value is precisely as a politician who can help them work out the compromises,” De Soto said. “And in every country I have seen he is, strangely, seen not as an American but as an approachable honorary citizen.” Another associate said, “It’s all the harder for him to pass up the foreign opportunities, because there is so much demand for him. He likes keeping this out of the American media, so they’re not all over him with questions about motives.”

Clinton’s impact is potentially more sweeping in these regards than Carter’s, because it involves the work of politics on a broader scale. As De Soto says, “Jimmy Carter’s heart is in the right place, but when he comes to visit, it is as a respected gringo. Mr. Clinton goes beyond that, though he doesn’t speak another language.” It was De Soto who suggested that Clinton’s appeal in the Third World was so broad that he could serve as a younger, more engaged successor to Nelson Mandela.

a vested interest in hurting anybody else publicly and personally, I think we might be able both to do things together and sort of edify the American people about how to handle our differences.”

“There is a certain liberation that comes with leaving the White House,” Clinton said in a later exchange. “And in that sense there is more room for the kind of contentment that comes with having more free time, more freedom to decide what to do in life. But in the bigger scheme of things, I hope never to be ‘too content,’ because I consider myself as having a lifelong responsibility to use whatever influence I retain to help other people.”

Whether people like or hate Clinton essentially turns on whether they believe or scoff at sentences like the previous one. I basically believe him. I’ve seen enough of the effort he has invested in well-meaning causes, and have heard enough thirdhand testimony about beneficial things he has done, to think that he is trying to do more than simply coast through the years left to him. Because of his youth, vigor, talent, and restlessness, he is sure to mark new parts of the political and social landscape as appropriate for post-presidential involvement. The less cynical our expectations about him, the more valuable his effect is likely to be. ▀

James Fallows is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.

THE BILL SHOW

*There are selves too big for one person to contain. You cannot call them selfish.
There is nothing -ish about such selves. They are the self, as it were, itself*

BY P. J. O'ROURKE

It's been almost a century since America had an ex-President who occupied such commanding ground. Bill Clinton is full of energy, full of ambition, full of other things. What Clinton will do next is an always interesting question, the more so now, when there is so little left that he hasn't done. A man who's devoted his life to scaling a height has run out of summit. Will he descend like Moses? Fall like Teddy Roosevelt? Jump? Be pushed? Or will Bill Clinton keep climbing past the peak, in the manner of a cartoon character, on into the air?

As for air, Clinton gives a lot of speeches. He delivered fifty-nine paid lectures in just his first year out of office, plus numerous free talks. Possibly the way to divine what the former chief executive will be doing in the future is to listen to what he's saying now. To this end, I spent several weeks in October and November of last year attending some of Bill Clinton's public addresses and reading the transcripts of as many others as patience would bear.

The timing happened to be good. In the aftermath of the 2002 elections the only remaining prominent Democrat with national appeal seems to be Bill. Dick Gephardt is doubly gone from House leadership, so miffed at being fired that he quit. Al Gore has tossed in the terry cloth. The increasingly unpopular popular-vote winner steered into the left lane and oncoming traffic when he announced that America needs a Canadian-style national health-care system—to match, perhaps, the Canadian-style power and glory that Al foresaw for America (and others foresaw for his career). The Kennedy dynasty seems to be in a late Julio-Claudian phase. Ted has been to one toga party too many. Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, RFK's eldest daughter, could not gain the governorship in Democrat-choked Maryland. She was ousted by the Praetorian Guard of suburban voters. Meanwhile, John Kerry, John Edwards, and Joseph Lieberman fast in the wilderness of New Democrat moderation, waiting for someone to take them up into an exceeding high mountain and show them all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, like Bill Clinton got to see. But so far nobody has bothered to say to the two Johns and Joe, "All these things will I give thee."

Bill, one imagines, said, "Gee, thanks." Although one also imagines that Bill quickly told the devil, as he told students and faculty members at Harvard—*locum tenentes*: "There are three things, in my view, we have to do. First, spread the benefits and shrink the burdens of the twenty-first century. Second, work to create conditions in poor countries that make progress possible ... with special care for the chal-

lenges of the Muslim world. Third, we simply must develop a higher level of consciousness about how we can all cherish our faiths and our identities and still live and work together." And Satan was left to wonder, with many another Friend of Bill, if he really had the stomach to work with this guy.

Clinton alone remains standing, just as Clinton alone remained standing in the wreckage of impeachment, in the ruin of sex scandals, in the debris of White-water, in the dinosaur die-off that struck the 1994 Congress, and atop the small piles of flattened expectations that were the 1992 Democratic primaries. The sinkhole of his eleventh-hour pardons and five-finger discounts on White House gifts gaped all around him, and Clinton strode off to make \$9.2 million on the lecture circuit in 2001.

Now a tornado of votes has blown through, and Bill is still on his feet in the trailer park of Democratic campaigning, never mind how much of the wind was generated by Bill. On November 17, 2002, Clinton gave a lecture at the University of California at Davis, in the Central Valley. "I'm a little hoarse," he began. "On the week of the elections I took three overnight flights. I did fifty interviews on election night. I lost more than my voice." The crowd chuckled sympathetically.

For a decade the Democratic Party has been taking lessons in content-free communication, promissory vagueness, and triangulated obfuscation from Bill Clinton. On November 14 Clinton spoke in a rich and liberal suburb of San Francisco. Asked about electoral defeats, he blamed the Republicans for having more money and for committing wide-ranging sins of "better geographic spread." He blamed voters for a "natural tendency to be unified" under threat of war and terrorism. But at last Clinton summoned the boundless effrontery that ever fails to affront his supporters and blamed the Democrats. "Democrats didn't have a national message," he said. The crowd nodded sagely.

On November 10 Clinton gave the keynote address at the 150th-anniversary banquet for San Francisco's black and activist Third Baptist Church. Martin Luther King Jr., W.E.B. Du Bois, Josephine Baker, and Paul Robeson have spoken to the Third Baptist Church. This congregation propounds a message that has been national since there was a nation. Bill Clinton's contribution to the stirring rhetoric of racial equality was "There are those who want to count everyone in versus those who just want to *be* in." After the speech Mayor Willie Brown voiced a wish that Clinton could go on being President. The crowd stood and applauded.

Introducing Clinton at UC Davis, Chancellor Larry

Vanderhoef said, "He continues as a living hero. Hope—it's about giving people hope."

It certainly is. Bill Clinton gives hope to every one of us potato-nosed oafs from nowhere with our shiftless relatives and our marriages that are like being sewn up in a sack full of cats. If this knight of the manure shovel, this gas pudding, can become the leader of the free world, there's hope for us all. We observe his ragamuffin character stitched together from scraps of prevarication and ribbons of fantasy. We watch his hinge-heeled ethical contraption flap in the breeze of fundraising and personal finance. We cluck at the spectacle of a sad rip and his homely girlfriends. No annoying crick in the neck from looking up to this hero.

But Clinton succeeds. The rest of us do not. Various theories have been put forth to explain the somewhat surprising rise of Bill Clinton and his truly astonishing failure to fall. My friends who listen to AM talk radio say I am not the first to suggest that he made a pact with Satan. But I don't think Bill did that. A pact with Hillary, yes—but a modern presidential administration is a corporate pyramid in its delegation of powers. The selling of souls in the Clinton White House was conducted at a lower level on the organizational chart, by such as George Stephanopoulos, Sidney Blumenthal, and Erskine Bowles.

Speculations of a more likely nature credit Clinton's political skills, his charm, his brains, and his luck, although it's not the kind of luck that one would want to have. Clinton has been lucky most of all in his enemies. He has something by which right-wingers are driven crazy (not much of a journey in many cases). It isn't the policy Clinton pursued. Once comprehensive health care (where archaeologist Al Gore went digging) had been entombed, Clinton's policies were mostly too small or skittering to attract a maniacal response. Opposing his legislative initiatives was a varmint hunt, not a mad quixotic crusade. Some of those varmints even proved useful—for example, the big lab rat of welfare reform currently running through the sociological labyrinth. Sorry if conservatives ate the cheese at the end of the maze.

Something else lit the lichen on the mossbacks. Maybe it was seeing that loosey-goosey sixties generation at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue eating peas off its knife on Dolley Madison's china. Or maybe it was the little smirk that

Clinton has, or the much larger one that belongs to his wife.

Anyway, Clinton's enemies had a tendency to explode with anger, most notably during the impeachment. The walls of the House and Senate chambers were left covered in a goo of spit venom and slung mud. Red-faced, dirty Bill looked swell by comparison.

All cleaned up and calmed down, he certainly looked swell in comparison with the other dignitaries at the October 10, 2002, Boston Teachers Union rally for the gubernatorial candidate Shannon O'Brien. Mayor Tom Menino spoke, followed by the candidate for lieutenant governor Chris Gabrieli, and then O'Brien herself. Clinton put a finger to his temple in a pose of interest. Clinton cupped his chin in his fist in a gesture of concentration. Clinton rubbed

the back of his head for a heedful effect, ran a thumb down the line of his jaw to mime a thought provoked, and, in short, made use of every theatrical trope to indicate rapt attention while failing to look unbored. Clinton is reputed to be a man who doesn't sleep much, but there seemed every likelihood of his getting forty winks at the Boston Teachers Union Hall.

O'Brien was an exemplary candidate for Massachusetts, that nest of the Kennedys, den of Democratic partying, and bolthole for the next Democratic presidential convention. She is Irish, female, a political insider who had noisy support from unions and *The Boston*

Globe. Such a perfect apparatchik is Shannon O'Brien that a thumbnail description almost sounds Russian: much-flacked hack mick chick. She would be beaten by—of all things in the 401(k) plague year of 2002—a Republican venture capitalist, and a male and a Mormon at that.

Is Bill Clinton so good at politics, or are other politicians so bad? Mayor Menino spoke in the manner of Demosthenes, with an exception. One is eventually supposed to remove the pebbles from one's mouth. Chris Gabrieli turned a sycophantic face to the semi-dozing ex-President and said, "I am active in public life because I was inspired by *your* running in 1992." The crux of Gabrieli's road-to-Damascus (or road-to-Beacon-Hill—though in the event, not) experience was that Clinton had been "in favor of both economic growth *and* people."

Imagine a politician's running in opposition to either. But Gabrieli was proceeding to new conundrums, an-



nouncing, "Today is National Lights On Afterschool Day"—the idea being to promote after-school activities to keep kids from "getting into drugs, alcohol, violence, and smoking," which is apparently accomplished by having all the teachers gather for a political rally in the union hall at 3:00 P.M. Gabrieli then paraphrased Clinton: "We know that there is nothing wrong with Massachusetts that can't be fixed with what's right with Massachusetts." The climate?

Shannon O'Brien went next, instilling in the teachers a spirit of the nobility of organized labor by talking about a local janitors' strike. Suitably enough, O'Brien spoke in the manner of a schoolteacher. But not just any teacher. O'Brien calls to mind a particular teacher, the one that no lively and imaginative child will ever forget. If I hadn't been wearing a new suit, it might have been beyond my power of self-control to resist ducking out the union-hall door, wading into nearby Boston Harbor, and gathering an armful of dead eels to put in her desk drawer.

"We have someone here," O'Brien said with a show-and-tell intonation, "who appreciates what a Democrat can do when a Democrat is elected to the highest office." Clinton (rather than Ken Starr) was called to the microphone, an hour and fifteen minutes after the rally had been scheduled to begin. Four hundred or so union members who had paid

little kid in the American-flag sweatshirt is in high school?"

A country, perhaps, where Mom and Dad can have a cool life downtown, close to restaurants and shopping, but with school vouchers, so that junior doesn't have to attend Nine Millimeter High. But at O'Brien's instigation, school vouchers had been booed a few minutes before. And Clinton did not pursue the thought. He'd had another.

The thoughts of Bill Clinton indicate what an exacting thinker he is. "I spent more money every year in Arkansas on education," he said. That is the exact truth. A dull thinker would have gotten confused by truth in a sloppier form. When Clinton was elected governor, in 1978, Arkansas was ranked forty-eighth among the states in public school spending per pupil. In 1993, the year after Clinton left office, Arkansas was ranked forty-eighth.

In another statement of exact truth Clinton summarized his twenty years as a state and national chief executive with all the perquisites thereof—the large homes, fine meals, pretty furniture, attendants and staff, chauffeured cars, private aircraft, public celebrity, power, and influence: "I never had any money before I left the White House," he said.

Clinton parried his own plea for sympathy by announcing that he makes a lot of money now and immediately turned that thrust on the moneyed interests. He spoke of how the

CLINTON RECEIVED A STANDING OVATION. HIS FLESHY FACE CAME TO LIFE WITH THE APPLAUSE. HE WAS A MAMMOTH THAWING IN ITS SIBERIAN EXILE FROM THE CENTER OF ATTENTION, A CREATURE OF MARY SHELLEY'S SPARKED TO ANIMATION BY THE LIGHTNING OF HANDCLAPS.

\$20 to \$50 for admittance had been left without chairs in the windowless, linoleum-floored confines. A tape of disco music played until the slightly more annoying noise of the dignitaries began.

Clinton received (perforce) a standing ovation. His fleshy face came to life with the applause. He was a mammoth thawing in its Siberian exile from the center of attention, a nameless creature of Mary Shelley's sparked to animation by the lightning of handclaps. "You're so pumped!" Clinton said to the dull O'Brien, "and they're so good"—he waved at the crowd—"that I don't need to say anything."

Although he did. Clinton began, for some reason, with a statement that could stand as an obituary for all executive political power and certainly for his own. "When times are good and the money is rolling in, you can almost have a lobotomy and be governor." Clinton, however, seems to have had whatever the opposite of a lobotomy is—producing a superfluity of brain connections generating heaps and mounds of thoughts. He soon had one that was more apt. "It's about children," Bill said. True masters of democracy extend their embrace beyond the mere electorate to those who cannot vote—kids, endangered species, and people in Florida.

Clinton pointed to a toddler being held aloft in the crowd. "What do we want America to be like," he asked, "when that

Bush Administration has called for us all to make sacrifices in the war on terrorism. "But," Clinton said, "the only sacrifice they want from me and people in my tax bracket is to summon the energy to open the envelope to get my tax refund."

Clinton is the D'Artagnan of political duello. But, like D'Artagnan's Louis XIII, Clinton's enemies are not the only ones left looking pathetic. Menino, Gabrieli, and O'Brien were idiots to share the stage with him.

Clinton began a brag about all the good things he'd done in office and how he'd puffed the economy into a pink and beautiful hugeness and how, by golly, those Bush guys must have popped it, because they've sure got gum all over their faces. It was a long and fulsome brag. And just as the brag was reaching Mike Fink-keelboat limits of good taste, Clinton opened his arms to the crowd. "But that's nothing!" he said. "You would have done the same thing! Because you're *Democrats!*"

There are selves too big for one person to contain. You cannot call them selfish. There is nothing -ish about such selves. They are the self, as it were, itself. And this immense, glowing self stepped down from the podium and moved in stately orbit along a velvet rope, radiating schmooze, bestowing double-mitted handshakes, dispensing weighty shoulder pats, and kissing the tot in the American-flag sweatshirt.

It would have taken a cold heart indeed to shout, “Parent or guardian, stop! You don’t know where that mouth has been!”

A month later Bill Clinton went to the Third Baptist Church’s 150th-anniversary celebration. The banquet was held in the grand ballroom of the San Francisco Hilton. The food was sumptuous. The dress was formal. The crowd was almost entirely black.

Clinton is famously popular among black voters. A woman at my table gave me the ordinary explanation for this: how Clinton’s ambition was unthwarted by poverty and humble origins. She cited “his *human* aspect—not quite knowing who his daddy was.”

The band was asked to play “Lift Every Voice and Sing,” which is sometimes called the black national anthem. Clinton claimed to be “the only white person in America who knows the words to all three verses.” Then he excused himself from singing them on grounds of hoarseness. “Lift Every Voice” contains a frank description of American enslavement,

*We have come over a way that
With tears has been watered;
We have come, treading our path through
The blood of the slaughtered*

and a blunt affirmation of America.

*May we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.*

It’s a stirring song, but hearing these 900-some mostly middle-aged and middle-class people sing it would dissuade even a nineteenth-century ethnologist from seeing correlations between race and musical ability.

Clinton does not patronize a black audience, unless he does. In a speech he made to the National Baptist Convention in January of 2002, Clinton said: “You ever notice how polite people are at black church events? Anybody who comes up to this podium, they’re going to mention more people’s names than anybody else at any other event . . . Then you go to some white Rotary Club or convention and no one talks about anybody . . .” But Clinton did not patronize the black audience in San Francisco. More than a few of the guests looked as if they’d sat through their share of thank-yous, much-obliged-fors, and hats-off-tos at the Rotary.

Instead Clinton talked a lot about inclusiveness. He bragged again about all the good things he’d done in office (though omitting the masterly Boston Teachers Union fillip of inclusiveness at the brag’s end). He repeated the story of his sacrifice in opening his tax-rebate envelope—to the applause that even the prosperous must give a man who earns \$9.2 million a year and wants to pay more taxes. He made a funny remark: “Ken Starr spent seventy million dollars to find out I’m a sinner. Everybody knew that.” And he interspersed his speech with too many biblical quotations.

Maybe it’s a black audience that patronizes Bill. The

same woman who’d spoken admiringly of his childhood struggles clucked disapproval of his behavior at a pre-speech photo opportunity. She said he’d allowed two boys making gang signs to pose with him. Maybe it’s nice to have some fellow around who might have been clipping eyeholes out of his bed sheets but who supports affirmative action instead. Maybe Bill is the comforting pocket change of racial understanding, a sort of black Clarence Thomas.

There could be a more concrete reason for Bill’s appeal to black voters. I felt as if I’d been at this gala before, forty or forty-five years ago. The women wore important hats and serious dresses. The men’s dinner jackets were shaped at the shoulders and nipped at the waists. Their dress shirts and bow ties were splendid in color and form. This was very different from going to, for instance, a political-wife-in-a-sack and bag-o-tuxedo event on Capitol Hill. But it was not very different from going to a party with a family full of harps. My uncle Mikey-Mike, my cousin Slats, my Aunt Bridget, and her husband, Louie, who once ran the local pinball rackets in Toledo, had more “flava,” as they say today, than their egg-salad-sandwich-with-the-crusts-cut-off neighbors. Grandpa J.J. was one generation away from illiteracy and, I suspect, not as distant as that from running booze during Prohibition. But by 1960 O’Rourke’s had marched up the social stairs into the world of “some white Rotary Club.” Like contemporary middle-class African-Americans, Irish-Americans had to find a palatable way to edge to the right. Casting ballots for Bill Clinton allowed blacks to vote Republican without throwing up.

Some people think that welfare reform should have hurt Bill Clinton with black voters. But others of us have had family members on welfare, and not many of those family members were broke from paying back the money we had lent them. A couple of weeks before the Third Baptist anniversary Bill Clinton became an honorary member of the Arkansas Black Hall of Fame, the way various notables become honorary Irishmen every Saint Patrick’s Day. Thus blackness will disappear in America. Irishness has almost done so (a Shannon O’Brien has vanished in Massachusetts). This has taken 160 years and required the Ike-like politics of that lace-curtain bog trotter Jack Kennedy—and the Irish didn’t even look much different from other short people. So it may be a while. But there will come a day—an embarrassing day—when the anniversary of Martin Luther King Jr.’s birth will be marked by crowds warbling “Lift Every Voice and Sing” in the bars of ten thousand soul-food-themed chain restaurants (owned by a Swiss multinational), and most of the revelers in those crowds will be the color of tofu.

Four days later the true center of gravity of Clinton support came, by the thousands, to hear Bill in the rich and liberal suburb of San Francisco. In fact, it’s very rich—the most affluent county in the United States. And very liberal—the Democratic congressional candidate

won 69.66 percent of the vote in 2002. Also very white—the black population is 2.9 percent.

And the members of the audience were slobs. They went to see a former President of the United States in their play-date clothes. They had almost all crossed the meridian of life. Some had sailed far beyond. But the men wore little-boy windbreakers and billow-seated wide-wale corduroys with inseams measured for Yao Ming, of the Houston Rockets. Their sweaters bore patterns that sheep might see on drugs. I counted only seven neckties, including Clinton's, the moderator's, and my own. The women all seemed to make their own jewelry. Some had donned the blowsy knits of the increasingly dowdy New Age. Others were mutton dressed as lamb.

Bill Clinton was only twenty minutes late. (At the Third Baptist banquet he had been, more rudely, half an hour early, because he'd scheduled something else for later that night.) Here was one of the great practical politicians of the age freed from the binds and gags of practical politics that had restrained him since he first ran for Congress, in 1974. Now his loyalists would get to hear what he really thinks.

And what they think too. Clinton gave an executive summary to the enthusiastic crowd: "How I view the present moment and how you'll think about it."

"The world is in a race between integration and *dis*-integration," Clinton said.

"My thesis: In an interdependent world either conflict or cooperation will be the result. Can we move from interdependence to an integrated global community?" And a little later, in case anyone still didn't know how to think, Clinton limned a vision of that integrated global community. "Ants and bees and termites are helpless on their own but powerful together."

Clinton knows what must be done to build this shining city on an ant hill. He has an understanding of foreign policy's deep, broad, and murky waters. Former world leaders do. They acquire it suddenly upon leaving office. When Clinton was actually President, U.S. foreign policy was more tinkle than Big Muddy. He began with woeful folly in Somalia and proceeded to a pointless Haiti incursion and half-hearted missile lobs at Afghanistan and Sudan. The Taliban reigned. Al Qaeda grew to maturity. The U.S.S. *Cole* and the embassies in Kenya and Tanzania were bombed, and a

prelude attack was made on the World Trade Center. The late-to-the-party interventions in Bosnia and Kosovo must have left dead Croats, Muslims, and Albanians thankful for their relatives' opportunity to kill Serbs. Clinton's Ireland peace process is unsteady on its feet, and the Wye River Accord blows chunks.

But Clinton is a savant now. The Bush Administration has sought his diplomatic aid—to lead a U.S. delegation to East Timor's independence celebration. "President Clinton was deeply involved in helping bringing about a peaceful resolution to East Timor," said a Bush Administration official. If only we listen to Clinton, there could be East Timors all around the world.

Clinton understands what motivates the North Koreans. It's the same thing that motivates him, although North

Korean revelations were explosive in more than the *New York Post* sense. Clinton explained matters to the audience: "Why were they building bombs? It's the only way anyone pays attention to them."

Clinton proposed a new Marshall Plan for war-torn parts of the earth, such as the Middle East. It's an interesting idea, giving generous economic assistance to countries with the world's largest petroleum reserves. Plus, I thought, I did that this morning when I filled up the Suburban. Clinton said, "We spend less than one percent of our budget on direct foreign assistance."

But he had a little lapse there and forgot to count the 17.8 percent that we spend guaranteeing, with our Army, Navy, and Air Force, the existence of live foreigners to assist. (Even if the foreigners with the best guarantees—NATO members—are the ones least in need of assistance.)

Clinton said that we have to "build institutions of international cooperation." He noted several. The Kyoto treaty got applause. The World Court didn't. Even liberals fret about the idea of being pulled over by a World Cop for some World Driving Violation (not using the horn enough?) and then having to go before a World Traffic Magistrate and explain in Esperanto that they were rushing a sick gerbil to the pet hospital. Clinton praised "Powell and"—that tagalong—"the President" for going to the UN with their Iraqi-weapons-of-mass-destruction concerns. "If we have to take military action now, we'll have the world behind us," Clinton said, in the one newsworthy statement



of the evening—although this did not make the papers the next day. “We’ll get a lot of help.”

“To build the world we want,” Clinton said, “we need people with the habits of mind and heart to do so.” He cited Jimmy Carter, Kofi Annan, and Nelson Mandela, and modestly avoided mentioning himself. But what if people don’t act like Jimmy Carter, Kofi Annan, and Nelson Mandela? What if people act like Winnie Mandela? Clinton didn’t say. But in an April 2002 speech to the National Jewish Democratic Council, he proposed a U.S. intervention in the Israeli-Palestinian clash. His plan was a combination of prom-chaperone duty and Vietnam: “The United States must go there and put our arms around that thing like a wet blanket ... We have to cover this situation ... And we have to wade into it and stay there through disappointment and difficulty ...”

Clinton went from hearts and minds to a little homily that he had used at the Third Baptist banquet and would use again at UC Davis. It varies from speech to speech, but the essential form is this:

We derive positive meanings through positive associations with our group, and we give ourselves importance also by negative reference to those who are not part of our group. There has never been a person, and I bet this applies to everyone in this room, who has not said at least once in his life, “Well, I may not be perfect, but thank God I am not one of them.”

Unless, I gather, “them” is Republicans.

Talking to the San Francisco suburbanites about the voters’ support of the “Bush agenda,” Clinton confessed, “It’s a democracy. If they want it, they have a right to have it.” He shrugged. “If *you* want it.” Smug titters at the unenlightened *they* of democracy filled the hall.

All political views are rude. Political views lead to anger, outrage, gross certainty, and other boorish displays of feeling. However, only modern privileged liberalism generates smugness. No one was smirking in the audience at the Third Baptist banquet, or among the teachers at the Boston union hall. But the San Francisco suburbanites listened to Bill Clinton’s speech with the self-satisfied faces of toddlers on the pot. It went with their appearance of having been hurriedly dressed by a working parent, and it illustrates why modern privileged politics shouldn’t be covered by anyone who doesn’t have small children in the house.

The tantrum was not long in coming. Clinton called Fox News “ultra-conservative” and said, “All the real fanaticism is on the right in America today.” He said that Newt Gingrich had once told him privately, “If we fought you fair, you’d beat us every time.” And Clinton showed how formidable he can be in such a fight by taking a fair swipe at compassionate conservatism: “The idea is the same benefits with smaller government and larger tax cuts. Sounds good to me.” But Clinton is not a man for whom sufficiency suffices. He went on, saying, “There’s a lot of conservative press and

establishment press influenced by the right wing.” He styled them cheaters for pointing out that the Georgia senator Max Cleland opposed the Homeland Security Bill. This was how a crippled veteran of Vietnam was defeated at the polls, said Clinton, who’d avoided the war, to the residents of a place where the war had been widely protested. Shaking his head angrily at such character assassination, Clinton said that the right-wingers “never pay any price for it.” Having riled himself up, he blurted, “*We* don’t have the stomach for it. *We* argue the issues.”

From somewhere out in the middle of the huge audience came a single involuntary snort. The hall was silent for a moment as a scary image of a snake-headed James Carville seemed to hover over the proceedings. Clinton turned and looked to the precise spot where the snorter sat. “Don’t get into this argument,” he said, “You’ll lose it.”

Clinton raised his eyes to the audience and said, “Seventy million dollars of *your* tax money to look into Whitewater—a real-estate deal where I *lost* money!” He protested at length against all the tricks the Democrats don’t play.

And then it was over. In an unpredictable change of mood that could have been predicted by any mom, the furious I-didn’t-do-it was followed by an earnest I’ll-never-do-it-again and sniffles of everyone’s-doing-it and the-other-kids-are-worse. Clinton said, “There *were* things that Democrats did *before*. But we were peanuts and pikers compared to what people like Richard Mellon Scaife did.” Scaife was the Neanderthal reactionary who financed investigations into Clinton’s love life and into things that were as improbable as Clinton’s love life—such as Vince Foster murder conspiracies and Clinton-sanctioned drug deals at Mena Airport—but which never actually happened. Watching millionaire Bill, who has his nutty moments, telling an audience of millionaires, who seemed a bit kooky, the story of a crazy millionaire was—there isn’t really another word—cute.

Bill Clinton never gives the same speech twice, in the sense that one never has the same conversation twice at the local bar and that no two dorm-room bull sessions are identical. At UC Davis, as befit a college venue, he had some all-nighter study-break gabfest brainstorms to share. “People believe you can’t get rich without more greenhouse gases,” Bill said. “That’s not true. Alternative energy would create a trillion-dollar market and millions of jobs.” And, with legions of messengers carrying cleft sticks, so would elimination of the telephone. “We know how to do this,” Clinton said. “But people don’t believe it.” And he told how he saw the Kyoto climate treaty “as a chance to let China skip a whole stage of industrial development.” China is actually somewhat ahead of Bill here, having skipped free-market bourgeois entrepreneurship and gone straight from primitive communism to the fascist corporate state. “People have to give up this idea that you can’t get rich without greenhouse gases,” Clinton said. The audience

laughed and applauded. After the speech I counted, among the trucks and SUVs in the UC Davis parking lot, one Honda Insight.

Clinton is a notorious policy wonk. Contrary to what editorial-page writers seem to think, this is not an inside-the-Beltway compliment. “Wonk” has its root in either “wonky”—shaky, unstable, awry—or “wank,” to perform an act of self-pleasuring. Already adept in the latter department, Clinton is now turning into an Al Gore for the twenty-first century. In a lecture at Berkeley in January of 2002 he said, “I just got back from the Middle East, and I told them they ought to forget about being the oil center of the world. They ought to become the energy center and double the capacity of solar technology and conservation technologies and put them in every warm place in the world, because it’s important.”

But Clinton, being fully Clintonian, can glean policy fatuities from both left and right—as long as the policy expands the sphere of politics, a sphere in which Clinton still sees himself as pretty much most of the orb. He told the UC Davis audience that the federal government should be given all the computer data generated by our use of credit cards. “Just make sure the government has the information on all of us that every mass-mailing company has,” he said. Clinton claimed that after 9/11 he got a phone call

Clinton vaunted his plan to attack North Korea back when it was trying to build six to ten atomic bombs a year using spent fuel rods. “I couldn’t permit that to happen,” he said. He explained how “that problem was much bigger” than the problem George Bush is having with North Korea. “Now,” Clinton said with a deprecating wave, “they’re trying to build *one* bomb from enriched uranium.” He repeated his analysis of North Korean psychology—that insight drawn from deep within himself: “They’re screaming to tell the world they still matter.”

“When I was President,” Clinton said with swagger, “terror attacks were prevented at the Holland Tunnel, the Lincoln Tunnel, the Los Angeles Airport, on an airplane to the Philippines ...” Here, I confess, my notes peter out in “etc. etc.”

But with these and many other so forths, Clinton brought the planet to heel, tamed rogue nations, quashed international terrorism, and put paid to at least two thirds of the Axis of Evil. He didn’t leave a perfect world, but darn near. “All you have to do,” he told the audience, “is go out and figure a way to share the future.”

At the end of his prepared speech Clinton talked about the Tutsi and Hutu ethnic groups in Rwanda. Approximately 800,000 Tutsi and Tutsi sympathizers were murdered by Hutu fanatics in 1994. No “institution of international co-

TO HEAR HIM TELL IT, CLINTON BROUGHT THE PLANET TO HEEL, TAMED ROGUE NATIONS, QUASHED INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM, AND PUT PAID TO AT LEAST TWO THIRDS OF THE AXIS OF EVIL. HE DIDN’T LEAVE A PERFECT WORLD, BUT DARN NEAR.

from a friend who owns such a company and that the friend said Mohammed Atta was in his database—under a half dozen aliases, running up debt on all kinds of plastic. “Before we restrict the civil liberties of Americans further,” Clinton said, having just suggested doing so, “we should get this information that’s out there anyway.”

One piece of information that’s out there is the size of Clinton’s lecture fee. A small group from the Coalition of University Employees, Local 7, was outside the auditorium protesting the \$100,000 payment. According to the CUE’s printed handout, University of California staff wages, adjusted for inflation, have declined by almost 20 percent since 1990. But the Boston Teachers Union labor-solidarity Clinton of a month before was not speaking that day. “I brought the WTO organization into being,” Clinton boasted from the stage.

Another small group of protesters outside was chanting, “Money for education. Not for attacking the Iraqi nation.”

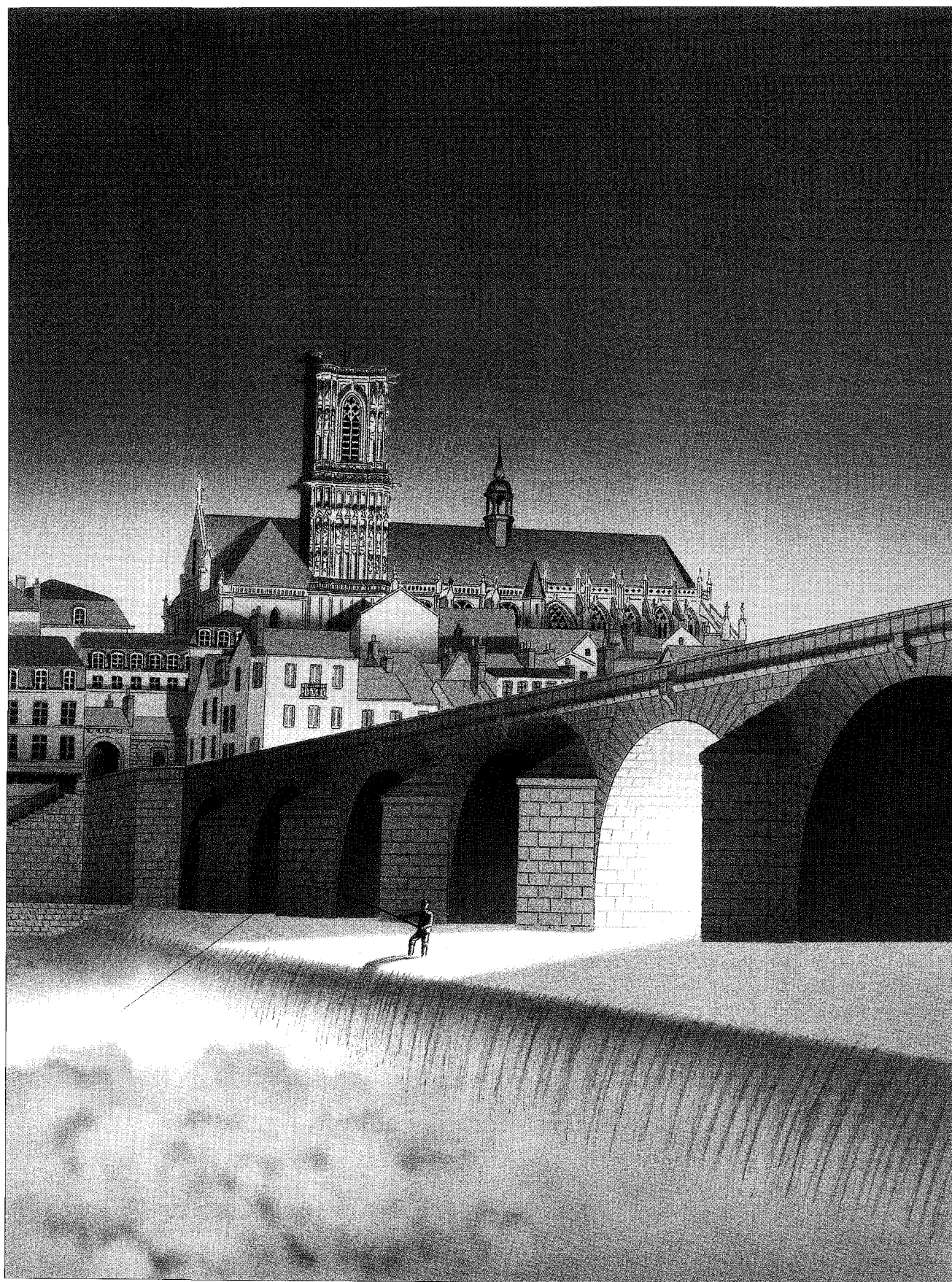
“When I was in office, inspections *worked*,” Bill crowed.

“*We* strengthened the UN,” he puffed. This had made the American right wing angry. And here, perhaps, a third small group of protesters was satisfied. They were of Republican mien and held a sign that read THANKS, BILL, FOR GETTING OUT THE VOTE.

operation” did anything to halt the killing. And neither did anyone else. But Clinton has made up for that. He visited Rwanda recently, and a grateful Tutsi told him, “You’re the only leader who ever apologized for not stopping this.”

While Clinton was in Rwanda he visited a housing project. He likes to recall the experience. He recalled it at the Third Baptist banquet, in the San Francisco suburb, and also when he addressed the British Labour Party at Blackpool, in October of 2002. Tutsi and Hutu are given new homes, but only if they’re willing to live with each other. It’s called a Reconciliation Village. Clinton was very much impressed with this. He talked about the “children of the tribes dancing together.” He was so impressed that he asked an astonishing rhetorical question about Rwandans: “Are they morally superior to everyone in the world?” “No,” he answered himself. And then Bill Clinton gave the audience a glimpse of the lofty goal he has set for his post-presidential career. Details were not forthcoming about how the goal was to be achieved. The exact nature of the achievement was left to the imagination. Bill Clinton said merely, “If they can do it in Rwanda, we can do it everywhere.” ■

P.J. O'Rourke is an Atlantic correspondent and the author of several books, including The CEO of the Sofa (2001).



FLASH FLOOD *by Guy Billout*

THE LANGUAGE POLICE

This list of banned words and stereotypes is an abridgment of a lengthy glossary compiled by a historian from bias guidelines issued by major educational publishers and state agencies. The guidelines are used by writers, editors, and illustrators when preparing textbooks and tests for K-12 students

BY DIANE RAVITCH

.....

Adam and Eve (replace with "Eve and Adam," to demonstrate that males do not take priority over females)

Blind, the (banned as offensive; replace with "people who are blind")

Blind leading the blind, the (banned as handicapism)

Bookworm (banned as offensive; replace with "intellectual")

Boys' night out (banned as sexist)

Busybody (banned as sexist, demeaning to older women)

Cassandra (banned as sexist)

Chief Sitting Bull (banned as relic of colonialism; replace with "Tatanka Iyotake")

Confined to a wheelchair (banned as offensive; replace with "person who is mobility impaired")

Courageous (banned as patronizing when referring to a person with disabilities)

Craftsmanship (banned as sexist)

Cult (banned as ethnocentric when referring to a religious group)

Deaf, the (banned as offensive; replace with "people who are deaf" or "a person with loss of hearing")

Devil (banned)

Dialect (banned as ethnocentric; use sparingly)

Differently abled (banned as offensive; replace with "person who has a physical disability")

Dogma (banned as ethnocentric; replace with "doctrine" or "belief")

Drunken, Drunkenness (banned as offensive when referring to Native Americans)

Duffer (banned as demeaning to older men)

East, Eastern (banned as Eurocentric)

Egghead (banned as offensive; replace with "intellectual")

Elderly, the (banned as ageist; replace with "older people")

Extremist (banned as ethnocentric; replace with "believer," "follower," or "adherent")

Fairy (banned because it suggests homosexuality; replace with "elf")



Fanatic (banned as ethnocentric; replace with "believer," "follower," or "adherent")

Founding Fathers, the (banned as sexist; replace with "the Founders" or "the Framers")

Fraternize (banned as sexist)

God (banned)

Heiress (banned as sexist; replace with "heir")

Hell (banned; replace with "heck" or "darn")

Heretic (use with caution when comparing religions)

Heroine (banned as sexist; replace with "hero")

Huts (banned as ethnocentric; replace with "small houses")

Insane (banned as offensive; replace with "person who has an emotional disorder or psychiatric illness")

Inspirational (banned as patronizing when referring to a person with disabilities)

Jungle (banned; replace with "rain forest")

Junk bonds (banned as elitist)

Lame (banned as offensive; replace with "walks with a cane")

Limping along (banned as handicapism)

Little person (banned as offensive; replace with "person of small stature")

Lumberjack (banned as sexist; replace with "woodcutter")

Majority group (banned as offensive)

Man of war (banned as sexist; replace with "warship")

Mentally ill, the (banned as offensive; replace with "person with a mental or emotional disability")

Middle East (banned as reflecting a Eurocentric world view; replace with "Southwest Asia"; may be acceptable, however, as a historical reference)

Minority group (banned as offensive)

Mother Russia (banned as sexist; replace with "Russia, vast land of rich harvests")

Navajo (banned as inauthentic; replace with "Diné")

Old (banned as an adjective that implies helplessness, dependency, or other negative qualities)

Old wives' tale (banned as sexist; replace with "folk wisdom")

JASON SCHNEIDER

Ombudsman (banned as sexist)
One-man band (banned as sexist; replace with “one-person performance”)
Pagan (banned as ethnocentric when referring to religion; replace with “nonbeliever”)
Paraplegic (banned as offensive; replace with “person with paraplegia”)
Past one’s prime (banned as demeaning to older persons)
Pollyanna (banned as sexist)
Polo (banned as elitist)
Regatta (banned as elitist)
Roving the land (banned as reference to Native Americans)
Satan (banned)
Sect (banned as ethnocentric when referring to a religious group, unless it separated from an established religion)
Senile (banned as demeaning to older persons)
Senior citizen (banned as demeaning to older persons)
Slave (replace whenever possible with “enslaved person”)
Snowman (banned; replace with “snow person”)
Soul food (banned as regional or ethnic bias)
Stickball (banned as regional or ethnic bias)
Straw man (banned as sexist; replace with “unreal issue” or “misrepresentation”)
Subgroup (banned as offensive reference to cultural differences)
Sufferer of cerebral palsy (banned as offensive; replace with “person who has loss of muscle control”)
Suffragette (banned as sexist; replace with “suffragist”)
Tomboy (banned as sexist)
Turning a deaf ear (banned as handicapism)
West, Western (banned as Eurocentric)
Yacht (banned as elitist)

STEREOTYPED IMAGES TO AVOID IN TEXT, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND READING PASSAGES IN TESTS:

Girls and Women / Boys and Men: Images to avoid

- Women portrayed as teachers, mothers, nurses, and/or secretaries
- Women of achievement who are domineering, aggressive, lacking in desirable personal attributes
- Women aging less gracefully than men
- Women as more nurturing than men
- Men as active problem solvers
- Men playing sports, working with tools
- Men and boys larger and heavier than women and girls
- Father expressionless or relaxed in trying circumstances
- Females more preoccupied with their appearance than males
- Pioneer woman riding in covered wagon while man walks
- Women as passengers on a sailboat or sipping hot chocolate in a ski lodge
- Girls as peaceful, emotional, warm
- Boys as strong, rough, competitive
- Boys as intelligent, logical, mechanical
- Boys as good at math, science

People of color: Images to avoid

- People of color being angry
- People of color as politically liberal

African-American people: Images to avoid

- African-Americans who have white features or all look alike
- African-Americans in crowded tenements on chaotic streets; in big, bright cars; in abandoned buildings with broken windows and wash hanging out; or living in innocuous, dull white-picket-fence neighborhoods
- African-Americans who are baggage handlers

Native American people: Images to avoid

- Native Americans performing a rain dance
- Native Americans who are not part of the American mainstream
- Native Americans living in rural settings on reservations
- Native Americans with long hair, braids, headbands
- Native Americans portrayed as people who live in harmony with nature

Asian-American people: Images to avoid

- Asian-Americans as very intelligent, excellent scholars
- Asian-Americans as ambitious, hardworking, and competitive
- Asian-Americans as having strong family ties
- Chinese people who have great food
- Korean-Americans owning or working in fruit markets

Hispanic-American people: Images to avoid

- Hispanics who are migrant workers
- Hispanics who are warm, expressive, and emotional
- Hispanics in urban settings (ghettos or barrios)
- Hispanics wearing bright colors, older women in black, girls always in dresses
- Mexicans grinding corn

Persons who are older: Images to avoid

- Older people in nursing homes or with canes, walkers, wheelchairs, orthopedic shoes, or eyeglasses
- Older people as ill, physically weak, feeble, or dependent
- Older people as funny, absentminded, fussy, or charming
- Older people who have twinkles in their eyes, need afternoon naps, lose their hearing or sight, suffer aches and pains
- Older people who are retired, are at the end of their careers, have lived the most fruitful years of their lives, or are engaged in a life of leisure activities
- Older people living with their offspring or with other relatives
- Older people who are fishing, baking, knitting, whittling, reminiscing, rocking in chairs, or watching television ■

Diane Ravitch is a historian of education and Research Professor of Education at New York University. The glossary excerpted here will appear in her new book, The Language Police, to be published in April by Knopf.

WHAT IS VISIBLE

A short story

BY KIMBERLY ELKINS

Illustration by Polly Becker

.....

I was so fortunate as to hear of the child [Laura Bridgman], and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her ... The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and [soon] they brought her to the Institution.

—Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe,
quoted in *American Notes*,
Charles Dickens, 1842

Miss Wight says that Julia will be here any minute, and that I must dress to see her. Julia has returned from New York today—a month early, the cook told Miss Wight, *and without Doctor*. I wish that I could have a cameo of Doctor's head to wear as a brooch on the lace collar of my black day dress, above my silver cross. No, no, to wear on all my collars, on all my dresses, every day. And then at night, alone in my bed in my room, I would push the pin of the brooch right through the skin in the hollow of my neck so that his dear face would stay with me the whole night long and I could run my fingers over his raised likeness and never sleep. Miss Wight, my companion, who lives with me here at the Institution, says they almost never make cameos of men, but I don't understand why not. Everyone says that Doctor is the handsomest man in Boston—who would not want him as an ornament? I would carve the cameo myself if I could procure the ivory and a good small knife, and then I might not suffer as unbearably when he's away—six months this time!

I know his features as well as my own: the strong, wide brow and bushy eyebrows; the long prow of his nose between the deep-set eyes; the bristly fur of moustache half covering his upper lip, and the plump lower lip that I have traced with my finger a thousand times, but never met with mine. And his beard, Doctor's beard—I would spend an hour curling each hair with my blade, all the way up to the prominent ridges of his cheekbones. Maybe I could get a large block of ivory with the money I've saved from my sewing and crochet work that people buy on Exhibition Days (oh, look: handkerchiefs embroidered by Laura Bridgman, the deaf, mute, blind girl—we *must* buy a whole set!) and carve a life-size cameo of Doctor's head, large

enough to sleep beside me on my pillow. It would be cold to the touch, but it would be something.

Before I work the thick masses of curls for his hair, I might please him with my learning of phrenology—his decade-old passion—by rendering expertly each bump on his skull. Ah, there it is: the well-developed veneration bump right at the top, between firmness and benevolence, evidencing the faculties of his divine creative spirit and his quest for the sublime. I round the twin bumps of ideality at his temples, which display the disposition toward perfection, toward beauty and refinement in all things, and then notch the bulge of individuality between his eyebrows that sets them so far apart and him so far apart from lesser men. And the affection bump on the upper back of his head, so prodigious that the famous phrenologist Dr. Combe cautioned him at forty that he must find an appropriate object on which to bestow its vast benefits—dare I carve that affection with my little knife?

If I had been twenty, as I am now, I think Doctor might have chosen me instead of Julia. Dr. Gallaudet and Mr. Clerc, at the Hartford Asylum for the Deaf, both married their students, and they were just silly deaf girls—nothing like me, the star pupil of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, my own dear Doctor, of the world-famous Perkins Institution for the Blind, taught to read with Doctor's miraculous raised-letter books and to write with the finger alphabet (Doctor and I do not believe in Sign). I have been visited by thousands, written about by Mr. Charles Darwin, and given an entire chapter in Mr. Dickens's *American Notes*. Mr. Dickens says that I am the second wonder of North America; apparently, only the roar of Niagara Falls is more impressive than what I have achieved in silence. But I was only thirteen when Doctor's affection bump forced him to choose an object, and look who he chose: Julia Ward, in possession of all five senses and then some, and the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which, I understand from Miss Wight and others, might be a fitting accompaniment for their married life! And anyone who has eyes to see confirms that Julia has not lost the weight from her last child, and that the fabled

THE STUFF OF LEGEND

IS WAITING TO TRANSPORT YOU.



Scenery, adventure, history, arts, culture, big cities, small towns,
and ironclad proof that time travel is possible.

COLORADO

FOR DETAILS ON OUR HISTORIC RAILROADS AND OTHER COLORADO ADVENTURES – INCLUDING SOME THAT MAY SURPRISE YOU –
VISIT COLORADO.COM OR CALL 1-800-COLORADO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blonde locks are now tricked out with gray. Gossip flies into my hands as easily as it does the ears of others, and lands buzzing on my palms like flies.

Miss Wight shakes my arm. "Hurry," she spells into my palm. "Julia is waiting for you."

I would like to make her wait, but I am eager for news of Doctor. I tap my way exactly thirty-eight lady's steps down the corridor, take a sharp right, and walk twelve more through the foyer to the public room. My movements are very precise. I enter the room slowly, my head held so high that my bun almost slides down the back of my head, and I am about to take the twenty-eight steps from the door to my visiting chair when the air directly in front of me is suddenly and violently disturbed. Julia has rushed me; she hugs me against her bosom. Though she has three children of her own, I think she fancies herself some sort of mother to me. Does she not realize how I have blossomed and flourished so long and so far without my own mother, with only Doctor to meet my needs (and Miss Wight a little, I suppose)? I pull away from Julia quickly, holding her hand in mine but at a full arm's length. Thank God she no longer stays here at Perkins often, now that she is off waging campaigns with the suffragists and the abolitionists. I gather my skirts and settle into my chair by the hearth, angling it to catch the last of the November afternoon's warmth on my back.

"How was your journey?" I spell into her hand, but before she can switch hands with me, I push on. "How is Doctor? When does he arrive?"

Julia writes a few words about her trip into my hand with her stubby fingers, not half the length of mine. The fingers feel thicker than on her last visit, and her palms, curiously, always sport slight calluses; even Miss Wight, a lady of much lower station, has no calluses. Julia spells as slowly as my uneducated visitors from the country, and I think she should stick to writing songs, because she'd need twenty years to write a book at this slug's pace.

And then finally, in answer to my question: "Doctor Howe will be arriving a week from tomorrow."

"Only a week, not a month?" I quiz her palm, thrilled that I might touch him so soon, but anxious that I have so little time to prepare.

Yes, a week tomorrow, she assures me, and now she is scratching on about her work. I am Doctor's project, and so she must have projects of her own: repressed women, and slaves. I feel a simultaneous affinity and disgust for both.

"Laura, you should speak out on these important humanist topics on Exhibition Days; you have a grand platform from which to share your views. You can write on your chalkboard for the crowds who come to see you, and influence people from all over the world."

"On Exhibition Days," I scribble as fast as I can, knowing she can't keep up and will understand only half of it, "Doctor

likes for me to demonstrate my knowledge of geography and—SAUSAGE—reading comprehension—FINGERS—and to show my penmanship, needlework, and ability to recognize people by their hands."

"But, L," she spells now, using only an "L" for "Laura," either because she is lazy or because she mistakenly believes that I must hold her in affection (I allow only Doctor and Miss Wight to use that diminutive), "surely you care that women and Negroes should be free."

"I AM NOT FREE," I write, pushing down so hard that my nails press into her palm. "I am not free to even BE a woman like you."

"Of course you are a woman." Julia's fingers press equally hard, and slide on the valleys of my palm, which has begun to sweat. This almost never happens; I use a dusting of powder to keep my hands fresh and dry, and take pride in my coolness to the touch. No, it is Julia's hands that are wet, and polluting mine! I pull my hands away and wipe them slowly and deliberately on the folds of my skirt.

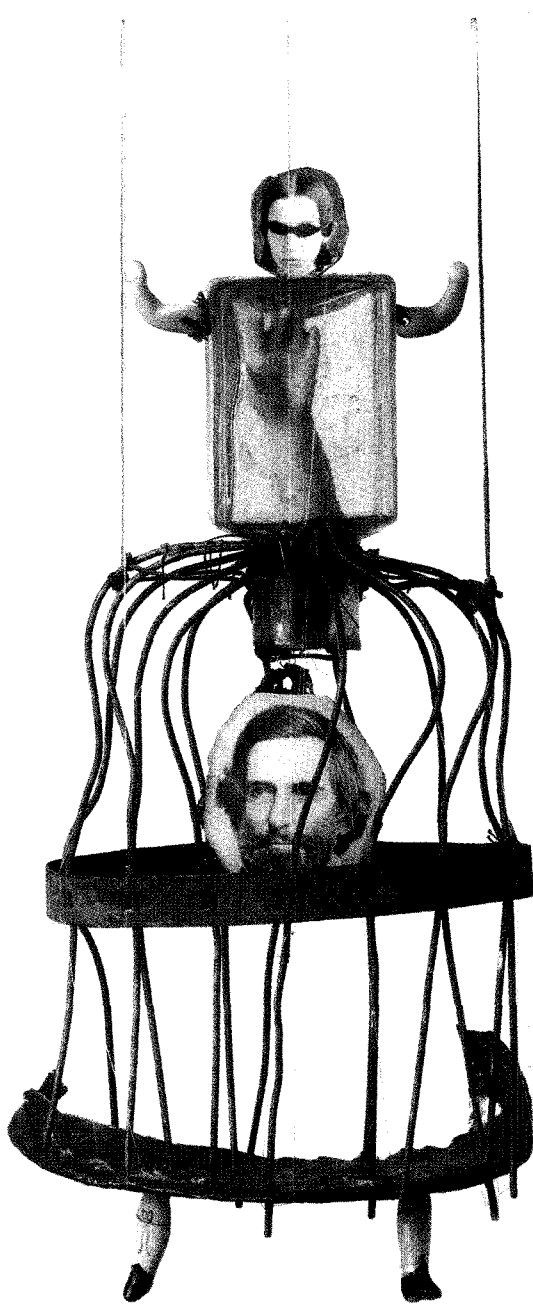
"You are all black to me," I write. "Everything is dark to me, and everyone is the same. I think it is the same for God." I wish I were brave enough to rip off the fillet that covers my eyes, to force Julia to see what I cannot.

Julia is excited, the tips of her fingers nearly dripping. "You could write that next week for the visitors," she spells. "Exactly that."

"Ask your husband," I telegraph back, and her hand waits and then falls away. I wonder about the bumps on her head, whether Doctor finds them pleasing in their causality. I reach up suddenly, toward where I think the top of her head is, but my fingers instead catch her on the ear, and I hold it for a few seconds, bending the soft, pliable rim up and down, marveling that through this sweet little maze she is able to hear: to let in the whole world and, most of all, the multitude of Doctor's sounds, his laughs and sighs. I know how to laugh too; I laugh a lot. It is apparently the one thing I learned as a baby to do well, before scarlet fever robbed me of four of my senses. And Doctor says my laughter is a beautiful sound, like angels' beating wings. But as I hold Julia's ear, I make one of my other sounds, the ugly ones I am not supposed to make, which Mr. Dickens wrote are "painful to hear." It comes up from the back of my throat, the same sound I have felt from Pozzo, the Institution's dog, thrumming in the cords of his neck. I push my index finger hard into Julia's ear. I push it in again and again, and her hands are on my shoulders and then on my elbow, and so are Miss Wight's, and I could do it harder still, but I take my finger out of her ear and allow them to shove me back into my chair. I feel the vibration in the floor as Julia's chair is moved away from me, out of reach. I slow my breathing and extend both my arms into the air in front of me, my palms facing up in supplication.

I know I have been bad, and that Miss Wight has gone to get the gloves, but I am sure Julia is still in the room,

PHOTOS OF LAURA BRIDGMAN AND DR. HOWE (OPPOSITE)
COURTESY OF PERKINS SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND, WATERTOWN, MA.



waiting. Yes, she takes my hands in hers, trembling, and I let her hold them before I tap on her knuckles to let me spell. I have slapped my teachers many times but never, ever, Doctor or Julia. I have slapped even poor, dear Miss Wight twice this year, and I have grown accustomed, probably too accustomed, to asking for forgiveness both from the persons I have hurt and from God. My friends always forgive me, and so, I am certain, does God—but He absolves me only on the occasions when I am truly sorry. This is not yet one of those occasions.

"I am sorry if I hurt you," I write. "I pray I did not hurt your ear."

"A little," she spells back, "but I am fine. I didn't mean to upset you." Julia is taking this extremely well; I suppose that suffragists and abolitionists also get their dander up from time to time.

"I only wanted to feel for the bumps on your head," I tell her, and she pauses before she answers.

"I do not much believe in the science of phrenology, as my husband does," she writes.

I am shocked; to my knowledge, no one has disagreed with Doctor on this, though I myself have had some doubts.

"If we are born with these bumps that govern our character, then how are we to grow and change?" She fills my hand and waits.

I take a long time to gather my thoughts, unsure whether I want to share them with Julia. "I think maybe"—I pause and qualify myself further, this time careful to form each letter slowly and precisely, so that she will understand me fully—"maybe it is possible that phrenology interferes with the idea of free will."

"Yes, yes," Julia writes emphatically, in letters so large that she traces the stem of the first "Y" on my wrist.

"Did Doctor give you the phrenological examination before you were married?" I ask.

"Before we were even pledged," she writes back. Her fingertips bounce lightly up and down on my palm, and I know she is laughing. "Doctor Combe said that my self-esteem was far too elevated. That was the bump of destructiveness you were going for just above my ear, but don't worry, it was not destroyed."

I laugh too, but then Miss Wight tugs on my arm, and all I have time to spell is "Don't tell Doctor," without even a "please," before Miss Wight is pulling the gloves onto my hands. Of course I have to be punished for what I did to Julia, but still she kisses me long on the cheek, and I grab at her skirt as she's walking away. Just a touch, even if only of her scratchy serge, before the glove isolates that hand.

"Tonight and all tomorrow," Miss Wight taps through the thick cotton of the glove. Everyone knows, even the little blind girls when they sidle up and reach for my hands, that I am not allowed conversation when I am wearing the gloves. Though my punishment is deserved, it is worse than the solitary confinement with which they punish criminals: Not only am I cut off from all human contact, I lose all but the roughest impressions of the world itself. Touch is my one intact sense, and it is thickened and furred almost to nullity by the gloves—which on other young ladies would mean they're going out for a stroll. No one can comprehend the multitude of pleasures I receive from my fingertips, the hours I can spend stroking Pozzo's wiry, tangled fur, careening my fingers down the long whip of his tail, rubbing the softness of his firm belly. And the ladies' clothes!: their silks and satins, even the roughness of the out-of-towners' cotton broadcloths, the deep crush of velvet collars, the short, nappy rub of felt hats. And I am never more stirred than when I find the sharp quill of a plume on a hat, and can run my fingers up and down the feather.

Miss Wight taps me on the shoulder, and I know I'm being sent to bed early as further punishment. She takes my arm in hers and walks me down the hallway to my room, but she writes nothing to me tonight, not a word, and I

know it's useless to ask her to spell out Doctor's last letter again into my palm. Of course, I have largely memorized all his letters anyway ("L—Yet another phrenologists' conference today—I ought to have my head examined!" "The Parisians feed their dogs at the table." But most of all, "Dear L, I miss you so").

I'm left alone to change into my nightgown; it is the rule that I cannot remove the gloves, even for bed. For my worst punishment, four years ago, I had to wear the gloves in bed every night for a month, because someone—I am still not sure whether it was Miss Wight or, to my greatest horror, maybe Julia, who was staying here because the Institution was short of help for a few weeks—caught me in the act of self-exploration. That wasn't the first time, and it certainly won't be the last, no matter how many times they glove me. I was on my stomach (Tessy, one of the blind girls, let me in on that trick), because of course I can't hear anyone coming, and if I am mightily preoccupied—both hands down, as they were that night—then I won't feel even the slight vibrations from footsteps on the wooden floor. A sudden smack on my upper arm, and I pushed down my nightgown and turned over, my hands up, waiting for the intruder to write upon them. Instead a fist came down on my forehead and NO was rapped across my brow by hard knuckles. I pulled the blankets up under my chin, and a minute later a cold, dripping washcloth was flung at my face. Every night for the next month the gloves were left on top of my nightgown and taken away again the next morning, after I'd changed into my day dress. I made sure that the gloves were spotless and unspoiled each morning, but restraint did not come easily.

Though Doctor delayed my religious education until I was sixteen, because he was often away in Europe and did not want me tainted by the doctrines of Calvinism (he is an ardent Unitarian and does not go in much for the actual words of the Holy Bible), I begged him to raise the Bible for me, and after months of labor by the Institution's publishers for the blind, I was given the Bible entire except for Revelation, which he has still refused to let me read. I have devoured that great book (I am a very fast reader), and have never found anything that I believe speaks against my explorations of my body. The spilling of seed is written against, but I don't see how that applies to me. And even if it does (Tessy is the only one who has ever explained the relations between men and women to me, and her effusive ramblings may have left me ill informed, so I could be wrong on this point), I still contend that the unique condition which my Maker has forced upon me for His own unintelligible reasons might also grant me an exception—a special pardon, if you will—when it comes to touching. The sensitive, peaking nipples of my breasts, and that whole silken netherworld, are God's gifts to me. My universe is manifest only through touching, and I refuse to be a stranger to it.

So if Doctor can't ever see his way clear of Julia and the trouble she causes him, then he must at least find me a suitable young man, soft-skinned and well spelled, from among his vast acquaintance. Miss Wight has been promised to the Unitarian minister who has been visiting me; she will leave me soon for this man with deeply ridged fingernails. I am fair to pleasing, I think: dark-haired and pale, my features regular, my nose a little long. "Petite," I have had spelled into my palm many times by visitors, and Mama says I am like a little bird. Who might not love a little bird, I am hopeful, even if it is locked in a dark and silent cage?

But I must remember to eat, to eat more. I vow to chew and swallow all three meals every day to fatten myself for Doctor. My bones poke through my skin, and I think that the soft, plump pillows of Miss Wight's hands are nicer to touch than my birdy bones. Eating is hard, though, when I taste almost nothing; the fever that took my eyes and ears took even the senses of taste and smell. I move my jaws and grind my teeth and pass my tongue over the lumps of whatever it is that slides from my fork or spoon, but the exercise seems meaningless. I would much rather dip my fingers into the warm pond of the soup and plumb its depths for legumes, rend the slick skin from the chicken and peel away the sheaves of muscle until I reach the hardness of the bone, tear the bread into a hundred tiny pieces and roll them into buttered balls to juggle over my plate, squish through the pliant mounds of the potatoes, ravage the soft pulp of the baked aubergines, and burrow both fists into the pie I will never know the sweetness of. Soak the whole feast in milk. For me the only delights of food are in its destruction, and it so disappoints me that I can no longer indulge my play now—not at my age, not in my position as the world's most famous woman, second only to Queen Victoria (second only to *Julia!*), and certainly not with Doctor coming next week.

Yes, yes, he will see me fatter, and I will fatten my affection bump, too. I tried once before to elevate its standing by beating on it several nights with the ends of my knitting needles, but that increased it hardly at all. Now I have a whole week, and this time I will not shy from employing the best tools at my disposal: the heels of my Sunday dress boots! I slide from my bed and crawl along the floor to my closet, and there it is: a boot for my affection. After all, Doctor arranged for Julia to undergo a thorough phrenological examination by the famed Dr. Combe before they were pledged, so I will make certain that even to Doctor's less trained eye the enormity of my capacity for love will be impossible to miss. He hasn't seen me for almost six months, so I think he will perceive my faculties as not greatly changed but only rendered more pronounced.

I take one boot back to bed with me and pull up the blankets, leaving just the top of my head uncovered. I hit myself hard on the spot I have studied in the raised charts



Nesting.

A perfect refuge from the cares of the day.



Our incredible Weightless Comfort™ mattress must be *felt* to be believed. Not only does its uncanny VISCOELASTIC SLEEP SURFACE *react* to your bodyshape, bodyweight, bodyheat, it also can absorb *enormous* pressure without uncomfortably pressing back!

Tempur-Pedic's sleep technology is light years ahead of outdated inner-spring, air, and water bed standards. We've attracted countless rave press reviews and television coverage. Plus...well over 25,000 medical professionals worldwide recommend us to their patients—an enviable record of success.

The reason for Tempur-Pedic's meteoric rise in popularity is simple...

The heavy pads that cover most mattresses are necessary to keep their "insides" from poking out—or leaking out. Yet they create a "hammock" effect that can actually *cause* painful pressure points. Inside our high-tech bed, billions of micro memory cells function as molecular springs that contour precisely to your body.

Tempur-Pedic's sleep scientists used NASA's early anti-G-force research to invent TEMPUR® pressure-relieving material a revolutionary new kind of bedding that's the wave of the future!

Our bed utilizes *natural* principles of physics—nothing mechanical or electrical. No motors, switches, valves, air pumps, or water heaters. It can't break, leak, short-circuit, or stop working. It needs no rotating, turning, flipping.

No wonder, 3 out of 4 Tempur-Pedic owners go out of their way to recommend our Swedish Sleep System® to close friends and relatives. Moreover, 88% of "problem sleepers" report real improvement!

Please return the coupon, without the least obligation, for a FREE DEMONSTRATION KIT. Better yet, phone or send us a fax.

The *only* mattress
recognized by
NASA
and certified by the
Space Foundation



FREE SAMPLE FREE VIDEO/FREE INFO

Everything you need to know about the high-tech bed that's changing the way the world sleeps! Free Demo Kit also includes a **FREE IN-HOME TRYOUT CERTIFICATE.**

YOURS FOR
THE ASKING!



1-888-238-3091

Call toll-free or fax 1-866-795-9367

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
Phone (optional) _____



Tempur-Pedic, Inc., 1713 Jaggle Fox Way, Lexington, KY 40511

he has given me. Harder, harder; and it hurts, yes, it hurts, but my labors will be worthwhile. Although I do not believe that my character, especially my ability to love faithfully and well, is sealed within the physiognomy of my skull, Doctor does, and so I rally my cause—Love! Love!—with each shuddering vibration through my temples and down my jaw. I move the heel of the boot closer to the front of my head and strike at the positions of benevolence and veneration, because I know that these are the qualities that impress Doctor most and that, he reports, are his own largest visible faculties.

Today, today, Doctor arrives today, and I am ready! I have eaten all my meals this week, even asking for seconds on several occasions, much to the surprise and delight of Miss Wight and the cook. I feel very cheerful and plump, no little bird but a downy hen. I have been careful, ever so careful, to wear my cotton bonnet with the string ties all week, so that no one might observe the heightening of my bumps. I have used the excuse of helping to clean and scrub the premises for Doctor's arrival—I always wear my bonnet when I clean, so that no strands of my long hair will escape from my bun and be dirtied. Miss Wight has been pleased, because I am a very good cleaner and she likes to see me clean. I cannot see the dirt, of course, but if you sit me down in an area and give me some good rags and a bucket of soapy water, I will scrub and scrub until you tell me the floor is spotless. This quality will also prove me a good wife. The only thing I dislike is wearing the heavy cleaning gloves, but they are necessary to protect the softness of my hands, which Doctor will soon be touching, again and again.

I run the duster over the top of my armoire and let the feathers stroke the heads of my Laura dolls, all sixteen of them. Twelve-inch likenesses of me—with their eyes poked out and little green grosgrain ribbons tied over the eyeholes—were sold across the country and even in England in the days when Doctor's educational exhibitions drew standing-room crowds. As I tickle the tiny molded toes of my Lauras, it occurs to me that if I am to have a *real* life—the *realist* life—then I must no longer allow myself to be quickened by these constant reminders of my fame; and besides, I am too old to play with dolls, to hold mock teas for my sixteen other selves. The little girls who cuddled me are all grown up, and most of them probably have their own babies to play with now, as I intend to. Carefully I take the dolls down from the armoire and place them in a heap on the bed beside me. One at a time, I rock each Laura to sleep, humming a tuneless lullaby I'm sure would make a real baby cry, and before I push the dolls into the dark beneath my bed, I untie the ribbon from the sightless eyes of each porcelain head. I braid the ribbons into a thick, soft plait and then fold it beneath my pillow, because green will bring me luck.

Green is the color I remember with the most pleasure:

the green of the grass outside our house, in New Hampshire. Blue still spills from that square of sky visible over the bed where I lay ill for almost a year. Mama says my eyes were bright blue before they shrank behind my lids forever. Red I have a strong and disagreeable sense of, from when they bled me with leeches. And black I know the longest and best, because it is my constant companion. These are the only colors I can recall or imagine with any clarity. Yearning alone glimmers in my darkness, and the shades of my deepest desires cannot be described, just as I am certain that the color that is God is not known to any man.

I pat the hands of my clock's glassless face—Doctor will soon be here. The bonnet comes off, and I check the bumps. They are raised and sore, the veneration one especially; I hope they are not red. I've awakened every morning with a headache from the boot's work, but the pain is nothing compared with gaining my share of life's affections. I arrange my hair in a bun low on the back of my head, so that the bumps will show to their best advantage. I have even plucked a few hairs from the tops of each of them, so that they might be seen more clearly. I change into my best Sunday dress, my only silk one (a rose-pink *robe à l'anglaise* that Miss Wight says gives me color), and lace up the dress boots that have nearly knocked me senseless. I slip the green fillet over my eyes and go to meet Doctor, as nervous as I have ever been.

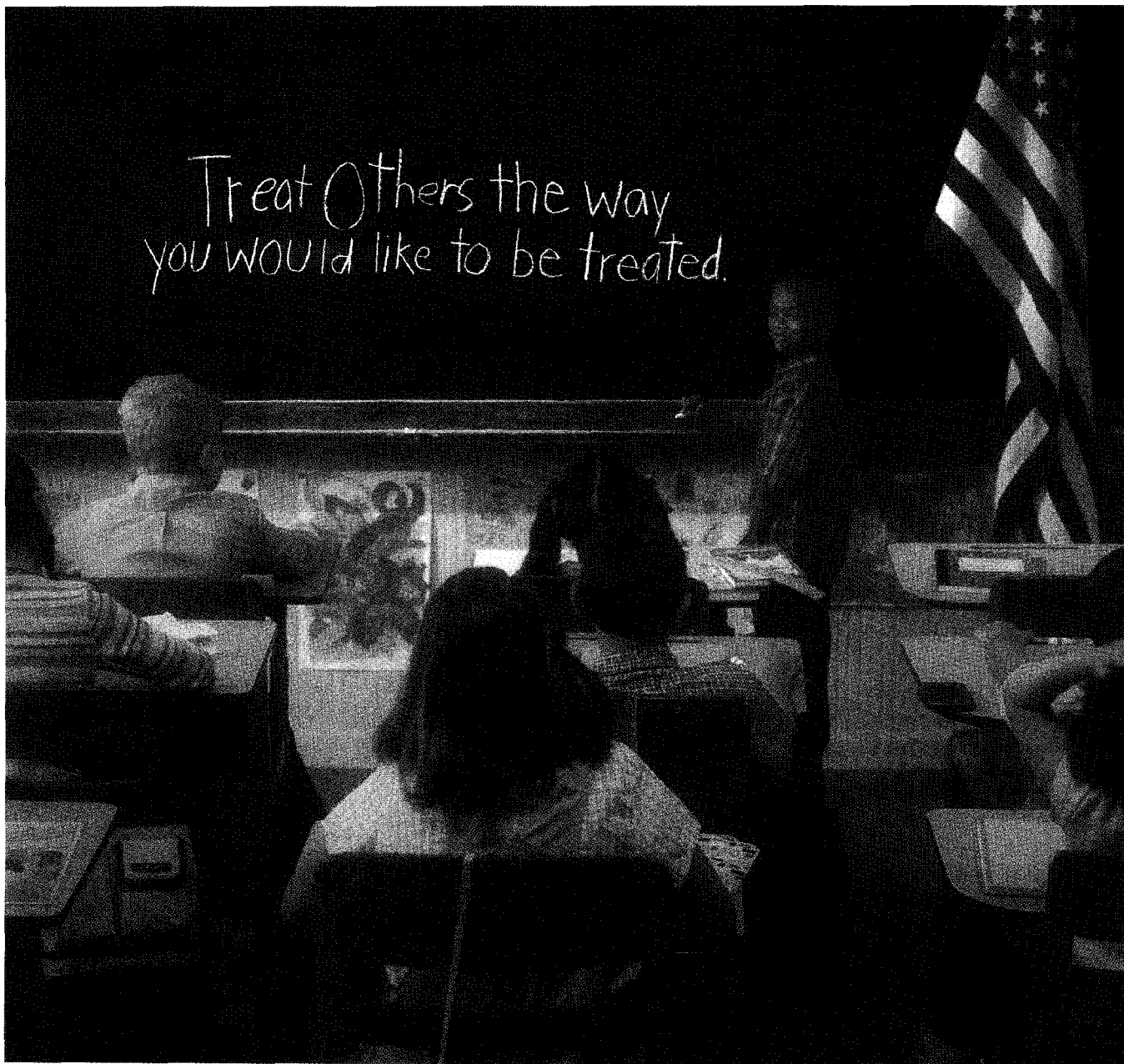
I know that Doctor is not here yet; I can always tell when he is in a room—the air warms and condenses almost imperceptibly, and its weight tilts me gently in his direction, as if I were borne aloft on the high end of a seesaw but losing balance, sliding slowly toward him on the ground. I sit in my chair by the hearth, pinching at my cheeks to redden them, and wave away Miss Wight's attempts at conversation. I am almost faint with worry when suddenly the air shimmies with heat and I feel the floorboards tense and then shift heavily—Doctor at last! But he doesn't come near me for a good ten minutes, probably talking with Miss Wight, and I force myself to wait patiently for him, like a lady. I used to run whimpering to him like a puppy whenever he came in, but I have learned to wait, no matter how painful it is. Finally the chair beside me is swung around, and his hand takes mine.

"L," he writes, "you're looking very well."

I am shaking—he must notice—but I write the next line of our customary greeting: "Thank you, Doctor. And you?" This is our little joke, our routine, and now he lifts my hand to his face so that I can feel for myself how well he is looking.

"Oh, yes," I write, as I limn the familiar perfections of his profile, "you look very well." I round the tip of his nose just as he snorts out a laugh, and my fingers catch his delight. "How was your trip?"

He fills my hand with his travels even as he mouths them, allowing my fingers to float in front of his lips so that I can feel the different forces and velocities of the puffs of



***A corporate strategy anyone
can understand.***

It's worked for Protective for almost one hundred years. Offer great products at highly competitive prices and provide the kind of attentive, personal service we'd hope to get from others. Sound too simple? Maybe, but it's helped us become one of the fastest growing companies in the life insurance industry. Isn't it reassuring to know that, "Doing the right thing is smart business"?

Protective 
Doing the right thing is smart business.SM

www.Protective.com

Life Insurance • Annuities • Retirement Savings • Asset Protection Products

Protective Life Corporation, P.O. Box 2606, Birmingham, AL, 35202
PLC-1002 (8-02)

air as he exhales the names of places I will never touch: New York, London, and—in a warm fluff of breath—Paris. “Paris,” he says again (he knows the exquisite pleasure that the rushing air of any “P” gives me), and in my excitement I rub my fingers against his lips. They are soft but slightly dry—chapped, maybe, from riding in the wind. I am pulling open his lower lip with two fingers when he grasps my wrist firmly and pushes my hand down into my lap. I am too bold today; I have never tried to open Doctor’s mouth before. I can tell from the movement of his arm holding mine that he is leaning back and away from me.

“L,” he writes, “what has happened to your head?”

“Nothing,” I reply. “It is fine, as always.”

“It looks like a woodpecker got loose on it. Maybe you have banged it on the bed frame.”

That is what he sees—an *accident*? I cannot write a thing. My hand is limp under his heavy one, and I don’t even let my fingers stray across the beloved hairs on his knuckles.

“Dear L,” he writes, as if composing a letter to me, as if we were still corresponding from a long distance apart, though I am trembling right here in his hands, “I have made a special trip back here just to speak with you.”

And not to see your beloved wife? I want to write.

“After I returned from Europe, I took a train from New York to New Hampshire to see your family.” His fingers stiffen, as if writing is difficult for him, and I worry that he might have contracted the rheumatism. Mama has it,

and she can scarcely bend her fingers to converse with me.

“Mama and Papa are well?” I ask.

“Of course,” he spells. “They miss you very much, and we all think . . .” His fingers stop, only the heat of them hovering above my palm, and then he etches the words into my soul, firmly and furiously. “We all think it best if you go back to New Hampshire to live with them now.”

What happened? Did Julia tell him that I questioned phrenology, or that I hurt her ear? Did Miss Wight tell him? My fingers panic; they scabble all over his palm, paw at his arm; I am squeezing his hands, reaching for his face. Doctor pulls away until I stop moving and sit perfectly still, my hands shaking but folded in my lap. After an eternity he reaches for my hand again and spells into it very slowly.

“Your education is finished here, L. We have nothing else to teach you.”

I write as deliberately as he does, though usually we are so quick with each other that no one else could possibly keep up. “Do you not see that I am ready, Doctor, that I am fit for finer things?”

“Do you mean a convent?” he writes, and I realize that he does not see me at all. I shake my head violently “no” and wipe at the wetness soaking through my fillet.

He pats my hand. “Good. I think you have too much temper for a convent.”

His fingers strike again in the hollow of my palm, but I am thinking about my favorite Bible passage, Mark 7:32–34. “And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit and touched his tongue; And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Eph-phatha, that is, Be opened.”

Every night before I go to sleep, I put my fingers in my ears; I spit and touch my tongue; and, looking up to heaven, I sigh and I write the ancient word upon my hand, I spell it across my forehead, I open my thighs and write the letters down that slope, against that place, the only place, that is as dark and silent as the cave inside my head.

I pull my hands away from Doctor and stand up. “Eph-phatha,” I write across the width of his forehead, between the temples of his ideality, and I laugh because I have finally spelled a word he does not know. I run to the door—it is far fewer steps than twenty-eight when I am running—and down the corridor to my room.

I want to write this all out, but I am denied the pleasure—or pain—of ever being able to read my own words. Doctor will be able to read them, others will be able to read them, but I will not. So I write this out into the air, in a grand and looping cursive, and what is invisible to man will be visible to God. ▀

MOURNING CLOAK

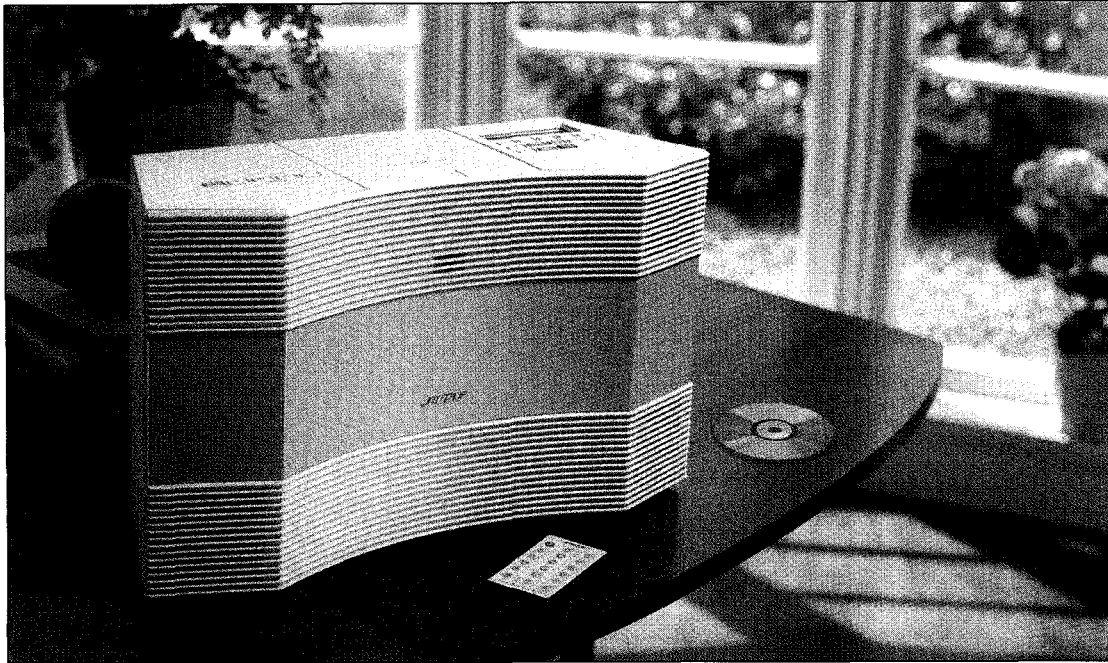
(*Nymphalis antiopa*)

How it burdens, under glass:
the gray shingles of the wings
pressed from flight, slate
or wood grain
once thinned to buoyancy
when this butterfly
peppered streams,
its cloak hemmed
in near glint, grief
worn as lightness,
its crape wild
in the open air
between two sleeps.

—CHRISTINA PUGH

Christina Pugh is a visiting assistant professor of English at Northwestern University. She is the author of the chapbook Gardening at Dusk (2002).

Kimberly Elkins is a New York-based writer who is working toward a master's degree at Florida State University. This story will appear in Best New American Voices 2004, to be published this fall by Harcourt.



It seems small. Until you turn it on.

The Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system. The biggest thing about it is the sound.

It measures just 10.5" H x 18" W x 7.5" D. But turn it on, and you'll hear rich, lifelike, room-filling sound. In fact, the *Chicago Tribune* said the Acoustic Wave® system produces "big, bold sound" that places it "at the forefront of compact music systems." No other system this size produces the same deep lows and full, natural sound.

The key is our patented waveguide speaker technology. Just as a flute strengthens a breath of air to fill a concert hall, the waveguide produces room-filling sound from a small enclosure. It's no wonder the waveguide won its team of Bose engineers the prestigious "Inventor of the Year" award.

Easy-to-use features.

As small as it is, the Acoustic Wave® system is big on features. A handy credit card-sized remote gives you control from your favorite chair. Plus, the CD player, AM/FM radio and three

speakers are all built in, so you'll have no confusing wires or external speakers to hook up. The Acoustic Wave® system even allows you to bring rich Bose sound to your favorite TV shows and movies by easily connecting to your TV, VCR or DVD player. And with a choice of Platinum White or Graphite Gray, it fits almost any décor.

Call to learn about our 30-day in-home trial.

The Acoustic Wave® system is available directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. Call today and listen to the system in your home for 30 days. If you're not completely satisfied, simply return it for a full refund. Be sure to ask about our **12-month interest-free payment plan*** and **free shipping offer**. And if you order by March 31, 2003, we'll include the accessory of your choice at no charge. Choose our Multimedia Pedestal, which easily connects your Acoustic Wave® system to up to four additional audio sources simultaneously. Choose our Power Case and

you can take your Acoustic Wave® system almost anywhere. Or select our Power Microphone, which makes your Acoustic Wave® system ideal for public speaking and singing.

The Acoustic Wave® music system may look small, but just wait until you turn it on.

Choose one accessory FREE when you order by March 31, 2003. A \$149.95 value.



Multimedia Pedestal



Power Case



Power Microphone

**1-800-672-2673,
ext. G5752.**

For information on all our products:
www.bose.com/g5752

Mr./Mrs./Ms.
Name (Please Print)

Address

City State Zip

Daytime Telephone Evening Telephone

Mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. DMGG5752
The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

©2003 Bose Corporation. Patent rights issued and/or pending. The Acoustic Wave® music system design is also a trademark of Bose Corporation. *Installment payment plan, free shipping and free accessory offers not to be combined with any other offer or applied to previous purchases. Your credit card will be debited each month with no interest charges from Bose. Credit card rules and interest may apply. Payment plan available on credit card orders only and subject to change without notice. Quote reprinted with permission: Rich Warren, *Chicago Tribune*, 9/20/96.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jim's classroom is 16,000 feet below sea level...

While at his job excavating sunken Spanish galleons, Jim Sinclair is also studying artifact dispersal on the sea floor in sites such as the Titanic and the Atlantic Sands Shipwreck as part of his degree program. His degree will give him the credentials to take his career to the next level.

At Union Institute & University, learners combine work with study and create challenging undergraduate and graduate programs.

B.A. M.A. M.Ed. M.F.A. Ph.D.



UNION INSTITUTE & UNIVERSITY

www.tui.edu • 800.336.6794

Photo by Steven Frink

BOOKS & CRITICS

THIS MONTH:

The Perils of Partition

"It is the admixture of religion with the national question that has made the problem of partition so toxic." Christopher Hitchens considers the historical and literary aftereffects of the British Empire.

PAGE 99

On the Block

The Master Butchers Singing Club,

by Louise Erdrich,
reviewed by Jon Zobenica

PAGE 108

Return of the Native

*Almost There: The Onward
Journey of a Dublin Woman*,

by Nuala O'Faolain,
reviewed by Caitlin Flanagan

PAGE 108

Not Exactly Everyman

Any Human Heart,
by William Boyd, reviewed
by Brooke Allen

PAGE 110

From Ingénu to Omnivore

Dorian: An Imitation,
by Will Self, reviewed
by Thomas Mallon

PAGE 111

The Victorian Achievement

"Revisiting the Victorian era for lessons of any kind is as hazardous to the historian as to the politician."

Gertrude Himmelfarb takes issue
with A. N. Wilson's latest book,

The Victorians.

PAGE 113

NEW & NOTEWORTHY

What to read this month

BY BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

.....

Readers of this section will have noticed that we subscribe to the poet Samuel Rogers's maxim: Every time a new book is published, read an old one. We regularly review and run essays on previously published works—some from the recent past, some centuries old. Our aim is to discuss, and to help acquaint our readers with, ideas and literature (by which we mean history, biography, and social, cultural, and literary criticism as well as fiction, drama, and poetry)—not simply to report what's *au courant*. The most recent history of, say, the high Middle Ages may be widely reviewed and may bedeck the display tables of all the bookstores, but should the reader turn to it rather than to, for instance, R. W. Southern's captivating *The Making of the Middle Ages*, published in 1953?

Books are a business as well as an art. Every season will see new nonfiction works on old subjects, whether the public needs them or not—and the quality of remakes for books isn't much higher than that for movies. To be sure, scholarship continually accretes; but much of that scholarship is recondite (or irrelevant) and merely conforms to the fads of academe. We'll tell readers about an important new argument, but we also want to highlight the clearest, most intelligent, or most imaginative treatments of a given subject, regardless of their publication date. Fiction, of course, is another matter. Although we regularly re-examine the classics and draw readers' attention to undeservedly neglected older novels and short stories, it's important to assess the trends—encouraging and otherwise—of this constantly evolving art form.

Given our embrace of not-new books, we find two developments particularly heartening. The first is the burgeoning of the chain superstores. For better or worse, when readers want to find a book about a subject, be it mortgages or the Spanish Civil War, most of them browse the shelves of the bookstore, not the library. The chains stock a remarkable number of relatively obscure, not recently published works, which means that stores in suburban malls now have, say, philosophy and ancient-history sections of a breadth and depth that fifteen years ago could be found only in a very few university and urban bookstores. Second, more and more publishing ventures are reissuing old books. Modern Library and Everyman's Library (both revived in the 1990s),



Liberty Fund books and Penguin Classics and Akadine Press and Oxford World's Classics, are now joined by (to name a few) NYRB Classics; Grove Great Lives, which brings back into print extraordinary biographies by eminent authors; Yale's Nota Bene series; and the just launched Hesperus Press, which is finding, and often newly translating, astounding forgotten works. Life is short; one's reading time is considerably shorter. Don't limit yourself to the display tables—choose from among all the volumes in the store.

LITERARY STUDIES

THE BOOK OF PREFACES, edited by *Alasdair Gray* (Bloomsbury). The editor of this exuberant anthology was inspired by William Smellie's 1790 observation that every preface should include "the motives and circumstances which led the author to write on that particular subject." Smellie wrote, "If this plan had been universally observed, a collection of prefaces would have exhibited a short, but curious and useful history both of literature and authors." And indeed this book—containing prefaces by great

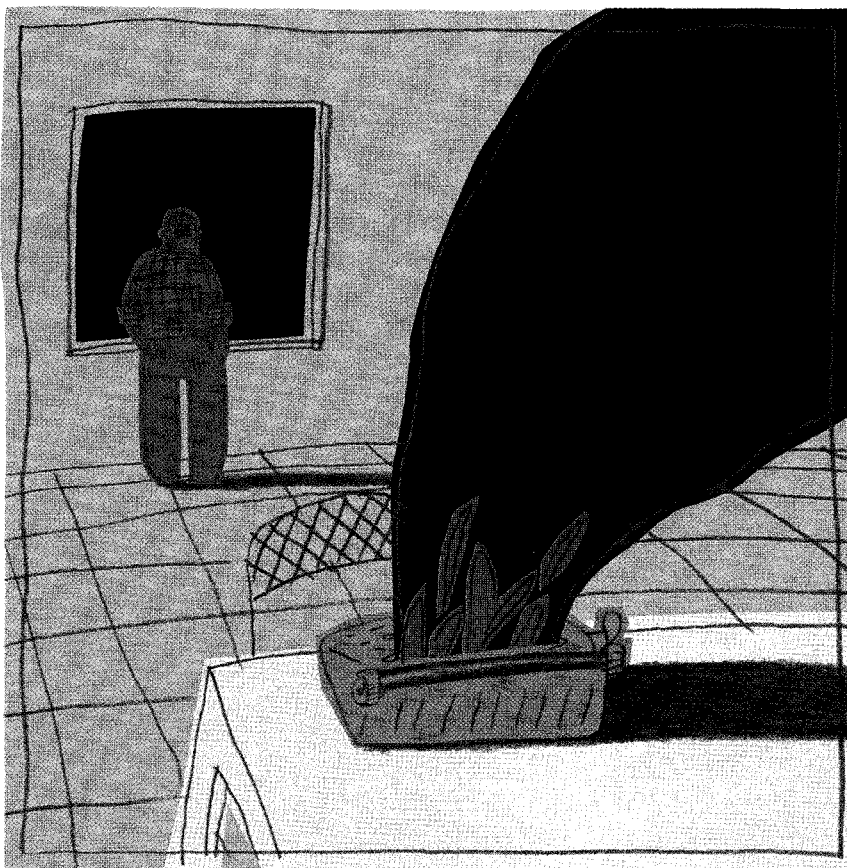
British and American (mostly British) writers from the beginning of vernacular literature to 1918—is an idiosyncratic, illuminating, and, although 640 pages long, succinct survey of Anglo-American civilization. Thanks to its chronological arrangement and concise, perceptive marginal glosses (printed in red—one aspect of the book's sometimes overly whimsical design scheme), readers can see the language change from decade to decade and can discern that a culture's literature is a conversation across centuries. (Hence in his preface to *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley bolsters his "passion for reforming the world" by enlisting Bacon against Malthus and William Paley.) This book is delightful, amusing, and instructive.

HISTORY

GUSTAV STRESEMANN, by *Jonathan Wright* (Oxford). Wright, an Oxford don, has written the first comprehensive biography in English of one of Germany's three greatest diplomats. Gustav Stresemann, the Weimar Republic's Foreign Minister from 1923 to 1929, often characterized himself as "a man of con-

tradition," and his much debated aims and policies embody the enigmas at the heart of the "German problem," which has haunted Europe for over a century. His diplomatic strategy, informed by little more than the stark glare of real-politik, was to maneuver adroitly among the great powers in order to revise, undermine, and finally liquidate the onerous provisions of the Versailles Treaty (involving reparations, disarmament, occupation of the Rhineland, and the frontier with Poland), thus allowing for the safe revival of German strength. This meant, of course, that Germany would eventually emerge as the preponderant power on the Continent. Stresemann, committed to the perhaps irreconcilable values of liberalism and nationalism, professed himself a good European who sought only German equality among the great powers, but because equality—indeed, even security—for Germany meant danger for the rest of Europe, an inherent tension underlay his policies. Stresemann recognized that tension, even if he was unable to resolve it, and it is the greatest tragedy in Europe's history that Weimar's aims would soon be pursued by the Nazis. This is an admirably old-fashioned, academic biography: lucidly and crisply written, it deftly bridges domestic politics and diplomacy and effortlessly synthesizes the enormous body of scholarship in German. Although I find Wright's verdict less convincing (and more charitable) than the older conclusions of Hans Gatzke and Annelise Thimme (whose own biography of Stresemann lacks an English translation), his judicious work is indispensable for understanding both interwar diplomacy—one of the most important and complex subjects of modern history—and the German problem, a conundrum perhaps still with us.

EMPIRE, by *Henry Kamen* (Harper-Collins). Stretching from the Netherlands to the Philippines, the first global empire was Spain's. In his colossal single-volume history, which covers the years 1492 to 1763, Kamen stresses its non-Spanish nature, describing it as an international enterprise that depended on the collaboration of Native Ameri-



GUIDO SCARABOTTOLO

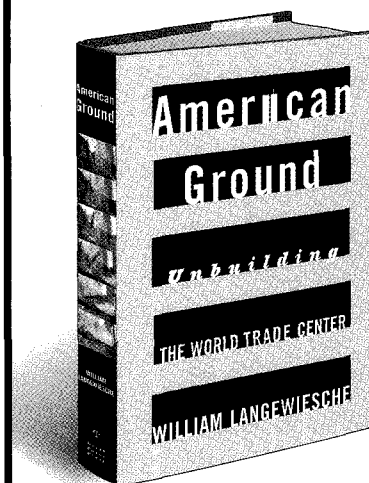
can allies, free mulattoes, Genoese and German bankers, Portuguese sea captains, Chinese traders (in Manila, where in the 1500s the first large colony of Chinese outside the mainland settled and ran the local economy), and Italian, French, Irish, and Polish soldiers. Kamen, probably the most highly regarded historian of early modern Spain, argues this point well, though it's not a revelation. Nearly all the European powers depended on international financial and military resources (though Spain was unusually dependent), and nearly every empire in history has when possible maintained and worked through local hierarchies, because that's the common-sense way to run such an enterprise with a minimum of disturbance and expense. Given the scope of this work, it's not surprising that Kamen treats some aspects of his subject with greater acumen than others; he seems far more at home in his account of the empire in Europe and the Mediterranean—Naples and the Sicilies, Milan and Lombardy, Burgundy and the Netherlands, the campaigns and diplomacy of Charles V and Philip II, the Thirty Years' War, and the wars of the Austrian and Spanish succession—than in the Americas and the Pacific. But this is an important chronicle, written with fluidity and a commanding sweep, along with a sharp eye for telling detail. (Kamen's description, for instance, of the "perilous and lonely voyage" of the Manila galleons—which took six months to sail to Acapulco: the lengthiest continuous navigation in the world—vividly captures both the breadth and the tenuousness of Spain's imperial project.) Kamen concludes with a fascinating, and unanswered, question: How is it that the home of this most cosmopolitan enterprise remained the most parochial and least intellectually creative state in Europe?

THE UPLAND SOUTH, by Terry C. Jordan-Bychkov (Virginia). The South is the most culturally distinct region of the country. But that region itself has always been divided into culturally distinct subregions, such as the Sea Islands and low country of South Carolina and Georgia, the Mississippi Delta, and the Cane River country of

Louisiana. This book examines the largest such subregion, the upland South, which embraces an area from western Maryland to southern Indiana and Illinois to central Texas, with its heart in Tennessee. Anthropologists, geographers, historians, and folklorists never seem to tire in their (often rather fanciful) attempts to define and explicate the upcountry's character. Jordan-Bychkov wisely takes a limited approach. He eschews intangible and often elusive aspects of upland culture—its stark religion and its mournful music, for example—and instead assesses its built environment. Through a detailed and subtle examination of houses, barns, churches, graveyards, and town plans, he illuminates the historical development of the region's culture and the ways it spread through the valleys and hollows of the southern backcountry. This is a small but imaginative and revealing work. For those who like this sort of thing (to paraphrase Apthorpe in Waugh's *Men at Arms*), this is the sort of thing they'll like.

RIGHTEOUS VICTIMS, by Benny Morris (Vintage). Morris's is an extraordinary achievement. First published in 1999, and revised with a chapter added in 2001, this book will long remain a peerless account of the Zionist-Arab conflict from the 1880s until the beginning of this century. Obviously, few subjects are as fraught and intricate, and Morris's chronicle is strenuously objective and detailed—as it must be. But it's far more than authoritative. Nearly every definitive history perforce sags, as the writer balances his evidence, qualifies his arguments, and relates his long and complicated story. This one never does. Among the best-written works of contemporary history I've read, this almost 800-page book displays Morris's skeptical, astringent intelligence in each sentence. He writes with cool command and efficiency on Zionist and Arab ideologies, on British imperial policy, on street fighting, on counterterrorism, and on large-scale military operations, but he is at his very best in his dissection of the two related matters at the heart of the Arab-Israeli dispute: the Zionist assessment of the problem presented by a vast Arab pop-

NATIONAL BESTSELLER



"A genuinely monumental story."

—Publishers Weekly

"Clear-eyed reporting."

—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

"Meticulous."

—Malcolm Jones, *Newsweek*

"Powerfully written."

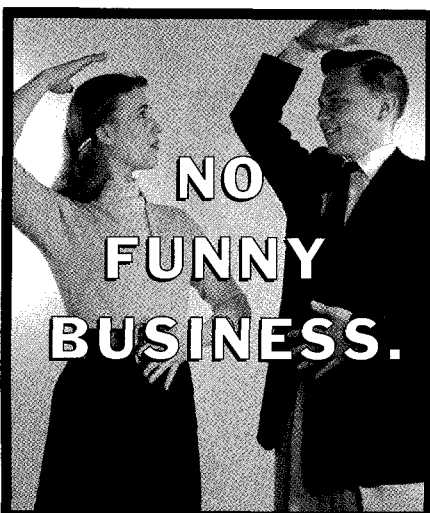
—J. Peder Zane,
Raleigh News and Observer

"Admirably honest."

—David Hinckley,
New York Daily News

 **NORTH POINT PRESS**

A division of Farrar, Straus and Giroux
www.fsgbooks.com



From humor to history, hundreds of books at seriously low prices.

We're not kidding when we say you can save big on top-quality remainder books at Daedalus. Choose from our incredible assortment of topics and titles — all at up to 90% off. There's no club to join. No disclaimers. No tricks. No losers. Just brand new books, the best at less than half the list price. Mysteries, cookbooks, biographies, former bestsellers, kid's classics — even specialty volumes and boxed sets.

What are remainders? They're "surplus" books. The difference between what a publisher prints, and what gets sold. Daedalus sells the best of them to you at great savings. So call today for your free catalog. Or visit our Web site and order online. When you see our low prices, you'll think we're joking. But we're just giving you something to smile about.

daedalusbooks.com

You can also find us at
salebooks.com

Bargain Books At Up To 90% Off

**For a free catalog call
1-800-395-2665**

ulation in a Jewish homeland, and the forces and events that created the Palestinian-refugee problem. Morris doesn't shrink from moral judgment, and his nuanced history endears him to neither party. "The Arabs may well have learned the value of terrorist bombings from the Jews," he notes in a typical aside, but "the Husseinis' chief bomb maker ... had learned his craft in an SS course in Nazi Germany." And in a similarly offhand way he writes of Israel's "corrupting" occupation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, but also points out that "though harsh and often brutal, Israeli rule in general was never as restrictive or repressive as the Palestinians made out." But ultimately Morris triumphs because he sees the conflict in realist, rather than in moral, terms: his is a story of two peoples, each with a history of wrongs committed against the other, and each with reasonable claims to the same land. And in the end, the thrust of Morris's analysis suggests, the aspirations of these two peoples are not amenable to compromise. Anyone wishing to understand a conflict that will preoccupy the world for the foreseeable future must read this book.

MAKING A LIVING IN THE MIDDLE AGES, by *Christopher Dyer* (Yale). This history of Britain's economy from the Vikings to the Reformation is the latest offering from Yale's superb collection of titles on medieval and early-modern social and economic history. These significant scholarly works manage to be unusually engaging reading. With ease Dyer appraises (among other topics) the economic aspects of various dimensions of daily life, including marriage and sex; broad changes in class relations, technology, demography, and the economy; and the ramifications of two sudden catastrophes—the Great Famine and the Black Death of the fourteenth century. His is a sweeping but often intimate portrait, full of arresting details.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

MODERNIZING CHINA'S MILITARY, by *David Shambaugh* (California). This dryly but clearly written, fact-filled account resembles—and reads like—an

exhaustive think-tank report rather than a general-interest book, but it's the definitive study of a contentious foreign-policy subject. Shambaugh examines the Chinese military's ongoing attempt to modernize, an effort largely impelled by its fear of American global preponderance and the U.S. military's concomitant exploitation of the "revolution in military affairs." That revolution, which hinges on the use of information technology, gives the United States a commanding—and ever growing—lead over China and other potential military rivals. Shambaugh soberly makes clear that China is falling further behind on the technology curve; but just as important, he emphasizes factors other than hardware that constrain Beijing's military influence. Despite efforts at reform, China's military remains a rigid and excessively compartmentalized institution. But the organizational demands placed on the command, control, communications, and intelligence structures required to integrate air, land, and naval forces are enormous today and, with continual advances in technology, are growing nearly exponentially. The upshot is that the United States has such a jump on China in its ability to conduct modern warfare that America's military preponderance in East Asia will increase, not diminish, in the coming decades. The conclusions of Shambaugh's sophisticated assessment—which represents the consensus among government and civilian defense and intelligence analysts—are a much needed corrective to the methodologically crude arguments of works that hype the "China threat," such as the 1999 Cox Commission report and Richard Bernstein and Ross H. Munro's *The Coming Conflict With China*. **A**

Benjamin Schwarz is the literary editor of The Atlantic.

Recent books by Atlantic authors:
Moonrise, by Penny Wolfson. St. Martin's Press. A portion of this book first appeared in the December 2001 *Atlantic*, and won a National Magazine Award in 2002.

Harvard and the Unabomber, by Alston Chase. W. W. Norton. A portion of this book first appeared in the June 2000 *Atlantic*.

THE PERILS OF PARTITION

Our author examines the political—and literary—legacy of Britain's policy of "divide and quit"

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

.....

The public, or "political," poems of W. H. Auden, which stretch from his beautiful elegy for Spain and his imperishable reflections on September 1939 and conclude with a magnificent eight-line snarl about the Soviet assault on Czechoslovakia in 1968, are usually considered with only scant reference to his verses about the shameful end of empire in 1947. Edward Mendelson's otherwise meticulous and sensitive biography allots one sentence to Auden's "Partition."

Unbiased at least he was when
he arrived on his mission,
Having never set eyes on this
land he was called to partition
Between two peoples fanatically
at odds,
With their different diets and
incompatible gods.
"Time," they had briefed him in
London, "is short. It's too late
For mutual reconciliation or
rational debate:
The only solution now lies in
separation ..."

Dutifully pulling open my *New York Times* one day last December, I saw that most of page three was given over to an article on a possible solution to the Cyprus "problem." The physical division of this tiny Mediterranean island has become a migraine simultaneously for the European Union (which cannot well allow the abridgment of free movement of people and capital within the borders of a potential member state), for NATO (which would look distinctly foolish if it underwent a huge expansion only to see two of its early members, Greece and Turkey, go to war), for the United Nations (whose own blue-helmeted soldiery has "mediated" the Cyprus dispute since 1964), and for the United States (which is the senior partner and chief armorer of Greece and Turkey, and which would prefer them to concentrate on other, more pressing regional matters).

Flapping through the rest of the

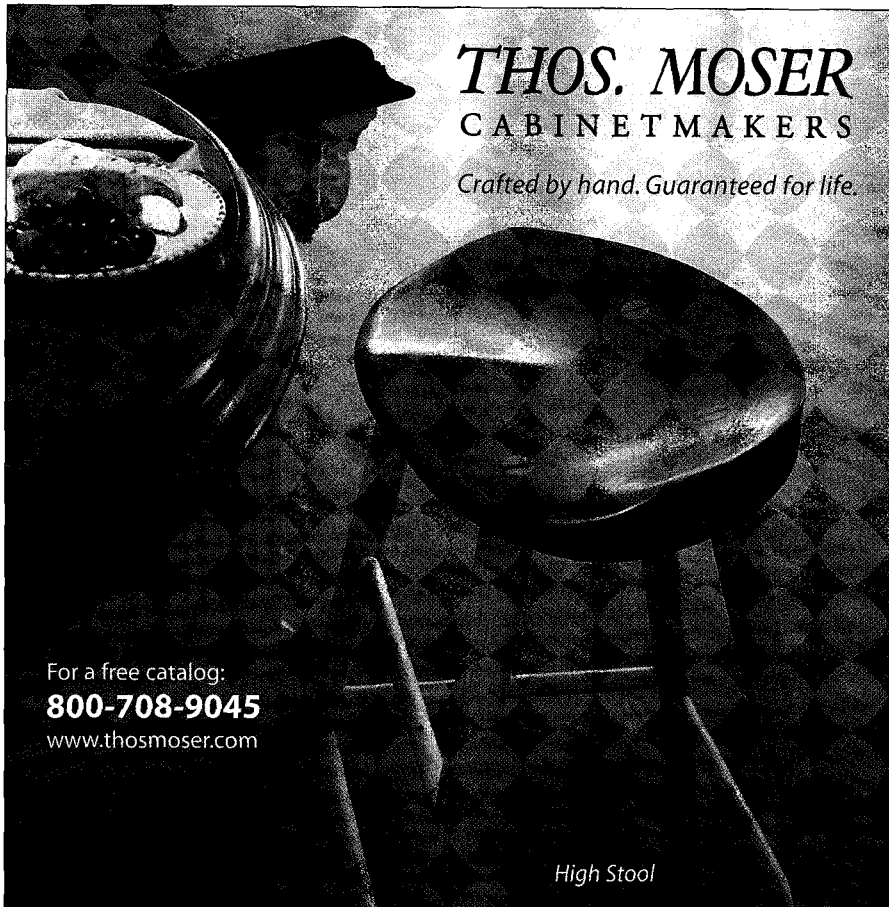
press that day, I found the usual references to the Israeli-Palestinian quarrel, to the state of near war between India and Pakistan (and the state of actual if proxy war that obtains between them in the province of Kashmir), and to the febrile conditions that underlie the truce between Loyalists and Republicans—or "Protestants" and "Catholics"—in Northern Ireland. Casting aside the papers and switching on my e-mail, I received further bulletins from specialist Web sites that monitor the precarious state of affairs along the border

between Iraq and Kuwait, between the hostile factions in Sri Lanka, and even among the citizens of Hong Kong, who were anxiously debating a further attempt by Beijing to bring the former colony under closer control.

There wasn't much happening that day to call a reader's attention to the Falkland Islands, to the resentment between Guatemala and Belize, to the internal quarrels and collapses in Somalia and Eritrea, or to the parlous state of the kingdom of Jordan. However, there was some news concerning the defiance of the citizens of Gibraltar, who had embarrassed their patron or parent British government by in effect refusing the very idea of negotiations with Spain on the future of their tiny and enclaved territory. I have saved the word "British" for as long as I decently can.



TIM BOWER



THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS
Crafted by hand. Guaranteed for life.

For a free catalog:
800-708-9045
www.thosmoser.com

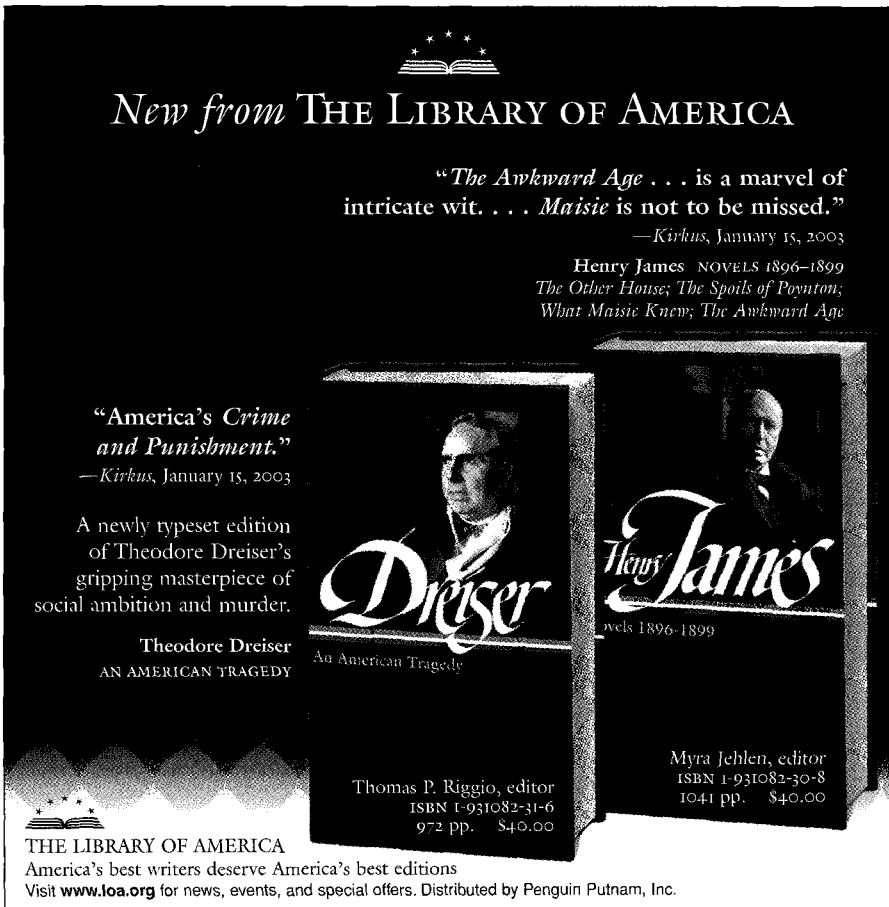
High Stool

In the modern world the “fault lines” and “flash points” of journalistic shorthand are astonishingly often the consequence of frontiers created ad hoc by British imperialism. In her own 1959 poem Marya Mannes wrote,

Borders are scratched across the
hearts of men
By strangers with a calm, judicial
pen,
And when the borders bleed we
watch with dread
The lines of ink across the map
turn red.

Her somewhat trite sanguinary image is considerably modified when one remembers that most of the lines or gashes would not have been there if the map hadn't been colored red in the first place. No sooner had the wider world discovered the Pashtun question, after September 11, 2001, than it became both natural and urgent to inquire why the Pashtun people appeared to live half in Afghanistan and half in Pakistan. Sir Henry Mortimer Durand had decreed so in 1893 with an imperious gesture, and his arbitrary demarcation is still known as the Durand Line. Sir Mark Sykes (with his French counterpart, Georges Picot) in 1916 concocted an apportionment of the Middle East that would separate Lebanon from Syria and Palestine from Jordan. Sir Percy Cox in 1922 fatefully determined that a portion of what had hitherto been notionally Iraqi territory would henceforth be known as Kuwait. The English half spy and half archaeologist Gertrude Bell in her letters described walking through the desert sands after World War I, tracing the new boundary of Iraq and Saudi Arabia with her walking stick. The congested, hypertense crossing point of the River Jordan, between Jordan “proper” and the Israeli-held West Bank, is to this day known as the Allenby Bridge, after T. E. Lawrence's commander. And it fell to Sir Cyril Radcliffe to fix the frontiers of India and Pakistan—or, rather, to carve a Pakistani state out of what had formerly been known as India. Auden again:

“The Viceroy thinks, as you will
see from his letter,
That the less you are seen in his
company the better,



New from **THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA**

“*The Awkward Age . . . is a marvel of intricate wit. . . . Maisie is not to be missed.*”
—*Kirkus*, January 15, 2003

Henry James NOVELS 1896–1899
The Other House; The Spoils of Poynton; What Maisie Knew; The Awkward Age

“America's *Crime and Punishment.*”
—*Kirkus*, January 15, 2003

A newly typeset edition of Theodore Dreiser's gripping masterpiece of social ambition and murder.

Theodore Dreiser
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Thomas P. Riggio, editor
ISBN 1-931082-31-6
972 pp. \$40.00

Henry James
NOVELS 1896–1899

Myra Jehlen, editor
ISBN 1-931082-30-8
1041 pp. \$40.00

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
America's best writers deserve America's best editions
Visit www.loa.org for news, events, and special offers. Distributed by Penguin Putnam, Inc.

So we've arranged to provide you
with other accommodation.
We can give you four judges, two
Moslem and two Hindu,
To consult with, but the final
decision must rest with you."

Probably the best-known literary account of this grand historic irony is *Midnight's Children*, the panoptic novel that introduced Salman Rushdie to a global audience. One should never employ the word "irony" cheaply. But the Subcontinent attained self-government, and also suffered a deep and lasting wound, at precisely the moment that separated August 14 and 15 of 1947. Rushdie's conceit—of a nation as a child simultaneously born, disputed, and sundered—has Solomonic roots. Parturition and partition become almost synonymous. Was partition the price of independence, or was independence the price of partition?

It is this question, I believe, that lends the issue its enduring and agonizing fascination. Many important nations achieved their liberation, if we agree to use the terminology of the post-Woodrow Wilson era (or their statehood, to put it more neutrally), on what one might call gunpoint conditions. Thus the Irish, who were the first since 1776 to break out of the British Empire, were told in 1921 that they could have an independent state or a united state but not both. A few years earlier Arthur Balfour had made a declaration concerning Palestine that in effect promised its territory to two competing nationalities. In 1960 the British government informed the people of Cyprus that they must accept a conditional post-colonial independence or face an outright division of their island between Greece and Turkey (not, it is worth emphasizing, between the indigenous Greek and Turkish Cypriots). They sullenly signed the treaty, handing over a chunk of Cyprus to permanent and sovereign British bases, which made it a potentially tripartite partition but also inscribed all the future intercommunal misery in one instrument: a treaty to which no party had acceded in good faith.

But it seemed to be enough, at the time, to cover an inglorious British re-

treat. And here another irony forces itself upon us. The whole ostensible plan behind empire was long-term, and centripetal. From the eighteenth to the twentieth century the British sent out lawyers, architects, designers, doctors, and civil servants, not merely to help collect the revenues of exploitation but to embark on nation-building. Yet at the moment of crux it was suddenly remembered that the proud and patient mother country had more-urgent business at home. To complete the Auden version:

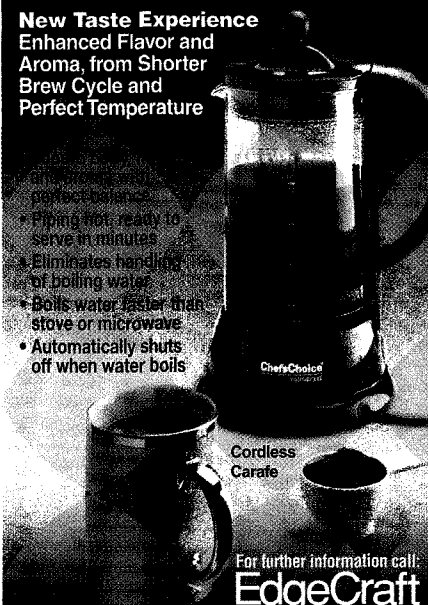
Shut up in a lonely mansion, with
police night and day
Patrolling the gardens to keep
the assassins away,
He got down to work, to the task
of settling the fate
Of millions. The maps at his
disposal were out of date
And the Census Returns almost
certainly incorrect,
But there was no time to check
them, no time to inspect.

The true term for this is "betrayal," as Auden so strongly suggests, because the only thinkable justification for the occupation of someone else's territory and the displacement of someone else's culture is the testable, honorable intention of applying an impartial justice, a disinterested administration, and an even hand as regards bandits and sectarians. In the absence of such ambitions, or the resolve to complete them, the British would have done better to stay on their fog-girt island and not make such high-toned claims for themselves. The peoples of India would have found their own way, without tutelage and on a different timetable. Yet Marx and Mill and Macaulay, in their different fashions, felt that the encounter between England and India was fertile and dynamic and revolutionary, and now we have an entire Anglo-Indian literature and cuisine and social fusion that seem to testify to the point. (Rushdie prefers the phrase "Indo-Anglian," to express the tremendous influence of the English language on Indian authorship, and who would want to argue? There may well be almost as many adult speakers of English in India as there are in the United Kingdom, and at the upper and even middle levels they seem to speak and write it rather better.)

Choice
Electric French Press-Plus™

The Perfect Cup of Coffee
Piping Hot - Fast & Simple

New Taste Experience
Enhanced Flavor and
Aroma, from Shorter
Brew Cycle and
Perfect Temperature



Cordless Carafe

For further information call:
EdgeCraft
A Passion to Create the World's Best™
(800) 342-3255
www.edgecraft.com

©2003 EdgeCraft Corporation

INFINITY BANGLE



The perfect way to say "forever."
Sterling silver \$65, or 14k gold \$375. Also
as a ring in Sterling \$35 or 14k Gold \$100.
Add \$5 handling. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Catalog available. 800-767-6411
or breakell.com

J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. AMIB, Newport, RI 02840

thebrightspot.com



Free catalog and website of Arts &
Crafts, Mission, Prairie, Mica and
Tiffany style lamps, fixtures, tables.
(Dale Tiffany's 3-Square 27" Craftsman)

The Bright Spot, Inc.
Catalog 1-800-736-0126
Web: thebrightspot.com

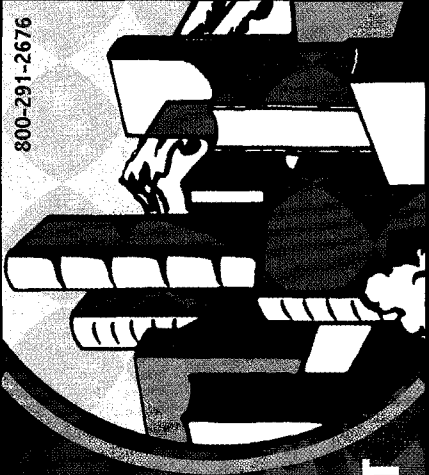
All about Villas

Before your next trip to Europe, read
COUNTRYSIDE VACATIONS newsletter

- Evaluations of villa rental companies
- Villa reviews by seasoned travelers
- Tips on local restaurants, shops, & tourist sites

Call for your free issue!
888-505-8800
www.countryside-vacations.com

800-291-2676



Visit scenic
powell.com

"Powell's biggest asset may lie in what it isn't:
It ain't Amazon, and so it attracts a slice of
Web customers who detest corporate gigantism
and cozy up to Powell's intimate, independent feel."
Forbes magazine

USED • NEW • RARE • OUT-OF-PRINT

Powell's City of Books. Since 1971.

The element of tragedy here is arguably implicit in the whole imperial project. Ever since Rome conquered and partitioned Gaul, the best-known colonial precept has been *divide et impera*—"divide and rule." Yet after the initial subjugation the name of the task soon becomes the more soothing "civilizing mission," and a high value is placed on lofty, balanced, unifying administration. Later comes the point at which the colonized outgrow the rule of the remote and chilly exploiters, and then it will often be found convenient for the governor or the district commissioner to play upon the tribal or confessional differences among his subjects. From proclaiming that withdrawal, let alone partition, is the very last thing they will do, the colonial authorities move to ensure that these are the very last things they do do. The contradiction is perfectly captured in the memoir of the marvelously named Sir Penderel Moon, one of the last British administrators in India, who mordantly titled his book *Divide and Quit*.

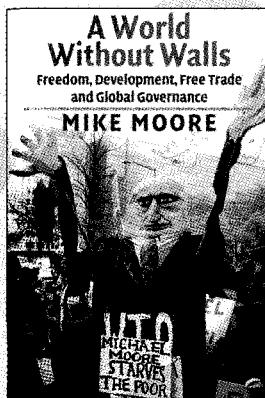
The events he records occurred beyond half a century ago. But in the more immediate past it was Lords Carrington and Owen—both senior graduates of the British Foreign Office—who advanced the ethnic cantonization of Bosnia-Herzegovina. It was Lord Carrington who (just before Nelson Mandela was released from prison) proposed that South Africa be split into a white Afrikaner reservation, a Zulu area, and a free-for-all among various other peoples. It was Sir Anthony Eden who helpfully suggested in 1954 that the United States might consider a division of Vietnam into "North" and "South" at the close of the French colonial fiasco. Cold War partitions or geopolitical partitions, such as those imposed in Germany, Vietnam, and Korea, are to be distinguished from those arising from the preconditions of empire. But there is a degree of overlap even here (especially in the case of Vietnam and also, later, of Cyprus). As a general rule it can be stated that all partitions except that of Germany have led to war or another partition or both. Or that they threaten to do so.

Pakistan had been an independent state for only a quarter century when its

restive Bengali "east wing" broke away to become Bangladesh. And in the process of that separation a Muslim army put a Muslim people to the sword—rather discrediting and degrading the original concept of a "faith-based" nationality. Cyprus was attacked by Greece and invaded by Turkey within fourteen years of its quasi-partitioned independence, and a huge and costly international effort is now under way to redraw the resulting frontiers so that they bear some relation to local ethnic proportions. Every day brings tidings of a fresh effort to revise the 1947–1948 cease-fire lines in Palestine (sometimes known as the 1967 borders), which were originally the result of a clumsy partition of the initial British Mandate. In Northern Ireland the number of Catholic citizens now approaches the number of Protestant ones, so that the terms "minority" and "majority" will soon take on new meaning. When that time arrives, we can be sure that demands will be renewed for a re-division of the Six Counties, roughly east and west of the Bann River. As for Kashmir, where local politics have been almost petrified since the arbitrary 1947 decision to become India's only Muslim-majority state, it is openly suggested that the outcome will be a three-way split into the part of Kashmir already occupied by Pakistan, the non-Muslim regions dominated by India, and the central valley where most Kashmiris actually dwell. In all the above cases there has been continuous strife, often spreading to neighboring countries, of the sort that partition was supposedly designed to prevent or solve. Harry Coomer (Hari Kumar), the Anglo-Indian protagonist of Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet*, sees it all coming when he writes to an English friend in 1940,

I think that there's no doubt that in the last twenty years—whether intentionally or not—the English have succeeded in dividing and ruling, and the kind of conversation I hear ... makes me realise the extent to which the English now seem to depend upon the divisions in Indian political opinion perpetuating their own rule at least until after the war, if not for some time beyond it. They are saying openly that it is "no good leaving the bloody country because there's no Indian party representative to hand it

PAMPER YOUR INTELLECT

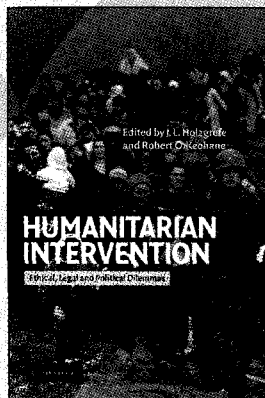


A World Without Walls

Mike Moore

"Mike Moore makes a strong case for the benefits of free trade and open markets. But he warns that global governance needs to be rethought to cope with the challenges of globalization. A wide-ranging and thought-provoking book."

—George Soros, author of
George Soros on Globalization
0-521-82701-9 Hardback \$28.00

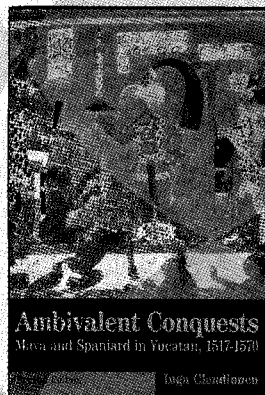


Humanitarian Intervention

J.L. Holzgrefe and
Robert O. Keohane, Editors

"A learned and stimulating collection of very fine essays on the political, moral and legal aspects of humanitarian intervention."

—Stanley Hoffman,
Center for European Studies,
Harvard University
0-521-82198-3 Hardback \$70.00
0-521-52928-X Paperback \$25.00



Ambivalent Conquests

Second Edition

Inga Clendinnen

"This is a splendid book by a gifted historian."

—*American Historical Review*
0-521-82031-6 Hardback \$50.00
0-521-52731-7 Paperback \$18.00



Natural Rights and the Right to Choose

Hadley Arkes

"This is a philosophical page-turner where the shocker is not who-done-it but what was done in the name of law."

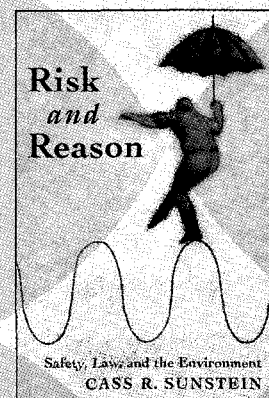
—Mary Ann Glendon,
Learned Hand Professor of
Law, Harvard Law School
0-521-81218-6 Hardback \$28.00

Risk and Reason

Cass R. Sunstein

"...excellent book...
This book could not be
more timely."

—*Financial Times*
0-521-79199-5 Hardback \$30.00

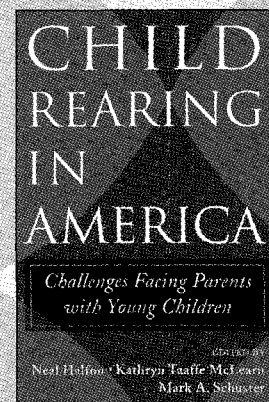


Child Rearing in America

Neal Halfon,
Kathryn Taaffe McLearn, and
Mark A. Schuster, Editors

"The findings of *Child Rearing in America* are sometimes shocking and frequently sobering, but always they represent a sense of hope."

—Edward Zigler,
Yale University
0-521-81320-4 Hardback \$65.00
0-521-01264-3 Paperback \$24.00

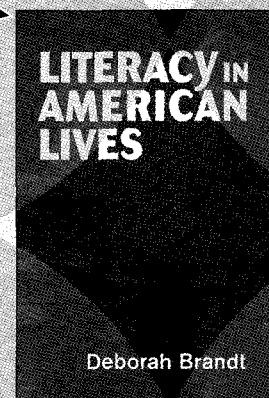


Literacy in American Lives

Deborah Brandt

"Brandt pushes us to reconsider many settled assumptions about how people learn to read and write, and she does it in lyrical prose that is a pleasure to read."

—*Rhetoric Review*
0-521-78315-1 Hardback \$60.00
0-521-00306-7 Paperback \$22.00

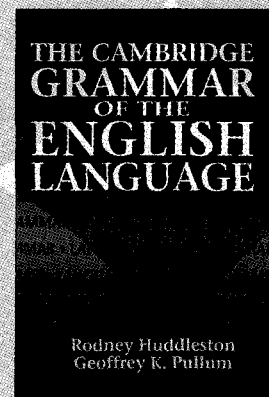


The Cambridge Grammar of the English Language

Rodney Huddleston and
Geoffrey K. Pullum

"...one of the most superb works of academic scholarship ever to appear on the English linguistics scene."

—*Australian Book Review*
0-521-43146-8 Hardback \$160.00



At better bookstores

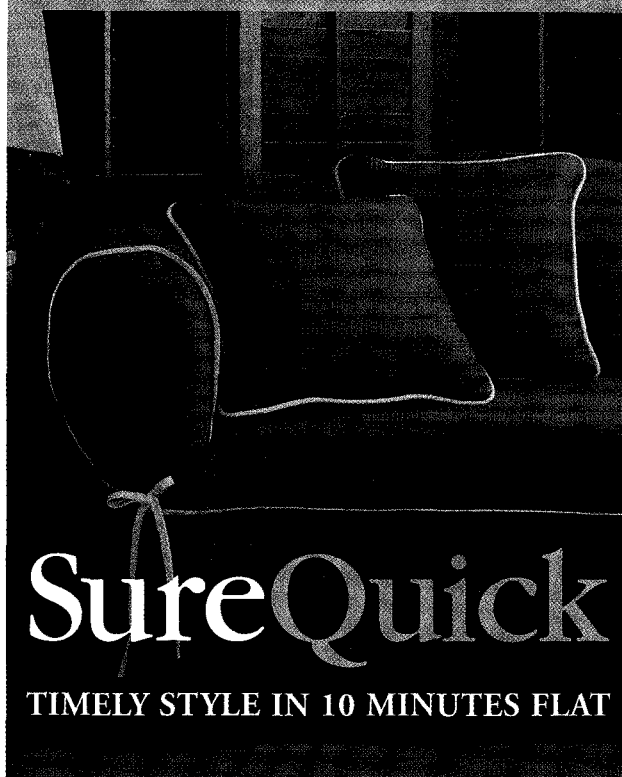


CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS

www.cambridge.org

SURE FIT SLIPCOVERS

We fit your style™



In the time it takes to
brew a pot of coffee,
you can give your
room a makeover.
Our durable, washable
slipcovers come in
dozens of terrific
fabrics, patterns and
colors. When you want
a change, think
fast...think of us.

For a FREE
catalog call
1 800 517 0318
or visit
SUREFIT.COM

Speak a Foreign Language? Speak It Better.

Champs-Élysées (from France), *Schau ins Land* (from Germany), *Puerta del Sol* (from Spain), and *Acquerello italiano* (from Italy)—uniquely lively “audiomagazines,” guaranteed to reenergize your language study or your money back!

These hour-long audio periodicals, produced in Europe by top broadcasters and journalists, sound like public radio in a foreign language. Each edition comes with a booklet containing a transcript, glossary, and extensive annotation.

From New York to London to Singapore, thousands of passionate Europhiles are buzzing about this innovative way to stay in touch with the languages they love. Get details by calling 1-800-824-0829, or visit our Web site at <http://ads.audiomagazine.com/AN38>.



“...better than a language course”
—about.com

over to.” They prefer Muslims to Hindus (because of the closer affinity that exists between God and Allah than exists between God and the Brahma), are constitutionally predisposed to Indian princes, emotionally affected by the thought of untouchables, and mad keen about the peasants who look upon any Raj as God ...

This is the fictional equivalent of Anita Inder Singh’s diagnosis, in *The Origins of the Partition of India 1936–1947*:

The Labour government’s directive to the Cabinet Mission in March 1946 stressed that power would only be transferred to Indians if they agreed to a settlement which would safeguard British military and economic interests in India. But in February 1947, the Labour government announced that it would wind up the Raj by June 1948, even if no agreement had emerged. Less than four months later, Lord Mountbatten announced that the British would transfer power on 15 August 1947, suggesting that much happened before this interval which persuaded the British to bring forward the date for terminating the empire by almost one year. Also, the British have often claimed that they had to partition because the Indian parties failed to agree. But until the early 1940s the differences between them had been a pretext for the British to reject the Congress demand for independence ...

Sigmund Freud once wrote an essay concerning “the narcissism of the minor differences.” He pointed out that the most vicious and irreconcilable quarrels often arise between peoples who are to most outward appearances nearly identical. In Sri Lanka the distinction between Tamils and Sinhalese is barely noticeable to the visitor. But the Sinhalese can tell the difference, and the indigenous Tamils know as well the difference between themselves and the Tamils later imported from South India by the British to pick the tea. It is precisely the intimacy and inwardness of the partition impulse that makes it so tempting to demagogues and opportunists. The 1921 partition of Ireland was not just a division of the island but a division of the northeastern province of Ulster. Historically this province contained nine counties. But only four—Antrim, Armagh, Derry, and Down—had anything like a stable Protestant majority.

Three others—Monaghan, Cavan, and Donegal—were overwhelmingly Catholic. The line of pro-British partition attempted to annex the maximum amount of territory with the minimum number of Catholic and nationalist voters. Two largely Catholic counties, Fermanagh and Tyrone, petitioned to be excluded from the “Unionist” project. But a mere four counties were thought to be incompatible with a separate state; so the partition of Ireland, into twenty-six counties versus six, was also the fracturing of Ulster.

In a similar manner, the partition of India involved the subdivision of the ancient territories of Punjab and Bengal. The peoples here spoke the same language, shared the same ancestry, and had long inhabited the same territory. But they were abruptly forced to choose between one side of a frontier and the other, on the basis of religion alone. And then, with this durable scar of division fully established between them, they could fall to quarreling further about religion among themselves. The infinite and punishing consequences of this can be seen to the present day, through the secession of Bangladesh, the Sunni-Shia fratricide in Pakistan, the intra-Pashtun rivalry, and the sinister and dangerous recent attempt to define India (which still has more Muslims on its soil than Pakistan does) as a Hindu state. To say nothing of Kashmir. This “solution,” with its enormous military wastage and potentially catastrophic nuclear potential, must count as one of the great moral and political failures in recent human history. One of Paul Scott’s most admirable minor characters is Lady Ethel Manners, the widow of a former British governor, who exclaims about the “midnight” of 1947,

The creation of Pakistan is our crowning failure. I can’t bear it ... Our only justification for two hundred years of power was unification. But we’ve divided one composite nation into two and everyone at home goes round saying what a swell the new Viceroy is for getting it sorted out so quickly.

The year 1947 was obviously an unpropitious one for laying down your “confessional state” or “post-colonial partition” vintage. The Arabs of Pales-

tine, who gave place to a half-promised British-sponsored state for Jews at the same time, are now subdivided into Israeli Arabs, West Bankers, Gazans, Jerusalemites, Jordanians, and the wider Palestinian-refugee diaspora. If at any moment a settlement looks possible between any one of these factions and the Israelis, the claims of another, more afflicted faction promptly arise to neutralize or negate the process. Anton Shammas and David Grossman have both written lucidly, from Arab-Israeli and Jewish-Israeli perspectives respectively, about this balkanization of a society that was fissile enough to begin with. And perhaps that splintering is why Osama bin Laden’s fantasy of a restored caliphate—an undivided Muslim empire, organic and hierarchic and centralized—now exerts its appeal (as did the Nasserite and later the Baath Party dream of a single Arab nation in which the old borders would be subsumed by one glorious whole).

In the preface to his 1904 play *John Bull’s Other Island*, George Bernard Shaw made highly vivid use of the metaphor of fracture or amputation.

A healthy nation is as unconscious of its nationality as a healthy man of his bones. But if you break a nation’s nationality it will think of nothing else but getting it set again. It will listen to no reformer, to no philosopher, to no preacher, until the demand of the Nationalist is granted. It will attend to no business, however vital, except the business of unification and liberation.

This, mark you, was seventeen years before the issue of Irish “liberation” was forcibly counterposed to that of “unification.” “Unionist,” in British terminology, means someone who favors the “union” of the Six Counties of Northern Ireland with the United Kingdom—in other words, someone who favors the disunion of Ireland. Among Greeks the word “unionist” is rendered as “enotist”—someone who supports enosis, or union, between Greece and John Bull’s other European colony, Cyprus. (This is why the Ulster Unionists in Parliament today are among the staunchest supporters of the ultra-nationalist Rauf Denktaş’s breakaway Turkish colony on the island.) And Shaw might have

done well to add that preachers can indeed get attention for their views, while the national question is being debated, as long as they take decided and fervent nationalist positions. Even he would have been startled, if he visited any of these territories today, to find how right he was—and how people discuss their injuries as if they had been inflicted yesterday.

It is the admixture of religion with the national question that has made the problem of partition so toxic. Whether consciously or not, British colonial authorities usually preferred to define and categorize their subjects according to confession. The whole concept of British dominion in Ireland was based on a Protestant ascendancy. In the Subcontinent the empire tended to classify people as Muslim or non-Muslim, partly because the Muslims had been the last conquerors of the region and also because—as Paul Scott cleverly noticed—it found Islam to be at least recognizable in Christian-missionary terms (as opposed to the heathenish polytheism of the Hindus). In Palestine and Cyprus, both of which it took over from the Ottomans, London wrote similar categories into law. As a partially intended consequence, any secular or nonsectarian politician was at a peculiar disadvantage. Many historians tend to forget that the stoutest supporters of Irish independence, at least after the rebellion of 1798, were Protestants or agnostics, from Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone to Charles Stewart Parnell and James Connolly. The leadership of the Indian Congress Party was avowedly nonconfessional, and a prominent part in the struggle for independence was played by Marxist forces that repudiated any definition of nationality by religion. Likewise in Cyprus: the largest political party on the island was Communist, with integrated trade unions and municipalities, and most Turkish Cypriots were secular in temper. The availability of a religious “wedge,” added to the innate or latent appeal of chauvinism and tribalism, was always a godsend to the masters of divide and rule. Among other things, it allowed the authorities to pose as overworked mediators between irreconcilable passions.



Superb Daylilies for Endless Summer Color

Daylilies are the perfect plants for a carefree and colorful summer border because they are vigorous, pest free, and long blooming. We call our premium Daylily Mixture the "Unique 50" because it's made up of 50 seedlings, each different, and together they provide a glorious and varied display in shades of red, yellow, orange, and pink. Our mixture has been blended with care to provide the longest possible season of bloom in sun or light shade, beginning in late June.

Named varieties of Daylilies are expensive but these seedlings are available to us directly from the breeder at a price that's impossible to match. We offer big, healthy, blooming-size plants, 50 for only **\$69 plus shipping**. The collection is sent with complete instructions, at the right time for spring planting.

To receive our new catalogue or to order your Unique 50, item S83076, call us at 1-800-503-9624 or visit www.whiteflowerfarm.com. Please mention Source Code 31059.

White Flower Farm

GARDENING BEGINS HERE
PO BOX 50, LITCHFIELD, CT 06759-0050

Indeed, part of the trouble with partition is that it relies for its implementation on local partitionists. It may also rely on an unspoken symbiosis between them—a covert handshake between apparent enemies. The grand mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al-Husseini, was in many ways unrepresentative of the Palestinian peasantry of the 1930s and 1940s (and it does not do to forget that perhaps 20 percent of Palestinians are Christian). But his clerical authority made him a useful (if somewhat distasteful) "notable" from the viewpoint of the colonial power, and his virulent sectarianism was invaluable to the harder-line Zionists, who needed only to reprint his speeches. Many Indian Muslims refused their support to Mohammed Ali Jinnah, but once Britain became bent on partition, it automatically conferred authority on his Muslim League as being the "realistic" expression of the community. British policy also helped the emergence of Rauf Denktaş, whose violence was principally directed at those Turkish Cypriots who did not want an apartheid solution. More recently, in Bosnia, the West (encouraged by Lords Carrington and Owen) made the fatal error of assuming that the hardest-line demagogues were the most authentic representatives of their communities. Thus men who could never win a truly democratic election—and have not won one since—were given the immense prestige of being invited as recognized delegates to the negotiating table. Interviewing the Serbian Orthodox fanatics who had proclaimed an artificial "Republica Srpska" on stolen and cleansed Bosnian soil, John Burns of *The New York Times* was surprised to find them citing the example of Denktaş's separate state in Cyprus as a precedent. (The usual colloquial curse word for "Muslim," in Serb circles, is "Turk." But there is such a thing as brotherhood under the skin, and even xenophobes can practice their own perverse form of internationalism.) Most of these men are now either in prison or on the run, but they lasted long enough to see Bosnia-Herzegovina subjected to an almost terminal experience of partition and subpartition, splitting like

an amoeba among Serb, Croat, and (in the Bihac enclave) Muslim bandits. Now, under the paternal wing of Lord Ashdown, the governorship of Bosnia is based on centripetal rather than centrifugal principles. But his stewardship as commissioner originates with the European Union.

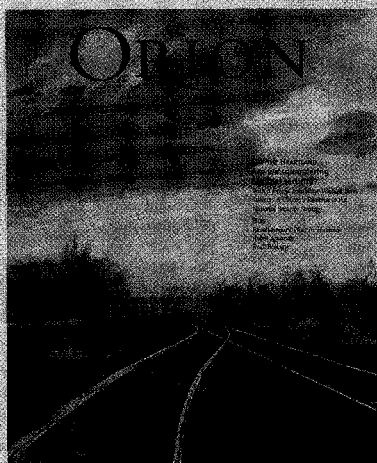
The straight capitalist and socialist rationality of the EU—where "Union" means what it says and where frontiers are bad for business as well as a reproach to the old left-internationalist ideal—is in bizarre contrast to the lived experience of partition. The time-zone difference between India and Pakistan, for example, is half an hour. That's a nicely irrational and arbitrary slice out of daily life. In Cyprus, the difference between the clocks in the Greek and Turkish sectors is an hour—but it's the only in-country north-south time change that I am aware of, and it operates on two sides of the same capital city. In my "time," I have traversed the border post at the old Ledra Palace hotel in the center of Nicosia, where a whole stretch of the city is frozen at the precise moment of "cease-fire" in 1974, when everything went into suspended animation. I have been frisked at the Allenby Bridge and at the Gaza crossing between Israel and the "Palestinian authority." I have looked at the Korean DMZ from both sides, been ordered from a car by British soldiers on the Donegal border of Northern Ireland, been pushed around at Checkpoint Charlie on the old Berlin Wall, and been held up for bribes by soldiers at the Atari crossing on Kipling's old "Grand Trunk Road" between Lahore and Amritsar—the only stage at which the Indo-Pakistan frontier can be legally negotiated on land. In no case was it possible to lose a sense of the surreal, as if the border was actually carved into the air rather than the roadway. Rushdie succeeds in weaving magical realism out of this in *Midnight's Children*: "Mr Kemal, who wanted nothing to do with Partition, was fond of saying, 'Here's proof of the folly of the scheme! Those [Muslim] Leaguers plan to abscond with a whole thirty minutes! Time Without Partitions,' Mr Kemal cried, 'That's the ticket!'"

There is a good deal of easy analysis on offer these days, to the effect that Islam was the big loser from colonialism, and is entitled to a measure of self-pity in consequence. The evidence doesn't quite bear this out. In India the British were openly partial to the Muslim side, and helped to midwife the first modern state consecrated to Islam. In Cyprus they favored the Turks. In the Middle East the Muslim Hashemite and Saudi dynasties—rivals for the guardianship of the holy places—benefited as much as anyone from the imperial carve-up. Had there been a British partition of Eritrea after 1945, as was proposed, the Muslims would have been the beneficiaries of it. No, the Muslim claim is better stated as resentment over the loss of the Islamic empire: an entirely distinct grievance. There were Muslim losers in Palestine and elsewhere, mostly among the powerless and landless, but the big losers were those of all creeds and of none who believed in modernity and had transcended tribalism.

The largely secular Muslims of Bosnia and Kosovo were, however, the main victims of the cave-in to partition in the former Yugoslavia, and are now the chief beneficiaries of that policy's reversal. They were also among the first to test the improvised but increasingly systematic world order, in which rescue operations are undertaken from the developed world, assisted by a nexus of nongovernmental organizations, and then mutate into semi-permanent administrations. "Empire" is the word employed by some hubristic American intellectuals for this new dominion. A series of uncovenanted mandates, for failed states or former abattoir regimes, is more likely to be the real picture. And the relevant boundaries still descend from Sir Percy, Sir Henry, and Sir Cyril, who, as Auden phrased it, "quickly forgot the case, as a good lawyer must." However we confront this inheritance of responsibility (should it be called the global man's burden?), the British past is replete with lessons on how not to discharge it. ▀

Christopher Hitchens is a columnist for Vanity Fair. His most recent book, Why Orwell Matters, was published last year.

the nature of change



ORION

Culture, Creativity, and Change

In the March/April
issue of Orion

WENDELL BERRY

Cry the Heartland

How the new National Security
Strategy switches America's moral
direction in the world.

plus
Revolutionary Plots in Havana
Robot Iguanas
Real Ecology

How to get ORION?

Read excerpts or request a FREE COPY online at
www.oriononline.org, or call toll free 888-909-6568.

oriononline.org

Paul Fredrick white 100% cotton dress shirt
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE \$19.95

(Regularly \$36.50 - \$44.50)

Order today. Call
1-800-247-1417
or visit
PaulFredrick.com/shirts

When placing your order specify
promotional code WSHIA4.
Shipping charges extra.
Limit four shirts per customer.
Offer expires 3/31/03.

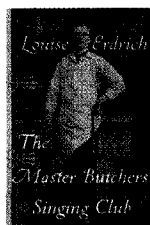
Crafted impeccably of pure 100% long
staple cotton broadcloth. Available in six
collar styles, button or French cuffs and three
fit alternatives (Regular, Big & Tall or Trim)

PAUL FREDRICK
MEN'S STYLE

BOOKS
ON THE BLOCK

.....

Fidelis Waldvogel, a crack German sniper, returns from the trenches of World War I, marries a fallen comrade's pregnant fiancée, and then sets out for America, with a suitcase full of smoked sausages and carving knives, to begin life as a new and different kind of butcher. Any novel featuring a sniper turned butcher is bound to contain the occasional outrage, but not even Fidelis, proficient as he is, can run up a body count—or make such strangely tidy work of it—as Erdrich herself does in this, her latest dispatch from the fictional Argus, North Dakota.



THE MASTER BUTCHERS SINGING CLUB
by Louise Erdrich
HarperCollins

"Tidy" because the seemingly complex gears that drive the novel's interlocking story lines are primarily just variations on that simplest of dramatic devices, death. From the very start almost every plot shift, major or minor, is occasioned by someone's or something's being struck down—on the battlefield or by cancer, on purpose or by accident, in the prime of life or in good time. And yet with each such occurrence Erdrich ever more determinedly affirms life, what she calls "a precious feat of daring." In compactly graceful prose she uses death to reveal the unexpected and quite often wonderful legacies of each life, any life, no matter how insignificant, accidental, or mis-spent that life may have appeared. (In a synthesis of themes, the story culminates in a near death that is at once the book's most gruesome scene and its most triumphant revelation.) But need so many die that Erdrich's laudable sentiment might live? After a time the novel slips toward melodrama, and the reader, among others, suffers a certain attrition.

Early on, in a typically felicitous passage, we're told of Fidelis's father's butchering skills: "His father, having practiced all his life, hardly seemed to move his hands as the animal fell into

increasingly civilized circles and predictable shapes. On a block set before him, its creatureliness disappeared and it entered, as Fidelis saw it, a higher and more satisfactory form of being." Something similar might be said of Erdrich's characters, whom she too readily marches into the killing chute in order to serve up choice cuts of human spirit. The results, though civilized, satisfying, and life-affirming, make for a less than lifelike tale. —JON ZOENICA

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

.....

The Irish journalist Nuala O'Faolain's 1996 memoir, *Are You Somebody?*, became a best seller in America and a sensation in Ireland. Like *Angela's Ashes*, it was published during a momentous period in that country, when countless Irish people were uniting in outraged opposition to some of Ireland's most entrenched and brutalizing forces, including the Catholic Church, alcoholism, child neglect, and an oppressive patriarchy. O'Faolain's life was profoundly shaped by all these forces, and so many readers found a version of their own experience in her story that the book became politically important. "Ireland changed," O'Faolain notes simply and accurately in the preface to the paperback edition, "and I was to be both an agent of change and a beneficiary of it."

If O'Faolain's new memoir, *Almost There*, is far less powerful, that is only because her subject is minor: the book chronicles her experiences since the publication of *Are You Somebody?* "The story is a parable," she tells us, "about miracles that might happen to anyone in middle age." And indeed, much of the book is rosy. O'Faolain reports that she has surfaced from a deep depression in these past few years. By adopting some much-loved animals and then by reaching out to new friends and to her siblings, she has conquered the

loneliness that marked so much of her life. Many of these anecdotes, particularly those about her siblings, who shared her desperately unhappy childhood, are affecting. O'Faolain writes so well and is in possession of such a keen intellect—not to mention that greatest of Irish traits, wit—that her remarks on a variety of subjects, from the indignities of middle age to the complexities of Irish America, are always engaging, even if they lack some unifying principle to give them a greater, combined effect.

However, although I admire O'Faolain's literary achievements, I find much of her behavior, as recounted in *Almost There*, questionable. For someone to identify herself as a feminist—as she passionately does—yet to have affairs with married men is, at best, hypocritical. Granted, she possesses more than the usual amount of self-knowledge about this contradiction: "It is an evidently wrong thing to do—for one woman to use her freedoms to secretly steal from a woman who is less free," she correctly notes. Still, her last affair ended not because she acted on this noble insight but because she got dumped.

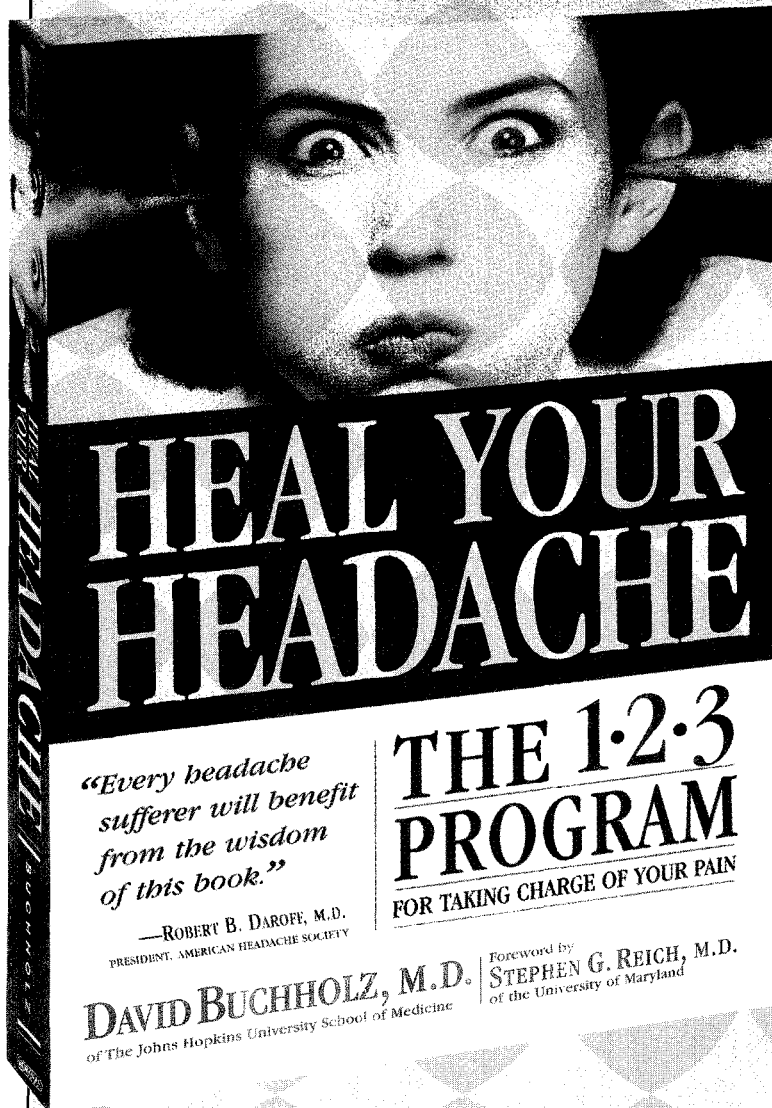


ALMOST THERE: THE ONWARD JOURNEY OF A DUBLIN WOMAN
by Nuala O'Faolain
Riverhead Books

Consider, too, one of the "miracles" she describes in the book's first chapter: she is at long last helping to raise a child. Whether that child—the daughter of the man who is the current object of O'Faolain's fickle sexual and romantic attraction—will come to regard her exposure to O'Faolain as equally miraculous remains to be seen. O'Faolain is intensely jealous of her lover's attentions, and she rails against the child's share of them: "I have no interest whatsoever in eight-year-old girls," she tells him at the beginning of one sickening harangue, and "We have to have Christmas the way she always had it or she'll be upset? Tell me you're kidding!" O'Faolain reproduces six of these ugly rants, apparently as a kind of public confession. But what about their effect on the poor girl who will surely read them one day, or on the girl's mother, who is helpless to protect her child from someone whose interests clearly run counter to the girl's? I must ask of O'Faolain and her kind: Why bother to cripple the patriarchy when women

“Every headache sufferer will benefit from the wisdom of this book.”

—ROBERT B. DAROFF, M.D., President, American Headache Society



From the “Headache Doctor of Last Resort,” a revolutionary approach to headaches—endorsed by neurologists, embraced by patients.

In three simple steps headache sufferers can regain control of their lives. The breakthrough program of Johns Hopkins neurologist Dr. David Buchholz begins with the understanding that nearly all headaches, including “tension” and “sinus,” are forms of migraine: a built-in mechanism that you can control by 1) Avoiding the “quick fix,” 2) Reducing your trigger load, and 3) Raising your migraine threshold. Long-term headache relief is finally and truly attainable.

“Sound, practical advice for the millions of people who needlessly suffer from headaches.”

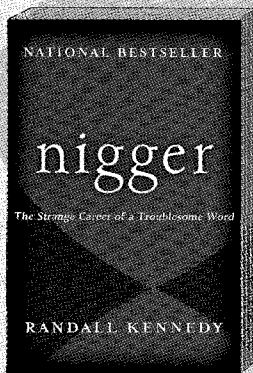
—RICHARD B. LIPTON, M.D., Professor of Neurology, Albert Einstein College of Medicine;
Immediate Past President, American Headache Society; Chair, American Council on Headache Education

Available wherever books are sold.

WORKMAN PUBLISHING

www.workman.com

new nonfiction in paperback



"Provocative...engaging and informative."
—*The New York Times*

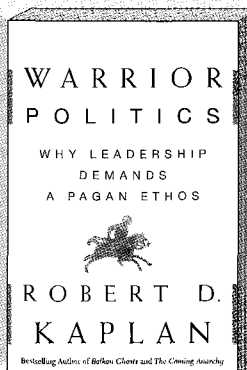
"Detailed, well-researched.... Kennedy boils centuries of usage—in conversation, literature, legal proceedings—down to the most pertinent and instructive."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

With a New Introduction and Afterword

"One of America's most engaging writers on contemporary international affairs."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"While Washington is filled with journalists seeking information from the military, the military seeks information from Kaplan."
—*The Washington Post*

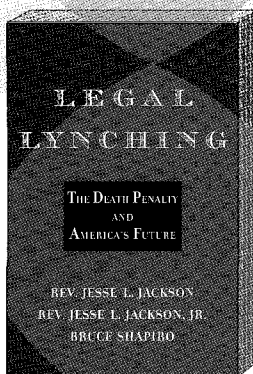
Bestselling author of *Balkan Ghosts*



"A strong indictment of how the death penalty is applied in this country."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"Might well convince even the staunchest supporters that America's machinery of death has run its course."
—*The Washington Post Book World*

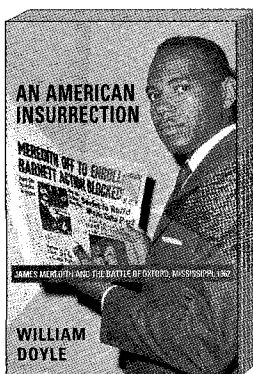
With a New Afterword



"Riveting.... Superb.... A wonderfully readable history of the brain and of memory."
—*San Francisco Chronicle Book Review*

"A remarkable addition to the literature of the science of the mind.... Perfectly balanced between sorrow and wonder, devastation and awe."
—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

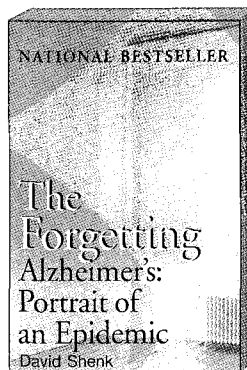
With a New Afterword



From the author of *Inside the Oval Office*

"One of the best narratives to chronicle the epic contest between African-Americans bent on freedom and their most fanatic opponents."
—*San Jose Mercury News*

"A balanced narrative filled with fresh and important details."
—*The New York Review of Books*



NOT EXACTLY EVERYMAN

.....

Like Boyd's *The New Confessions* (1988), a fictional autobiography, his new novel takes one man on a voyage through the twentieth century. In this case the voyager is an Englishman named Logan Mountstuart (b. 1906, Uruguay; d. 1991, France), who tells the story of his peripatetic, eventful, and not always dignified life through a series of journal entries. Mountstuart tends to be where the action is, sometimes unwillingly. He is a schoolboy in England during World War I and a student at Oxford during the post-war period. He is a hot young novelist in Paris during the glory years of the 1920s. He covers the Spanish Civil War as a journalist, is involved in naval intelligence in World War II, becomes an art dealer in booming New York during the 1950s, witnesses the war in Biafra, and, as a well-meaning valetudinarian, gets himself into a ludicrous pickle with the Baader-Meinhof gang. He marries three times, once happily. On his erratic way he runs into a motley group of celebrities that includes Picasso, Ian Fleming, Ernest Hemingway, Larry Rivers, and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who play a sinister role in Mountstuart's life.

But the novel is very much more than a travelogue through the past century. It is a reflection on the shape of individual lives: the themes, the repetitions, the true and false friendships; the way we are inevitably diverted from the straight courses we wish to pursue; the near impossibility of imposing meaning onto our experiences. Boyd has named his book *Any Human Heart*, but Mountstuart is not exactly Everyman: he is far more generous, forgiving, and free than most of us. He is also more amusing, and more amused by



ANY HUMAN HEART
by William Boyd
Knopf

 **ANCHOR BOOKS**

 **VINTAGE BOOKS**

Find author tour information, preview upcoming titles, read author interviews and excerpts, and more at www.vintagebooks.com and www.anchorbooks.com

life; he makes an extremely attractive central character. Boyd is one of the most skillful and appealing writers at work today, endowed with both a great natural vitality and an increasingly sophisticated humanism. —*BROOKE ALLEN*

FROM INGÉNU TO OMNIVORE

.....

It was inevitable—and what's more, it's a piece of luck—that Will Self would get around to writing an updated version of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. His fiction, from *Cock & Bull* (1993) through *Grey Area* (1996) and *Tough, Tough Toys for Tough, Tough Boys* (1999), has been full of doppelgängers and replicants, and the story of a depraved man who gets to keep his looks while his portrait ages was bound to appeal to a writer who, near the beginning of his career, posited a "Quantity Theory of Insanity," according to which "any attempts to palliate manifestations of insanity in one sector of society can only result in their upsurge in some other area of society." Oscar Wilde's novel is a similar zero-sum game, between Art and Nature.

In *Dorian*, which takes place from 1981 to the late 1990s, the painter Basil Hallward now goes by the nickname "Baz," and the oil portrait of the eponymous pretty boy has become a piece of conceptual art on nine video monitors; nonetheless, it works the same magic of surrogate decay. Hallward and Dorian remain in thrall to Lord Henry Wotton, a mannered, married, epigram-spouting arriviste, under whose lizardlike tutelage the new Dorian progresses, rather as before, from "ingénu to omnivore." He eventually far exceeds his mentor in every form of excess and depravity. And yet by the early 1990s it's Wotton who's in and out of an AIDS ward, while Dorian remains immune from the least wrinkle, let alone HIV.

Writing a whole *fin de siècle* later, Self has, not surprisingly, upped the sex-and-violence quotient beyond anything

Wilde could have dared. It gives away nothing to say that Dorian (still) kills Basil Hallward, but what a difference a century makes when it comes to the corpse! "Had it not been for the red jagged tear in the neck," Wilde wrote, "and the clotted black pool that was slowly widening on the table, one would have said that the man was simply asleep." Self's Baz winds up as "a large helping of person purée."

If the gay sex in *Dorian Gray* was fuzzily implied (Wilde could even deny it was there from the witness box at his first trial), in *Dorian* it's generically explicit. Self writes much better about drug taking, a subject of long-standing personal experience and literary virtuosity for him. AIDS, in which drugs can figure along with sex, is a sort of chilling bonanza for this author, who produces some of the most arresting images of the disease since Adam Mars-Jones's stories in *The Darker Proof* (1988). Self writes,

The quivering shaft of Eros's arrow ... was loosed and flew up Shaftesbury Avenue, a deathly love missile aimed by the renters straight at the junkies who huddled outside Hall's the chemist. The junkies caught it, transformed it into a hypodermic and flung it right back down again.

Wilde, in a moment of thrill-seeking aestheticism, pronounced Dorian a "son of Love and Death"; in Self's book there's nothing abstract about the coitus and spawn of those two things.

Parallel hunting between one novel and the other makes for readerly pleasure (as near as I can tell, the pretty actress Sibyl Vane, thrown over by the original Dorian, has become Herman, the cute mop-topped addict), but Self would have no chance at all if he couldn't at least hold a candle to Wilde's nonstop cleverness and wordplay. A fool's dare for a writer? Probably; but Self stays in the game to a remarkable extent, pronouncing Dorian a "jaded raptor"; noting the Harrods mannequin "squeezed inside a ... tube of Versace"; telling us that the lights in Wotton's house "gushed wanness." He does his best to imitate the master's style ("Pleasure is Nature's credit rating"), and more than once has Wotton actually quote Wilde, with only the most minor variation and no attri-



DORIAN: AN IMITATION
by Will Self
Grove Press



"Powell's biggest asset
may lie in what it isn't:

It ain't Amazon, and so it
attracts a slice of Web
customers who detest
corporate gigantism and
cozy up to Powell's intimate,
independent feel."

Forbes magazine

Visit Scenic
powells.com

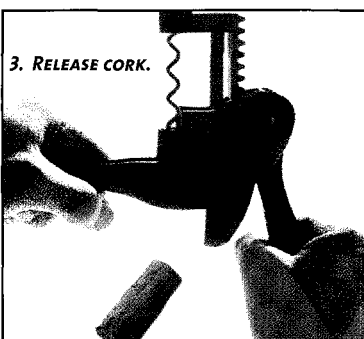
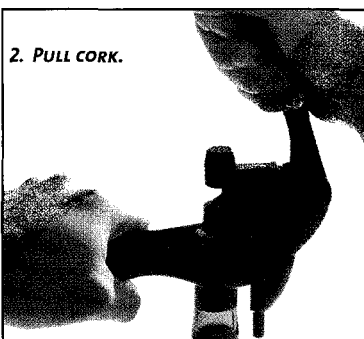
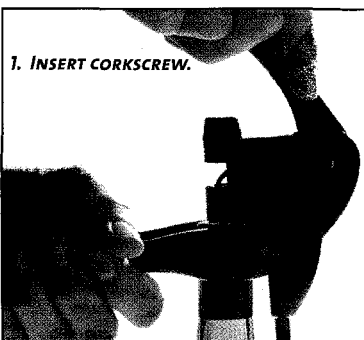
Powell's City of Books. Since 1971.

**USED • NEW • RARE
OUT-OF-PRINT**

800-291-2676

RABBIT POPS

WHEN THE RABBIT™ CORKSCREW
POPS A CORK EASY AS 1,2,3-
THAT'S MUSIC FOR WINE LOVERS.



Where to go Rabbit hunting:
Amazon.com, Bloomingdale's,
Crate & Barrel, Foley's,
Frontgate Catalog, Lord and Taylor,
Robinsons-May, Sur La Table
or your favorite wine store.

rabbit
corkscrew
by Metrokane

SEE THE RABBIT RUN AT WWW.METROKANE.COM
D430, 994 AND OTHER US PATENTS

bution: "I shall have to die beyond my means"; "For Baz to have died once would have been unfortunate; for him to die twice looks like carelessness." It is pointless to think of this as thievery, because the modernized *Dorian* creates a world in which Wilde's existence cannot be allowed to have occurred. Had he ever lived, all the current characters would be on to the plot, not to mention the odd coincidence of their own names. Wilde's banishment amid the continuation of all else is a curious homage, a reverse index of immortal stature.

Like his precursor, Self has made the nature of wit one of his novel's themes. His Wotton defines a witticism as "merely the half-life of an emotion," and the AIDS-stricken Baz comes to think of epigram itself as a sort of disease: "He was being swept away by this snide cataract ... with quipsters vying for opportunities to torpedo meaningful conversation." Wilde famously prefaced *Dorian Gray* with an assertion that would later play a part in sending him to prison: "There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all." This is the Wotton position, but Wilde actually had his doubts. The original *Dorian* insists that he was corrupted by Wotton's present of J. K. Huysmans's decadent novel *À Rebours*—unnamed in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, but acknowledged by Wilde to be the work he had in mind when his narrator asserted that "Dorian Gray had been poisoned by a book." In Self's *Dorian* it's a nice touch, a deliberate tribute to verbal potency, that the corrupting gift is not some current literary analogue of Huysmans's book but still *À Rebours* itself.

The new Wotton doesn't give the new *Dorian* a copy of *American Psycho*—the book one almost expects will turn up, because Self sees the Bret Easton Ellis novel as a serious critique of society's moral decay. And moral decay is something Self has not been embarrassed to say he's bothered by. He has written of his belief in evil as something resident in the world and our natures; while discussing serial murderers, in 1994, he declared himself "inclined to see both the killers and the society that obsessively contemplates them as involved in

a colossal fabrication of collective memory and moral perception." Wilde got much more agitated about hypocrisy than murder.

Even though Self is now past forty, his exuberant talents remain annoyingly free from certain kinds of editorial discipline. His narrative voice can be less stable than a unicycle, and he still has the tendency to get so bored with his own literary enterprises that he will light out, sometimes in midbook, for an entirely new plot or theme. In *Dorian* that happens only toward the end, in a variation on the old it-was-all-a-dream palinode. Self's epilogue reveals the wildly homicidal *Dorian* to have been a fictional send-up by Henry Wotton—that is, what we've been reading all along was the late Lord's meanspirited novel. The "real" *Dorian* turns out to be an entrepreneurial, PC, New Labour-voting, mainstreamed gay man with a "mature pride in homosexual identity—not a pride based on militant identification with an underclass, or a persecuted ethnic minority, but the true pride that came with assuming the responsibility proper to an era, when for the first time gay men and lesbian women were openly assuming positions of power." Which is to say, a puffed-up real-life type just begging to be satirized.

The Age of Diana, of which this third *Dorian* is a representative part, has in many ways, however incidentally, been Self's best subject all along. The novel runs from the princess's wedding to her funeral, and nothing fires up the author like the "Royal Fag Hag," whose "grazed heart [cries] out for a Band-aid, while she shops 'til every last equerry drops." But Self's closer-to-real-life satirical epilogue, where he can really go to town on all this, gets started too late, and even before its twenty pages are fully under way, the author retreats from social texturing back into phantasmagoria. This is a shame, because as good as much of *Dorian* is, the epilogue goes it one better.

Even so, no matter: Di's era will always be there, forever young on a million videotapes, for Self to come back to, long after its participants have gotten, as Nature intended, the faces they deserve. —THOMAS MALLON



BOOKS

THE VICTORIAN ACHIEVEMENT

A usually sophisticated writer indulges in simple-minded animus against Victorian England—which deserves better

BY GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

.....

My copy of *The Victorians* came in the same post as a clipping from the (London) *Daily Telegraph*. The article opens, "Revisiting the Victorian era for lessons to apply in the 21st century may seem an unwise venture for a Conservative." Yet the Shadow Home Secretary is reported as doing just that—drawing on the Victorians for lessons about the youth crimes that are plaguing Britain today.

Revisiting the Victorian era for lessons of any kind is as hazardous to the historian as to the politician. Indeed, the very idea of drawing lessons from history is dubious. Parallels between past and present are never quite parallel, and looking to the past for such guidance is apt to distort the past as much as the present. But even if we are wary of drawing lessons,

we can appreciate the ideas and values that have shaped history, giving it form and substance and making it more than "just one damned thing after another."

A. N. Wilson's latest book, *The Victorians*, prompts reflections on the nature and writing of history as much as on the Victorians themselves. A notably prolific writer (rivalled in his country only by

Paul Johnson), Wilson is a newspaper columnist and also the author of many novels; of biographies of such formidable subjects as Jesus,

Saint Paul, Milton, Tolstoy, and C. S. Lewis; and of other books including *God's Funeral*, a study of the decline (not quite demise) of religious faith in the nineteenth century. This new book is no less formidable than the others but very different in tone and organization.

THE VICTORIANS

by A. N. Wilson

W. W. Norton

In 600-odd pages Wilson gives us a decade-by-decade, sometimes almost a year-by-year, account of the Victorian age—forty-three chapters covering sixty-four years.

This chronological approach may be suitable to a biography, as the unfolding life of a single person has a coherence of its own. It is anything but coherent, however, when dozens of persons and events—political, military, economic, social, cultural, scientific, technological—jostle one another and vie for space in a ten- or twenty-page chapter. The kaleidoscope is halted occasionally to capture some interesting scenes. "The Victorians in Italy," for example, features Gladstone, Dickens, Ruskin, the Brownings; one can hardly go wrong with that cast of characters. The Crimean War produces a more or less sustained narrative, enlivened (sometimes distractingly) by the menus and recipes prepared by the famous French chef who volunteered his services in Balaklava. And the tragic drama of the famine in Ireland is retold with great passion—noting the judgment of historians who, without belittling the plight of the Irish, claim that the tragedy

The ultimate China & Yangtze River experience.

Pacific Delight Tours' tradition of superb quality and innovation is reflected in our GOLDVACATIONS®—extraordinary examples of personal discovery and life-enriching journeys.

Travel in style with a small, select group. Enjoy distinguished deluxe hotels and the comfort of cabin suites on the Yangtze River, with private shore excursions daily. Exceptional culinary and cultural experiences further enhance each GOLDVACATION.

For details see your travel professional or call 1-800-221-7179.



PACIFIC DELIGHT TOURS

A World of Difference®

www.PacificDelightTours.com



could not have been easily averted, but concluding with the observation of Sydney Smith (more famous for his wit than for his wisdom) that the English behaved “with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots.”

Reading this book reminds me of Churchill's memorable complaint about the pudding that “has no theme.” Yet there are recurrent intimations of a theme, or what might be a theme if it were ever seriously developed. The first occurs early in the book, in comments on a conversation between the Queen and one of her courtiers. The exchange is thoroughly banal, consisting of platitudes about the weather and riding. “Nevertheless, as you read of their conversations,” Wilson remarks, “the question which comes most often to mind is—why was there no revolution in Britain in the

the portico, down a long passage, up two flights of stairs, through rooms filled with messengers and clerks, until he reaches his own room with its three tall windows overlooking a brick courtyard. After a brief interruption to take another view of the City—“the epicentre of that rentier world,” where an empire, an economy, and a polity were being built—we return to Mill's long-delayed breakfast: “Immediately, an office-boy brought in John Stuart Mill's boiled egg, tea, bread and butter. It was his first refreshment of the day, and he would eat nothing thereafter until he had walked home.”

Having so graphically located Mill in the office where he worked for thirty-five years, Wilson informs us that what is important is not his work for the East India Company but “the thoughts which passed through his head as he walked

For most historians, the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884, which extended suffrage to almost all adult males, are milestones in the political and social history of Victorian Britain. For Wilson, they are meaningless subterfuges designed to preserve the old order.

GARY WEEKS & CO.
FURNITUREMAKERS
888-334-0307

Sit in a Work of Art
(Handmade Dining Chairs also)

Cherry: \$1500
Maple: \$1500
Walnut: \$1550
Mesquite: \$3500

The Weeks Rocker www.garyweeks.com

ROOM SIZE RAG RUGS
ANTIQUE PERSIANS, DHURRIES, INDO-PERSIANS

~ since 1978 ~

www.79thstreetrugshop.com

ArtFromGreece.Com

Reproductions of Greek and Minoan Art & Jewelry

Enduring elegance, crafted by hand in Greece.

late 1830s and the 1840s?” It is a momentous question, although not one that normally comes to mind while reading of such conversations. And it is not a question that Wilson attempts to answer here.

Nor does he answer it when he next puts the question, in a chapter archly titled “John Stuart Mill's Boiled Egg.” Here, as elsewhere, Wilson alternates between the portentous and the trivial. The chapter opens with a panoramic sweep of the period:

So it was, that throughout this decade [the 1840s], of riots, famine, epidemics; of industrial advancement and economic expansion; of railways and theological controversy; of Dickens-mania and mesmerism; of parliamentary intrigue and social reform; the fragmentation of the Tories and the rising hopes of the Chartists, John Stuart Mill (1806–73) made a daily walk to his office desk in the magnificent Doric building in Leadenhall Street which housed the administrative centre of the East India Company.

We then follow this “thin, serious, sandy-haired figure” as he walks through

through St James's Park, up Fleet Street and past St Paul's Cathedral; or as he ate his boiled egg to the sound of a hundred scratching quill pens in the offices, a hundred church steeples chiming in the rooftops, beyond.” Those thoughts, we are told, made him the pre-eminent British philosopher of the nineteenth century. With that encomium we return to the would-be theme: “If we are trying to find an answer to the question of why Britain did not explode into the revolutionary apocalypses envisioned by his friend Carlyle, part of the answer might be found in the philosophy of John Stuart Mill.”

But again the answer eludes us, because the two remaining pages of this all too brief (five-page) chapter introduce us not to Mill's *On Liberty*, which was indeed one of the most influential works of the century (it is not mentioned here because it belongs to a later decade—although, curiously, it does not appear in that chapter either), but to his *A System of Logic*. One can make a case for *On Liberty* as an antidote to revolution, but

the case for the *Logic* is far more dubious, resting on a single sentence, buried in a long paragraph toward the end of that very long book (almost a thousand pages in some editions), that expresses a belief in a "general tendency" toward improvement. That optimistic creed, Wilson says, shared by "the majority of Victoria's subjects," was evidently sufficient to avert revolution. We are not told, however, why they did share it, "in spite of the horrors they collectively endured during the first decade of her reign," nor what they would have made of Mill's not so optimistic *Principles of Political Economy*, which predicted a halt to improvement and the onset in the not too distant future of a "stationary" economy.

And so it goes, the subject of revolution—or non-revolution—popping up now and again, with Wilson more and more irritated at the failure of the British to rise to the occasion. Thus the Chartist "revolution" failed, we are told, not only because of the show of force by the government, but also because the "Victorians en masse" were more enthusiastic about the Crimean War and the empire than about social justice at home.

There is alas no evidence that a majority, given the chance, would have tried to build a fairer or more equitable society, giving succour to the poor Irish immigrants, the illegitimate waifs and strays in orphanages or workhouses or the mills and factories of the Midlands and the North. This was a ruthless, grabbing, competitive, male-dominated society, stamping on its victims and discarding its weaker members with all the devastating relentlessness of mutant species in Darwin's vision of Nature itself.

This kind of rhetoric, a primitive radicalism that passes as explanation, makes one long for the serious Marxism or neo-Marxism of an Eric Hobsbawm or an E. P. Thompson. Wilson commends one chapter in *Capital* as "eighty of the finest pages ever written by Marx or anyone else on the plight of nineteenth-century factory workers." For Wilson, that chapter is all about the "liberal capitalists" in Parliament who "clawed back" one concession after another in the Factory Acts intended to limit the labor of women and children, thus producing

Solid Hardwood Bookcases

The Soricé System combines modular flexibility with the elegance of Solid Hardwoods.



SORICÉ

Cabinets ship fully assembled.

Impeccably crafted in Solid Oak, Walnut, or Cherry.

Bookcases can be stacked next to and on top of one another to suit your space and requirements.

All Soricé cabinets are compatible, so you can combine storage for your CDs, Movies and A/V Components with your bookcases.

A variety of Wood & Glass Doors are available to complement your decor.

All products are backed by a 30-day money back guarantee and a 5-year warranty!

For Free Color Literature...

Call toll free: 800-895-5241

visit our website at www.sorice.com

e-mail: info@sorice.com

Speak! ¡Hable! Parlez!

Speak Spanish or French NOW
Only \$229*

Pick up a menu and order with ease. Book that charming, secluded European hotel. Reach out to relatives in their native language. With our proven conversational method, you'll start speaking a new language quickly and confidently.

- Relaxed groups of 5 to 10 students meet once a week for 6 weeks.
- Native-fluent instructors.
- Offer valid for Spanish or French. Other languages may also be available.
- With over 70 Language Centers across North America, there's one near you.

Enjoy a trial group lesson on us and enter our drawing for a

FREE
GROUP COURSE!

Tuesday, Mar. 4th or
Apr. 1st at 6:30 p.m.

Berlitz

No Purchase Necessary. Cannot be combined with other offers. Void where prohibited by law.

Call Berlitz today for more information!

1-800-359-0181

Register on-line at www.berlitz.us/enroll

* Price based on minimum group size of 5 people. Tax, materials and \$20 registration fee not included. All major credit cards accepted. Free Group course (retail value \$229) available in Spanish or French only. ©2003 Berlitz Languages, Inc. All rights reserved.

The Toughest Glue On Planet Earth

*Incredibly Strong,
100% Waterproof*

Gorilla Glue

*The Toughest Glue
on Planet Earth*

Bonds:

**Wood, Stone, Metal,
Ceramic, & More!**

INCREDIBLY STRONG • 100% WATERPROOF

www.gorillaglue.com
1-800-966-3458

Adventure Seeker. World Traveler. Different Drummer.

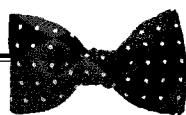
It's not what you're called.
It's what you answer to.

Cultural Explorations of a Different Kind!
Navajo Skies and Star Ceilings:
Astronomy and Cosmology in Diné Culture
October 19-25, 2003



CROW CANYON
ARCHAEOLOGICAL CENTER
1-800-422-8975 www.crowcanyon.org

AMM03



BEAU TIES LTD. of Vermont

Handcrafted silk bow ties & many accessories
800-488-8437 • www.beautiesltd.com

MEN'S WIDE SHOES

EEE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13

- High quality
- 200 styles
- FREE catalog



HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC. 1-800-992-WIDE
Dept. 9B Hingham, MA 02043 www.wideshoes.com

an exploited, stunted, and diseased proletariat. But it was those “capitalists” who provided Marx with the horrific stories featured in that chapter, because they authorized the commissions and factory inspectors whose reports were Marx’s main sources.

It is surprising to find in Wilson, otherwise a sophisticated writer, a simple-minded animus against the “capitalist-industrial maelstrom,” which infects his discussion of the most unlikely subjects. Thus Wordsworth, “with a profound gift of foresight, . . . saw that the growth of the free market, far from promoting liberty, would in fact enslave,” while other great minds of his time addressed themselves to the question “whether the individual can survive, whether the term indeed possesses any meaning in the capitalist jungle.” Gladstone’s opposition to the abolition of slavery in the Colonies is related to the fact that some of his family’s wealth came from sugar plantations in South America; indeed, his whole life—his education at Eton and Christ Church, his marriage into a family of Welsh gentry, his leisure hours studying Homer and Dante—was “underwritten by the sweat of slaves.” And the women’s movement in the 1860s, although at odds with some “bourgeois values,” grew out of “rentier and bourgeois money,” and actually “preserved and underpinned the strength of the class system.”

For most historians, the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884, which extended suffrage to almost all adult males, are milestones in the political and social history of Victorian Britain. For Wilson, they are meaningless subterfuges designed to preserve the old order. The first act prompts the observation that the British system of government was “substantially unaltered” from the time of Disraeli to that of John Major and Tony Blair, retaining “a largely aristocratic (or perhaps oligarchic would be more accurate) form of government.” And the second act elicits the concession that more people were “empowered”—but to what end? “To elect representatives who for the most part perpetuated the system which had placed them there.” According to Wilson, the irrelevance of these reforms—indeed, the irrelevance of Parliament itself—is demonstrated by the fact that the “popu-

lace” rarely divides “along purely class lines,” and by the exclusion of women from that voting populace. “Those who believe that Parliament is an institution with a serious political function might be surprised that the first woman member to take her seat did not do so until 1919 and that the proportion of men to women in Parliament is still in the twenty-first century overwhelming.” One wonders why Wilson bothers to include so much parliamentary history in his book if Parliament had, and continues to have, no “serious political function.”

It is even stranger to find such simplistic views on the subject of religion, about which Wilson has written at great length and more judiciously elsewhere. Here Pius IX’s promulgation of papal infallibility inspires the comment “In a year when one man persuaded the greater part of Christendom that he was infallible, there was surely a corrective, in the reminder [from Darwin] of ‘the wonderfully close similarity between the chimpanzee, orang and man.’” The greatest theologian of the age, Cardinal Newman, fares no better: the *Apologia* is contemptuously dismissed because it is a theological rather than a social tract, obsessively concerned with “squabbles” among churchmen.

Never once in the whole book do we get a sense of the world outside Newman’s college walls—or come to that, outside his own head . . . Never once does Newman’s quest for a perfect orthodoxy, a pure belief in the Incarnate God, appear to prompt him to consider that if God took flesh, then this has social implications, that the Church should be engaged with the lives and plight of the poor.

Those “squabbles” Wilson has such contempt for are about nothing less than the logical and psychological grounds of religious faith—of all faiths. And that “egomaniac” book by a “crotchety Oxford don” is a dramatic tale of a religious odyssey: from Anglicanism to Roman Catholicism and, more generally, from religious liberalism to religious dogmatism. It is remarkable to find the *Apologia* compared unfavorably with Charles Kingsley’s novel *The Water-Babies*, about Tom the chimney-sweep, which is deemed superior not only as a

Get a closer look... 80 times closer with SuperZoom compact binoculars.

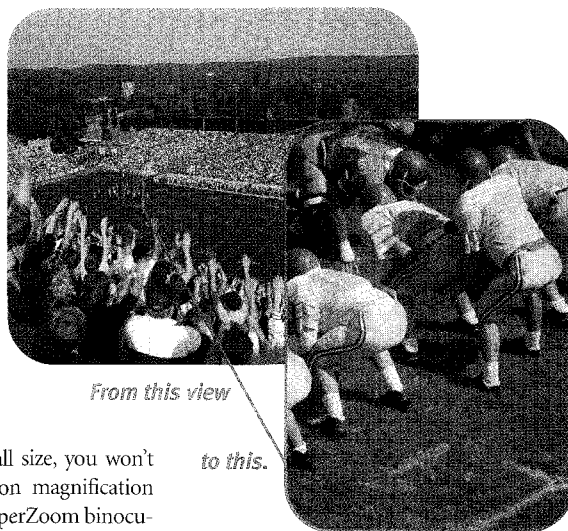
Optical breakthrough brings you closer to the action.

Are you tired of lugging around bulky binoculars on hikes or to sports events? Are your current binoculars too big to fit in your purse for the theater? Have you just skipped on buying binoculars because they are too expensive?

where or when you may want them to take a closer look at the natural world. With excellent zoom capabilities, they clear up distant objects and prevent eyestrain.

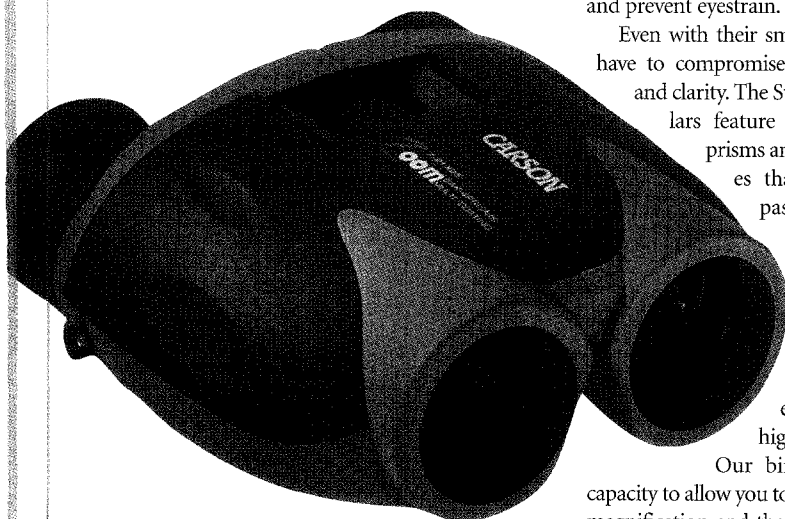
Even with their small size, you won't have to compromise on magnification and clarity. The SuperZoom binoculars feature high performance prisms and ruby coated lenses that provide unsurpassed infrared and ultra-violet protection. The coated lenses were developed using expert optic technology to produce exceptionally sharp, high-contrast images.

Our binoculars have the capacity to allow you to view objects at 20x magnification and then zoom-in for pin-



From this view

to this.



If weight, size, eyestrain, or risk of loss are preventing you from taking your binoculars with you when you want them, Carson SuperZoom compact binoculars are the answer. And, with this special direct offer, they're an exceptional value you just can't miss. They come with the manufacturer's lifetime limited warranty and our 30-day money-back guarantee; if you're not completely satisfied, simply return the binoculars for the full purchase price, no questions asked.

Call now to take advantage of our special direct offer.

Carson SuperZoom Binoculars

~~\$199.95~~ **\$149.95 + S&H.**

Be sure to mention promotional code CSB104 when you call.

Toll-Free 24 hours a day

1-800-222-4106.

To order by mail, please call for details.



We can also accept your check by phone.



14101 Southcross Drive W., Burnsville, MN 55337

High-performance optical technology for today's on-the-go consumer.

- **80x zoom-3 times as powerful as most binoculars**
- **Compact-about half the size of most binoculars**
- **Great for sporting events, bird watching, races, air shows and more.**
- **Can be used with sunglasses**
- **Only 12.5 oz**
- **Affordable**

Binoculars are always useful if you're a bird watcher or sports enthusiast, but many for sale are big, bulky and lack any impressive features despite their high prices.

We have the answer. Introducing optical technology that brings everything 80x closer in a smaller package. The Carson

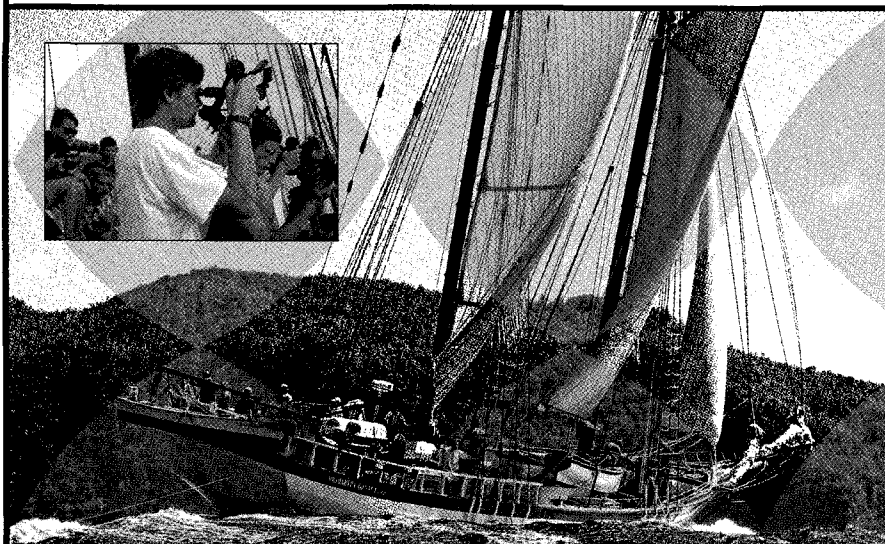
SuperZoom compact binoculars are some of the smallest on the market, and they still include all the features you'll want and need. You never know

point accuracy with 80x power. The center focus knob and independent right diopter adjustment offers maximum focusing capability, all without ever losing sight of the object you are viewing. With its one-touch zoom lever and sure grip finish on the body, you'll never miss seeing the action clearly again with our binoculars. The binoculars also come with a tripod adapter for ultra-still viewing. The designers thought of everything. You can even roll down the comfort eyecups so you can view through your binoculars *while wearing sunglasses*. Complete with protective case with belt loop and a worry-free neck strap, you'll take them everywhere.

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day **800-222-4106**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OCEAN CLASSROOM



High School Term at Sea

aboard the schooners *Harvey Gamage* and *Spirit of Massachusetts*
Challenge the mind, enrich the spirit, through academic excellence and seafaring adventure.

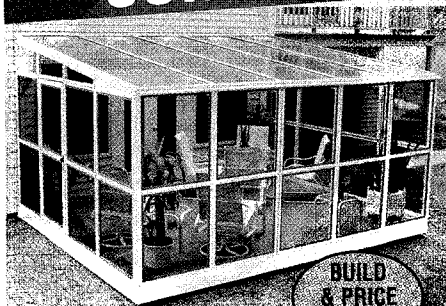
Accredited by Proctor Academy, Andover, NH

Sailing Fall, Spring and Summer terms—New England to the Caribbean

sailgamage.org **1.800.724.SAIL** mail@sailgamage.org

ENERGY-SAVING

SUNPORCH® CONVERTIBLE SUNROOM/SCREENROOM



BUILD
& PRICE
ONLINE

SunPorch® Structures Inc.
P.O. Box 368, Dept. ATL
Westport, CT 06881-0368

☐ **YES** Enclosed please find \$2.
for Catalog & Prices.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

READY TO ASSEMBLE KIT MOUNTS ON DECKS, PATIOS, OR LANDSCAPE TIES

Full Top-To-Bottom Wall Area Screens!

- ☐ QWIK® window/screen change system
- ☐ Meets building codes for snow & wind loads
- ☐ Climate Control System
- ☐ No extras, comes complete
- ☐ Buy factory direct & save
- ☐ America's #1 value since 1974.

DOWNLOAD CATALOG & PRICES

www.sunporch.com (Web Code: ATL)

OR MAIL COUPON WITH \$2.
FOR CATALOG & PRICES

SunPorch® Structures Inc.
P.O. Box 368, Dept. ATL
Westport, CT 06881-0368



human story but also because it satirizes the "selfish, hedonist capitalistic" society responsible for the miseries of Tom and his kind.

Wilson can understand and sympathize with the Reverend Kingsley, who was a socialist as well as a Christian—indeed, one of the leaders of the Christian Socialist movement. Wilson finds it "curious," however, that the leader of the workingman's cause in Parliament, the "high Tory aristocrat" Lord Ashley (later Lord Shaftesbury), was also a "Bible Christian," believing in the literal truth of the Scriptures. Readers might not find it so curious had Wilson identified Shaftesbury as an Evangelical—"an Evangelical of the Evangelicals," Shaftesbury called himself. The Evangelical movement was, in fact, far more influential than Christian Socialism in promoting social reforms, establishing schools for the poor, and supporting a myriad of private philanthropies. Yet the Evangelicals merit only passing mention in this book. The absence of the Methodists is odder still, because they were prominent both in the trade-union movement and in the Labour Party. A discussion of Methodism and Evangelicalism would have helped answer Wilson's question: Why no revolution in England?

That question was put more memorably almost a century ago, by the great French historian Elie Halévy. His answer (developed with far more subtlety and complexity than can be suggested here) focused on Methodism, the revivalist movement started by the Wesley brothers early in the eighteenth century, which spawned Evangelicalism toward the end of that century and a variety of Methodist sects in the following one. Emphasizing personal salvation and good works, and rejecting any idea of the elect or predestination, Methodism provided a theology, an organization, and an ethic that supported both a communal, humanitarian spirit and an individualistic temper of self-help and self-improvement.

It is this ethic, Halévy maintained, that helped to deflect any British impulse to revolution in the French Revolutionary period as well as the following century. Inherited by the largely middle-class Evangelicals who remained within the

Church of England and the largely working-class Methodists who, after John Wesley's death, left the Church, it permeated all classes, parties, and sects, bringing about something like a "conservative revolution"—a reformist revolution, so to speak—that permitted Britain to adapt to industrialism, liberalism, and democracy without the violence and upheavals that convulsed the Continent. In the course of the century that religious fervor became attenuated, but the ethic persisted in a secularized form, epitomized in George Eliot's famous confession of faith: God is "inconceivable," immortality "unbelievable," but duty nonetheless "peremptory and absolute."

Halévy's "miracle of modern England" held throughout Victoria's long reign, and for a good period after that. The "Halévy thesis" has been much de-

off because they were better off. Wilson mentions Charles Booth's famous survey of London, which showed almost a third of the population living at or below the poverty line. But Booth granted that had such a survey been taken decades earlier, the situation then would have been worse. Indeed, another reputable statistical survey conducted at about the same time as Booth's proved just that: the real income of most workers had risen by at least 20 percent, and in most industries by as much as 50 to 100 percent, in the course of the previous half century.

If the question of poverty emerged dramatically in the last decades of the nineteenth century, it was not only because the objective facts of its persistence became more available but because a change of sensibility made people more conscious of those facts and more eager

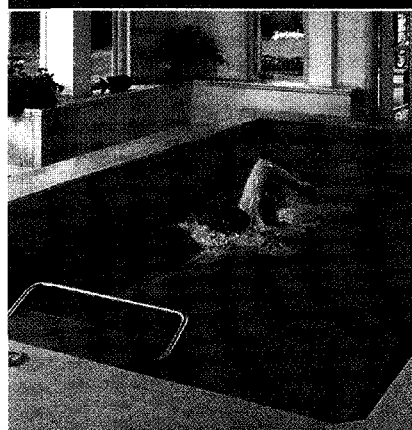
Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* is dismissed because it is a theological rather than a social tract, obsessively concerned with "squabbles" among churchmen. But those "squabbles" are about nothing less than the logical and psychological grounds of religious faith—of all faiths.

bated, but nothing of that debate—or, more important, of the issues raised by it—is reflected in this book. Yet it bears not only on the question of revolution but on the kind of society that evolved in the absence of revolution.

The subject of revolution is obviously related to the "condition of England" question, as it was called. Wilson makes much of "the plight of the poor" in the 1880s, prefacing a chapter by that title with agonized reflections by Tolstoy on the situation in Russia, which, he feared, would lead to revolution. Tolstoy's remarks prompt Wilson's observation that the streets of London were not very different from those of Moscow, yet they failed to produce even a significant socialist movement, much less a revolution. The two small socialist organizations that arose never took hold, he explains, partly because many people "felt" more prosperous than before and believed in their prospects for improvement, in spite of much evidence to the contrary. The fact is, however, that many people felt better

to remedy them. Wilson belittles the political-reform acts that extended the suffrage, but the social reforms cannot so easily be belittled—laws relating to child labor, factory conditions and working hours, trade unions, public health, housing, education, poor relief, prisons. Even the Workmen's Compensation Act elicits from him only an equivocal note of praise as an example of "Victorian values" (in quotation marks) that demonstrated the "cruelty of the capitalist system" on the one hand, and the "redeeming Victorian capacity for self-criticism and reform" on the other. Additional "redeeming" aspects of the period go unmentioned, including the multitude of private charities and philanthropic institutions that flourished at this time—so many, indeed (700 in London alone, by one count), that the Charity Organisation Society was formed to coordinate them. The largest of these charities were outside the purview of the COS: the Salvation Army, Toynbee Hall (the first settlement house), Model Homes for the poor, and Barnardo Homes for orphans and abandoned children.

Swim at Home™



When exercise is a pleasure, fitness is easy...

Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed in a unique pool measuring only 8' x 15'. Enjoy the fun and convenience of the world's best exercise at home year 'round. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. Compact size makes the dream of pool ownership practical in small spaces. The Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors. New system reduces chlorine use by 90%.

Free Video!
Call 800-233-0741, Ext. 2511

Visit our web site at www.endlesspools.com/2511 or write Endless Pools, Inc. 200 E Dutton Mill Road Aston, PA 19014





**You know how
the guys in
the big
stereo stores
often sound
like they
have
no idea
what they're
talking about?**

(Actually, it's a rhetorical question.)

High end sound at real-world prices!

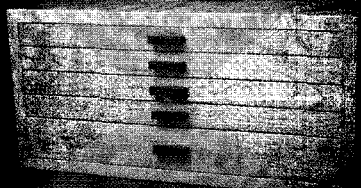


Superior British and American
components for music and movie lovers.
FREE catalog — call toll-free!



Red Trumpet
www.redtrumpet.com • 877-REDTRUMPET

West Creek Studio
Fine Handmade Jewelry Chests and Lighting



www.westcreekstudio.com
888-850-9315



Grace Rare Tea

Free catalog: Award-winning, traditional, loose
teas of unsurpassed cup quality. Since 1959.

Grace Tea Company, Ltd.
50 W. 17th St., NYC 10011 Tel/fax 212 255-2935
www.gracetetea.com

KIAWAH ISLAND GOLF & TENNIS CHARLESTON WEB SPECIALS

Kiawah
Near Historic Charleston
WEB & 32-PAGE GUIDE
kiawahretreat.com • 1.800.845.3911
Book-On-Line • Great Beach Vacations



The Victorian era is encapsulated in the penultimate chapter: "A people who built workhouses at the beginning of an era and concentration camps at the end might have gained the whole world, but they had lost honour, and soul." The "workhouses" refers to an earlier chapter in which "the poor" are equated with the women and children suffering the miseries and indignities of the workhouse. And the "concentration camps" were those built during the Boer War for noncombatants, to separate them from insurgents. The gross mismanagement of the camps led to many deaths—and a major scandal at home. Wilson neglects to mention that the British were so appalled by this that after the war they offered to pay an astonishing £3 million to compensate, not for the deaths—there could be no compensation for that—but at least for the destruction of property.

The final chapter, on Victoria's death, returns to the old refrain.

Ask—given the sickness and poverty of hundreds of thousands of Londoners on that cold February day, as the gun carriage bore the coffin through the silent streets—ask why they did not rebel, why they did not riot, why they did not behave like the Paris Commune of 1870 or the Bolsheviks of 1917. They had as much provocation.

Wilson offers a two-part answer to the "mystery of their submissiveness." The first part is the display of troops and guns following the funeral procession. "No one could doubt for a single second," he observes, that at the first sign of trouble the authorities would turn the guns on the populace "with all the confidence shown by the Chinese authorities eighty-eight years later in Tiananmen Square." There were, in fact, two famous riots in London in this period: "Black Monday," in 1886, when no one was seriously hurt, let alone killed; and "Bloody Sunday," the following year, which resulted in the injury of scores of demonstrators, the arrest of two leaders, and the reported death of one man (who in fact died as a result of a demonstration the following week). One historian has observed that the Victorian threshold of violence must have been low indeed to warrant such dramatic labels. "Bloody

Sunday" in Saint Petersburg, in 1905, resulted in 130 killed and 300 injured. In Tiananmen Square several hundred were killed, and thousands wounded.

The second part of the explanation for the populace's "submissiveness" is, Wilson says, "more benign." This was the Victorians' "capacity for constructive self-criticism." Those who opposed the Boer War were not, "as they would have been in a truly autocratic system," silenced or imprisoned; Lloyd George, after all, made his career out of opposition to the war. Instead the "governing classes," guided by "enlightened self-interest," deployed all their social and technological resources to "regroup and reorganize." As a result, in spite of all its faults (we are reminded once again of the workhouses, the oppression of Ireland, the racism and butchery of the colonial wars), Victorian Britain was "more genial and tolerant than many other places at the same date." This "more benign" explanation is not quite benign enough. Britain was "more genial and tolerant" compared not with "many" other places at the time but with most, if not all—and not only more genial and tolerant but also more enlightened, humane, and civilized. And compared not only with that time but with later times as well—with the following century, most notably, which witnessed varieties of fanaticism and brutality that would have been unthinkable in Victorian Britain.

If we are tempted to draw "lessons" from the Victorians, it is because we can still learn a great deal from them—about crime, for instance. The Shadow Home Secretary knows (as perhaps Wilson does not) that the crime rate declined in Victorian England not only because of better policing but also because of an ethos—those "Victorian values" that Wilson denigrates—that made for greater civility and law-abidingness. At the very least we can appreciate the valiant and to a remarkable extent successful attempts of this first industrial nation to cope with the turmoil of modernity that has so often led to revolution, civil war, and tyranny. ▀

Gertrude Himmelfarb is a professor emerita of history at the Graduate School of the City University of New York. Her most recent book is One Nation, Two Cultures (1999).

NOBODY OWNS THE NATION.

Not GE. Not Disney. Not Murdoch or AOL TimeWarner.
We are a wholly owned subsidiary of our own
conscience.

This independence is why great writers have
always used *The Nation* as an early warning
system—to expose before it's too late the
frauds, felonies and follies of the all-too-
private enterprise we call our government.

And it's why week in, week out we're read
by an audience as illustrious as our authors.

If you believe, as our readers do, that the
highest form of patriotism is demanding to
know exactly what government's doing in
your name, why not sign on today at this
very low rate? You can save a lot—not least
of which could be your country.

THAT'S WHY SO MANY SOMEBODIES READ IT.

(Legally speaking, of course, everything
has an owner, but *The Nation's* only
shareholders are our editors and a small
circle of longstanding supporters.)

24 ISSUES JUST \$21⁹⁷	
Yes, please add my name to the long list of notable <i>Nation</i> subscribers!	
NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____	STATE _____ ZIP _____
☐ MY PAYMENT IS ENCLOSED. ☐ BILL ME AFTER. ☐ BILL MY ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX	
CARD NUMBER _____	EXPIRATION DATE _____
SIGNATURE _____	
New subscribers only. Canadian orders add \$13 for 24 issues, \$26 for 47 issues. All other overseas add \$29.50 via airmail for 24 issues, \$59 for 47 issues. Payable in advance in US funds only.	
Mail to: THE NATION, P.O. Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149	
☐ I'd prefer a full year (47 issues) for \$35.97	
For fastest service call 1-800-333-8536	

Save
\$48
off the
newsstand
price!

Paul Newman is a longstanding *Nation* reader and shareholder.

WHO OWNS WATER?
BY MADDE BARLOW
AND TONY CLARKE
FIGHTING
THE PROFITEERS

THE **Atlantic** online

*Place for Serious Readers
Find Their Favorite Writers*

THE ATLANTIC ONLINE offers selected contents of *The Atlantic Monthly*'s print edition, as well as access to back issues, archival highlights, interviews, forums, and a weekly update of original Web-only features found nowhere else.

James · Thoreau · Eliot · Twain · Fallows · Strand · Naipaul · Shakespeare · Hitchens · O'Rourke · Frost · Bishop · Achene · Whitman · Terkel · Updike · Kumin · Woolf · Atwood · Plisky · Brooks · Erdich · Langewiesche · Dickinson · Kerouac · Frazier · Lowell · Wharton · Mencken · Keillor · Hemingway · Levine · Schlosser · Nabokov · Verwin

WWW.THEATLANTIC.COM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PURSUIITS & RETREATS

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

NEED TO KNOW

Updating an elementary lexicon

BY CULLEN MURPHY

.....

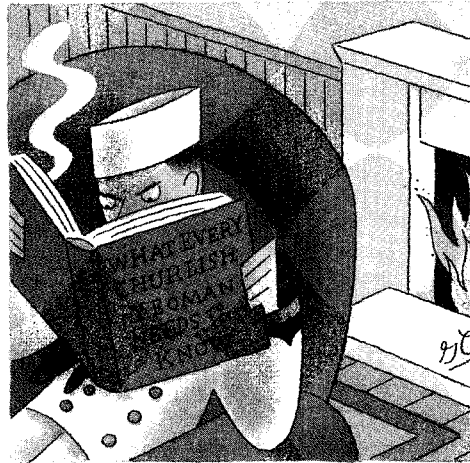
Last year the editors of the *American Heritage Dictionary* released the long-awaited fourth edition of the *American Heritage College Dictionary*, and to mark the occasion they compiled a list titled "100 Words That Every High School Graduate Should Know." A senior editor of the dictionary, Steven Kleinedler, explained, "This list is a benchmark against which graduates—and those long out of high school—can measure themselves. If you are able to use these words correctly, you are likely to have a superior command of the language." The words have been printed on a poster, and I've had it taped to my wall for several months now.

In some ways the list is a curious one. A number of the words clearly draw on recent news (*euro*, *reparation*, *impeach*), but it isn't always clear why certain others were deemed urgent enough to make the cut (*facetious*, *gauche*, *sanguine*). There are numerous words involving science (*gamete*, *kinetic*, *quasar*), politics (*enfranchise*, *gerrymander*, *loquacious*), and publishing (*bowdlerize*, *expurgate*, *plagiarize*), but none involving religion (except *nonsectarian*). *Lexicon* is on the list, presumably *ex officio*.

The editors emphasize that the hundred words "are not meant to be exhaustive" (you'll definitely need a few others to get by), but I recently tried to describe current events with mainly the arsenal provided, and did surprisingly well. Corporate malfeasance was easy to conjure: "*Fiduciary nihilism wrought incontrovertible pecuniary chicanery*." The prospect of a war with Iraq by winter's end was not difficult to convey: "Before

equinox, near *ziggurat*, *omnipotent laissez-faire hegemony subjugates bellicose totalitarian*." Even the saga of Trent Lott proved more or less manageable: "*Unctuous hubris recapitulates antebellum paradigm in churlish kowtow to filibuster oligarchy*."

The *American Heritage* list is something of a throwback. The first English lexicons were not zoological collections of all the specimens in a language but, rather, lists of especially hard



words for the educated classes. They were the literary analogue of the manuals of behavior for young people of noble rank—a genre that runs from the medieval "Mirror of Princes" through George Washington's famous "Rules of Civility" to the vast prescriptive-pamphleteering industry of our own era.

"What Every American Needs to Know" was the subtitle of *Cultural Literacy* (1987), a work that has now been through several best-selling versions. Here, in a few hundred pages, E. D.

Hirsch Jr. and his disciples sought to establish an entire taxonomy of core knowledge—the thousands of dates, names, facts, ideas, and expressions that an educated person can't be seen without: 1066, 1914, Tolstoy, Ellison, Giotto, Jack Sprat, "In the beginning," flapper, uncertainty principle, zeitgeist.

Hirsch certainly knew his zeitgeist. Troll the Web for a few minutes and you'll quickly appreciate how vast a terrain "need to know" has become—far more extensive than any one person could ever hope to explore. "What every man needs to know about sex addiction and relationships." "What every librarian needs to know about the USA Patriot Act." "What every veterinarian needs to know about hamsters." "What every certified accountant needs to know about money laundering." "What every Muslim needs to know about Ramadan." "What every American needs to know about Hillary Rodham Clinton."

I must admit I hadn't previously been aware of what every parent needs to know about children and stress. ("Empower kids, even if it means giving them a misting bottle turned 'monster repellent' to spray under their beds.") Nor had I been aware of numerous other things, such as what every investor needs to

know about doing business in Vietnam: "Do not accept a 'trust me' or 'no problem' in lieu of having the terms of the agreement clearly and unequivocally documented." Or what every lawyer needs to know about prenuptial agreements: "Advise against springing the agreement on the other party." Or what every Christian needs to know about sexual temptation: "The Bible has one basic remedy for sexual temptation: flee."

After a day of such stuff I came to appreciate the advice offered on a page

lush

What's Your Coffee Personality?

Are you a person that likes to try exotic cuisine? Do you order red wine or white? Do you prefer the scent of lavender or gardenia?

You'd be surprised to learn how much the answers to these questions can help you choose the perfect coffee. Visit our website at www.batdorf.com to learn more about premium coffees and their exciting flavor profiles. If you enjoy wild and bold flavors, you might try our Ethiopia Harrar. A sophisticated palate often enjoys our lush, estate-grown Guatemala Antigua *Finca Del Valle*. And our Kenya's hint of grapefruit appeals to people who like the clean, sparkling flavors of citrus.

gardenia
bold
complex

To find your Coffee Personality, go to www.batdorf.com and take the quiz in our Coffee Class section.

Call 800-955-5282 for a complimentary catalog.



Coffee Roasters

Since 1986

www.batdorf.com

devoted to what every freshman needs to know about high school: "Just don't worry about things. It won't help." Frankly, this need-to-know business is a little out of control. E. D. Hirsch's publisher ought to suggest that his next book be called *You Don't Wanna Know*, devoted to the thousands of things Americans would be wise to ignore (Chapter 1: Restaurant Kitchens; Chapter 2: The Operating Room ...).

But words are a special case. By way of disclosure, I should note that I am a member of the usage panel of the *American Heritage Dictionary*. This means that several times a year I am asked to weigh in on ballot questions circulated by the editors, such as whether the accent in *harassment* should fall on the first or the second syllable (the first), whether *convince* and *persuade* are interchangeable (they're not), and whether transitive verbs can be used intransitively, without direct objects, as in "the Mets amaze" or "the movie excites" (please, no; the trend dismays).

But I had nothing to do with the list of a hundred words that every high school graduate should know. Indeed, had I been asked, I would have lobbied strongly for the inclusion of a number of words—words that, though hardly out of circulation, embody underappreciated concepts. The editors might consider deleting ten words of relatively minor consequence (say, *circumnavigate*, *diffident*, *incognito*, *moiety*, *notarize*, *parameter*, *polymer*, *vehement*, *winnow*, and *yeoman*) to make room for ten others that deserve universal currency.

because (conjunction, preposition): The basic unit of causality, to the ancients and to parents. Despite "advances" by scientists and philosophers, it remains the most satisfactory answer to the question "Why?"

blowback (noun): In social policy, foreign affairs, and daily life, the insidious reality that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction, and that good intentions harbor the seeds of their undoing.

cost (noun): The inescapable element of all economic and social transactions; an expenditure sometimes hidden and often overlooked (as in Woody Allen:

"I've never paid for sex in my life." "Oh, you just think you haven't").

enough (noun, adjective): A quantity of indeterminate size, capable of expansion but not contraction, and measurable only in retrospect; the basic building block of excess. "You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough"—William Blake.

good-bye (interjection): A word generally uttered, whether by private individuals or public figures, sometime after it should have been.

guilt (noun): Still part of the culture's ambient noise; the underlying legitimacy of the idea—not to mention its utility—has been eroded by mental-health professionals, despite opposition from mothers.

no (noun): A stance of enduring practical consequence, albeit ridiculed in recent years for its application to campaigns against drug abuse and premature sexual activity. The astonishing power of negative thinking continually proves ripe for rediscovery.

queue (noun, verb): A line of waiting people; to wait in line (patiently). An advance on the "hunter-gatherer" social construct, queue-based societies have lately given way to an "intruder-grabber" model.

silence (noun): In the developed world, a phenomenon confined to smaller and smaller tracts of habitat, which conservationists hope, forlornly, to connect by means of something akin to wildlife corridors. "The problem of the twentieth century will be the problem of silence"—Aldous Huxley.

you (pronoun): The other; not the self. (Obsolete.)

That makes ten. I'd add one more, inspired by George W. Bush, who has himself made important contributions to the language (*embetter*, *misunderestimate*). But the comedian Will Ferrell, in the role of President Bush, gave us **dignitude** ("As President, George W. Bush carried himself with great *dignitude*"). *Dignitude* is a blend of dignity and attitude; with a sort of surfer-dude gravitas, it manages the remarkable feat of puffing out its chest while not taking itself seriously. More *dignitude* is what America needs, and if we have to throw out *vacuous* or *supercilious* to make room, then so be it. ▀

Cullen Murphy is The Atlantic's managing editor.

STORMING THE HOME FRONT

Directors of today's war movies, with their insistence on graphic bloodletting and happy endings, should look at the original World War II movies, which were subtly subversive

BY FRANCIS DAVIS

.....

Last year, beginning in early September, the Film Forum, a theater on Houston Street, in Lower Manhattan, presented a four-week retrospective of films directed by William Wyler, in honor of his birthday centennial. Whether by coincidence or by design, just days after the one-year anniversary of the attack on the Twin Towers the theater—three stops from Ground Zero on the No. 1 subway line—screened *The Best Years of Our Lives*, Wyler's 1946 melodrama about a trio of World War II veterans and their difficulties in readjusting to civilian life (including the rituals of courtship and marriage). Although it may be remembered today only dimly, for the novelty of featuring a real-life

amputee (and a nonprofessional actor) in the role of a sailor outfitted with hooks after losing both his hands when his ship was sunk by a torpedo, *The Best Years of Our Lives* was once revered. Its first engagement was at a theater in Times Square, a week before Thanksgiving in a year when many families were mourning their losses as they sat down to count their blessings.

Bosley Crowther, of *The New York Times*, who was the most influential film critic of the late 1940s, immediately recognized the stuff of greatness in it, as did James Agee, of *The Nation* and *Time*, the critic with the most literary cachet. *The Best Years of Our Lives* won seven Academy Awards, including the one

for best picture, for which *It's a Wonderful Life* and Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* were also nominated. (Wyler won for best director, and Fredric March was chosen best actor, for his performance as a disillusioned bank officer and former infantry sergeant. Harold Russell, the amputee, won for best supporting actor and was awarded in addition a special Oscar "for bringing hope and courage to his fellow veterans." Robert E. Sherwood won for his screenplay, Daniel Mandell for his editing, and Hugo Friedhofer for his lovely, Aaron Copland-esque score.) Released nationwide in 1947, soon after the Oscar ceremony, *The Best Years of Our Lives* grossed more in its first run than any other movie since *Gone With the Wind*, eight years earlier.

The inevitable backlash wasn't long in coming. Writing in the *Partisan Review* while the movie was still being shown in neighborhood theaters, Robert Warshow

Harold Russell and Cathy O'Donnell in William Wyler's award-winning film



THE KOBAL COLLECTION/GOLDWYN/RCO

Batteries not included... or needed

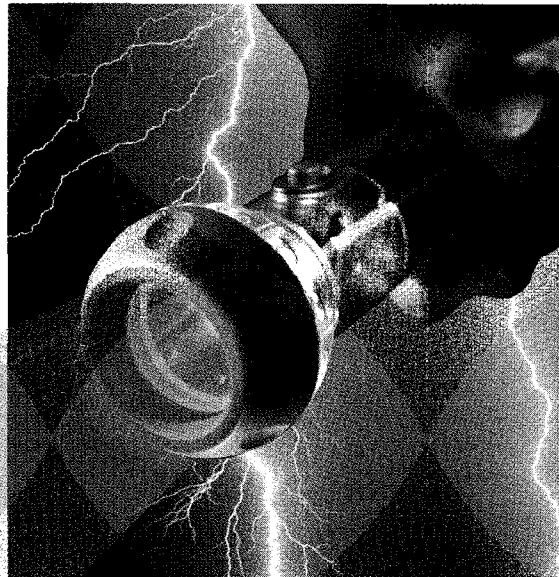
The Forever Flashlight uses the Faraday Principle of Electromagnetic Energy to eliminate the need for replacement bulbs or batteries.

It's a dark and stormy night, and right in the middle of your favorite television program, the power suddenly cuts off. You go to the kitchen, and search through the cabinets for the flashlight you've placed there for just such an occasion. You finally find it, and start to turn it on when the inevitable strikes: the batteries are dead. What if you could

know without a doubt that every time you picked up a flashlight, it would work, providing you with the light you need? Now you can, thanks to the Forever Flashlight.

Light—when you need it the most. What

makes the Forever Flashlight so unique? Perhaps it's the fact that it never needs any batteries, or new light bulbs. The Forever Flashlight uses the Faraday Principle of Electromagnetic Energy to eliminate the need for replacement bulbs and batteries. The Faraday Principle states that if an electric conductor, like a copper wire, is moved through a magnetic field, electric current will flow in the conductor. Essentially, moving the wire through the magnetic field causes electric current to flow in the wire, which is exactly how the Forever Flashlight operates. By shaking the Flashlight vigorously for 15-30 seconds, enough electricity is produced to turn the light bulb on for up to five minutes of continuous light. The super bright blue LED light is highly visible, allowing



- Bright Blue LED
- Never needs batteries
- Never needs bulbs
- Floats in water

you to see exactly what you need to see, or to get someone's attention. Dimensions are 2" x 11" long.

Don't get caught in the dark. Why worry about "live" batteries in your conventional flashlight during a power outage. We're so sure you'll find the Forever Flashlight convenient and reliable, we're backing it with TechnoScout's exclusive home trial. Try this product for 30 days and return it for the full purchase price, less shipping and handling, if not completely satisfied.

Forever Flashlight
ZR-2815 \$39.95 + S&H
Please mention promotional code 23829.

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

800-399-7858

To order by mail with check or money order, or by credit card, please call for total amount plus S&H. To charge it to your credit card, enclose your account number and expiration date. Virginia residents only—please add 4.5% sales tax.

LATEST...GREATEST...NEATEST...COOLEST
You can see hundreds of high-tech products at
www.technoscout.com

TECHNO SCOUT.
1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834
All rights reserved. © 2002 TechnoBrands, Inc.

denounced it for its "denial of the reality of politics," by which he meant that it reduced widespread postwar problems to matters of individual psychology that could be solved by the application of good old-fashioned American virtues (hard work, patience, cheerfulness, and the like). Though Warshow was practically the only naysayer, his point of view came to prevail in informed circles; by 1957, when Manny Farber, writing in *Commentary*, dismissed *The Best Years of Our Lives* as "a horse-drawn truckload of liberal schmaltz," he was telling his readers something they felt they already knew. (Then as now, the only ones more disdainful of liberal ideals than conservatives were those on the extreme left.)

Skepticism is the critic's stock in trade, but I think we've become so used to feeling manipulated by movies that we instinctively distrust one that stirs something real in us. Seeing *The Best Years of Our Lives* again last year, in the aftermath of the media blitz that surrounded the September 11 observances (and amid vague new terrorism alerts and the prospect of war with Iraq), filled me with regret that today's popular culture responds to our current predicament only in ways that seem crass—witness the many commemorative books for which 9/11 represented both a marketing opportunity and a sell-by date—or, worse, ineffectual. Popular music was the first responder, and the most anticipated and publicized album was Bruce Springsteen's *The Rising*. Talk about a truckload of liberal schmaltz.

There have been plenty of new war movies in the past eighteen months, but *Black Hawk Down*, *We Were Soldiers*, and the rest were in production long before September 11, inspired by *Saving Private Ryan* and the anticipated success of *Pearl Harbor*—an epic that took in hundreds of millions of dollars at the box office without causing much of a stir culturally. *Pearl Harbor* was like a 1940s double feature: it combined action and dewy romance in a transparent attempt to please young moviegoers of both sexes and become a favorite date movie—*World War 90210*. It may also have been the first blockbuster ever to incorporate its own sequel, ending not with the bombing of Pearl Harbor, which would

have been too sobering, but with Jim-my Doolittle's raid on Japan the following year, which demonstrated American pluck and represented a great psychological victory. War movies since *Saving Private Ryan* have emulated that film's mixing of period sentimentality with the graphic bloodletting of today's action movies. *Pearl Harbor*, dreadful as it was, felt like a prototype. Audiences want happy endings, which probably means that we won't be seeing any movies about 9/11 anytime soon. As I watched the September 11 observances on television and heard repeated mention of that day's "heroes," it took me a few minutes to realize that this word was also meant to refer to the thousands of innocent people who died in the Twin Towers. There was a reluctance to call them victims, even though they were. I think Hollywood has a similar reluctance, given that the directors now likely to be called on to make war movies specialize in crowd control. They lack the talent to portray the emotional toll that war exacts even on the winners—the subject of *The Best Years of Our Lives*.

I was born the year *The Best Years of Our Lives* came out, a dead soldier's nephew and namesake, and circumstantially as much a war baby as a Boomer. My generation was the first to grow up with television, but thanks to the endless after-school hours that local channels filled with diversions originally shown at kiddie matinees during the Depression (Popeye, Our Gang, the Three Stooges, Hopalong Cassidy, and Johnny Mack Brown), we were also the first generation weaned on our parents' popular culture as well as our own. Even *Superman*, *The Lone Ranger*, and *Gunsmoke* were radio hand-me-downs. Vietnam is said to have been the first television war, because it was the first in which nightly newscasts delivered fresh kill to our dinner tables. But World War II was refought endlessly on *The Early Show* all through my childhood, in movies such as *Back to Bataan*, *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, and my personal favorite, William Wellman's *The Story of G.I. Joe*—with Burgess Meredith as Ernie Pyle, the wizened, chain-smoking war correspondent, who did for the U.S.

foot soldiers on their advance through Nazi-occupied Italy what Albert Camus did for Sisypheus.

Along with numbers from the latest Broadway smashes, the songs we heard performed on the big nighttime variety shows were likely to be ones that our mothers and fathers had courted to during the war. To us, these songs sounded hopelessly mushy or just plain silly. Our parents weren't about to tell us that "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me" once meant "Promise you'll be faithful while I'm away," much less that "So love me tonight, tomorrow was meant for some, tomorrow may never come, for all we know" was an eloquent way of saying "Surrender your virginity to me now, because I might be sent home in a box." Those songs were the first manifestos in a sexual revolution whose beginnings are usually traced back only to *Playboy* and the Pill.

For me, seeing *The Best Years of Our Lives* on television for the first time, several years ago, was like having a recovered memory. Part of what I was responding to was Gregg Toland's lifelike cinematography and a kind of bourgeois neo-realism. Much of the shooting was done on location in Cincinnati, and the barrooms and high-rises and row houses in which much of the action takes place looked a lot like those in the eastern city where I grew up. There are no stylized close-ups in the movie, and even the women are wearing outfits bought off the rack, which they were asked to break in for a few weeks before shooting started. But *The Best Years of Our Lives* also felt like my notion of 1946.

Though its credits say that it was adapted from MacKinlay Kantor's novel *Glory for Me*, the movie's actual genesis was in a news story that the producer Samuel Goldwyn read in *Time* in 1944, set aboard "The Home Again Special"—a cross-country train taking members of the First Marine Division to their home towns to start a thirty-day furlough after more than two years in battle. The unsigned piece often reads surprisingly like many we read during Vietnam: "In another war there might have been brass bands at every stop. But in this pageantry-less, slogan-

PRACTICA MUSICA

Now for OSX and WinXP!

Complete Ear Training and Music Theory in One Program

Learn how to read and understand music with the world's most complete music training software. Our friendly textbook, *Exploring Theory*, will guide you through a wide range of activities with difficulty levels ranging from simple pitch reading to rhythm tapping to polyphonic dictation, chord recognition, even composition. Most activities do not require an electric keyboard—you can work with the sound capabilities found in your Windows or Macintosh computer (Win 95/98/2000/XP, Mac OSX or 9). Used in thousands of schools and conservatories, Practica Musica is also available in an edition for individuals. For more information, visit our web site or call 1-800-445-4866

www.ars-nova.com/atlantic

ARS NOVA SOFTWARE

Experience the Unabridged Audio Book Before the Movie

THE QUIET AMERICAN

Cassette, CD, & MP3-CD

www.blackstoneaudio.com • 1-800-729-2665

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL

Since 1989

UPTON TEA IMPORTS

Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas

1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing over 350 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea

www.uptontea.com

34A Hayden Rowe St. • Hopkinton, MA 01748

SRI LANKA • TAIWAN

A home of your own in France...

Superior & Luxury Villas and Apartments to rent or buy

PROVENCE • COTE D'AZUR • PARIS
THE SOUTHWEST • BIARRITZ

Recommended in
Fortune & Best of the Web in Forbes

JUST France 610-407-9633 • www.justfrance.com

Listen to World News & Events as they unfold!



World news is too important to ignore – and too important to wait for. Get immediate world news, straight from the source. No need to wait for updated internet reports and news at the hour when there are hundreds of correspondents reporting directly to you, live from around the globe. That's the power of Shortwave Radio.

The Grundig Satellit 800 Millennium is one of the easiest shortwave receivers to use. With simple user friendly controls, hands-on tuning, 70 station memory presets, a large digital LCD screen, and a handy reference guide, you can be in touch with the world. Listen to broadcasts out of Europe, Africa, and the Middle East, as well as hard-to-get weak and fringe-area AM and FM stations.

You can even listen to amateur radio, two-way SSB communications, and local aircraft taking off and landing on VHF Aircraft Band. Whether you're an experienced shortwave listener or a newcomer to the world of international broadcasts, this is the radio for you. The Satellit 800 is the "Best on the Planet." For more information, visit www.grundigradio.com.



GRUNDIG
Keeps You Informed!

To Order, Call Us Toll-Free: **1-800-793-6542** Ext. AM10 Visit our website: www.grundigradio.com
24 hours a day, 7 days a week. We accept Visa, MasterCard, American Express, Discover, Check or Money Order. The Satellit 800 Millennium AM/FM/Shortwave Radio is only \$499.95 (plus \$30 shipping and handling and tax, if applicable), payable in six monthly credit card installments of \$90.66. To order by mail, send credit card number and expiration date or check or money order for \$529.95, plus tax, if applicable, to:

etón/Grundig Direct, 1015 Corporation Way, Palo Alto, CA 94303

*CA orders add 8.25% sales tax (billed with shipment). Payment in US\$. AK, HI, PR & International orders (including Canada) please fax 1-650-903-3867 for shipping and handling. All duties and taxes for international orders are the responsibility of recipients. Please allow 3-4 weeks for shipment. If paying by check/money order, please include: name, address, daytime phone number, product, quantity and Ext. code from this ad (e.g. AM10). We can not ship to a P.O. Box. Please ask us about our 30-day guarantee.

less war, the train just rumbled on toward New York, through the big towns and the whistle-stops." "I'm a little worried about how I'll look to them, about how much I've changed," one man says as the train nears his home town. Another confides, "I haven't shaken so much since the night we went around Cape Hatteras, leaving the States."

Knowing a good idea when somebody else had it, Goldwyn commissioned a treatment by Kantor, hardly expecting the 400-plus-page manuscript written in blank verse that Kantor published as *Glory for Me* after Goldwyn, understandably, passed on it. The project might have ended there if not for Wyler's desire to make a movie about returning veterans, rather than the star-spangled biography of General Dwight D. Eisenhower that Goldwyn had him penciled in for.

Wyler, who died in 1981, eleven years after the release of his final movie (*The Liberation of L. B. Jones*, a lurid, near-blaxploitation southern potboiler), began his career in the silent era, directing two-reel westerns. He directed plenty of hypermasculine fare: World War II combat documentaries, Humphrey Bogart and the Bowery Boys in the muckraking *Dead End*, and Charlton Heston on a chariot in *Ben-Hur*. Yet he is remembered today mostly for his work with actresses—Bette Davis in *Jezebel*, *The Little Foxes*, and *The Letter*; Audrey Hepburn in *Roman Holiday* and *The Children's Hour*; and Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl*. Inasmuch as its drama comes from the working out of personal relationships, *The Best Years of Our Lives* could almost be one of Wyler's "women's pictures." The difference is that the characters in danger of being immolated by their emotions are disaffected fighting men whose reunions with their wives and sweethearts do not go smoothly.

World War II provided a backdrop for romance in *Casablanca*; in *The Best Years of Our Lives* it's the backstory. "Remember what it felt like when you went overseas?" Dana Andrews, the movie's third veteran, asks March, echoing a line from that story in *Time*, as their transport plane makes its way to Boone City, the movie's fictional mid-

western setting. "I feel the same way now, only more so." Andrews and the others have been men without women. War has changed them, and the women have gained a measure of independence in their absence. The liquor cabinet is nearly empty when March arrives home, and there's only enough bacon in the refrigerator for his wife (Myrna Loy) and their two children. At one point March offers her a cigarette, forgetting she doesn't smoke.

What makes March's situation especially poignant is that this is no drab housewife he's alienated from: to the audiences of that day Loy was Nora Charles, from *The Thin Man*—not just a spouse but an ideal partner in every way. Loy and March obviously adore each other, but after having lived apart for so long, they need to start courting again, and neither of them has the energy.

Russell's problem is more acute: he worries that Cathy O'Donnell, who plays his sweetheart since adolescence, feels only pity for him now. A scene in which she undresses him and puts him to bed after convincing him that she still loves him is just about perfect, and not until afterward do you realize that Wyler was quietly shattering a long-standing taboo by allowing an unmarried couple such intimacy in a bedroom. Part of what makes the scene moving is that you don't feel you're being unduly manipulated. The scene is expository, not exploitative: we've watched Russell impressing people by showing them how nimble he has become with his hooks, and now we're being shown how helpless he is once he removes them for the night—"as dependent as a baby who doesn't know how to get anything except to cry for it." O'Donnell watches him take off his arm harnesses, and we, too, get our first look at his bandaged stumps. "I'm lucky I have my elbows," he says. "Some of the boys don't." He wiggles into his pajama top, and she buttons it for him, tucks him in, and kisses him good-night. On her way out she closes the door behind her and then, as if remembering that he might need the bathroom in the middle of the night, reopens it and leaves it ajar. We see him crying in the shaft of light, with no hand to wipe away his tears.

Robert Warshow observed that not just Russell but each of the other main male characters has "a scene in which the woman he loves undresses him ... and puts him to bed." Warshow saw in this "an unusually clear projection of the familiar Hollywood (and American) dream of male passivity."

And when it is the sailor who is put to bed, the dream becomes almost explicit. He is the man (the real man) who has lost his hands—and with them his power to be sexually aggressive ... Every night, his wife will have to put him to bed, and then it will be her hands that must be used in making love.

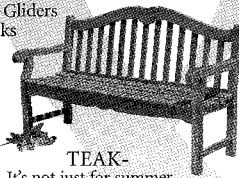
Despite his harsh judgment of *The Best Years of Our Lives*, Warshow was the only contemporary critic to describe its subtheme of male surrender, emotional and sexual. Warshow, who died of a heart attack in 1955, at the age of thirty-seven, once wrote, "A man watches a movie, and the critic must acknowledge that he is that man"—a defense of subjectivity as an analytical tool that has become a rallying cry for many of today's critics, including me. In Warshow's case the man was perhaps a little too willing to defer to Freud. Among other things, Warshow called the male characters "inarticulate," which at first seems an odd word for so talkative a movie. But these men *are* inarticulate, in a way: they've done things and witnessed things they feel unable to discuss in mixed company, and words are unnecessary when they're with one another. They're hurting, and their women sense this, but back then nobody spoke today's language of recovery.

Boone City, like the real-life towns that Wyler and Sherwood based it on, is changing, its self-sufficiency undermined by postwar expansion. The drugstore where Andrews briefly goes back to work as a soda jerk has been taken over by a chain, and the local savings and loan where March returns to a desk job has become a branch of a midwestern trust. But it's still the sort of town where a family's social standing remains the same for decades, and personal growth is interpreted as a threat to the status quo. (Boone City's nearest equivalent in literature would be Updike's Brewster.) Fired from the drugstore for

Free Catalog

WOOD CLASSICS
PRECISION-CUT KITS
OR FULLY ASSEMBLED

Dining Tables & Chairs
Lounges & Steamers
Rockers & Gliders
Adirondacks
Umbrellas
Benches
Swings
Planters
Trellises



TEAK-
It's not just for summer,
it's forever.

47 Steve's Lane Suite 103AM0310
845-255-5651 Gardiner, NY 12525
www.woodclassics.com/bench07

Rose Bracelet
made by hand to last forever
in sterling silver



SOFIA JEWELRY
800 - 939 - 0188
www.sofiajewelry.com
visa, mc, amex \$188
Classic and Romantic * A San Francisco tradition

Bargain Books

Shop America's biggest catalog selection, save up to 80%!

- **Choose from thousands of titles**, hundreds of new arrivals monthly. Quality hardcover books, starting at \$2.95.
- **Biography**, Politics, Fiction, the Arts, History—67 subject areas.

Free Catalog
800-677-3483
Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller
404 Oak, Falls Village CT 06031-5005
www.erhbooks.com/fcw

Canoe Canada's Arctic

Fly-in canoe trips on the remote tundra rivers of North America's last great wilderness. Herds of caribou & muskoxen, white wolves, moose and grizzlies. Warm, arid summers. Wildlife biologist guide. Operating since 1974.

Brochure: **CANOE ARCTIC INC.**, Box 130A
Fort Smith, NT, X0E 0P0, Canada (867) 872-2308
www.canoeartctic.com

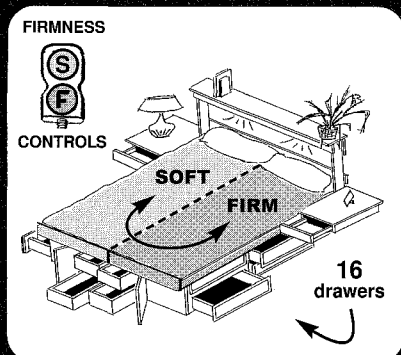


TheArtifact™
www.theartifact.com



Art & Artifact Reproductions, est. 1997
Prehistoric, Egyptian, Greek, Asian...
888.965.0001 www.theartifact.com
Own a piece of History...Give a piece of History™

ULTIMATE BED & MATTRESS



Save space with a top quality solid wood, underbed dresser, side tables, lighted headboard. Sleep better with an air mattress featuring dual firmness controls, 3" of visco elastic foam, wool filled antimicrobial treated, dust mite proof, machine washable mattress top. All items can be purchased separately for use with existing beds! 30-day home trial. Ships UPS

FREE CAT. #46 www.ultimatebed.com
800-782-4825

The motor moves you

Need exercise but lack the strength? Our motorized bicycle helps you exercise!

800-367-6712
www.exercycle.com

THERACYCLE

European Beret \$10

100% Wool • One Size Fits All
Black, Navy, Brown, Red, Camel, Grey
Check or Credit Card w/Exp. Date.
Add \$2 shipping per order
www.johnhelmer.com

John Helmer • Est. 1921 • (503) 223-4976
969 S.W. Broadway, Dept. T033 • Portland, OR 97205

CRUISE BY FREIGHTER

TravLTips

World-wide. First Class
Relaxing. Reasonable
www.travltips.com
e-mail: info@travltips.com
800-872-8584 Box 580-218A2, Flushing, NY 11358

slugging an obnoxious customer, Andrews arrives home one day after looking for work to find his flashy blonde wife (Virginia Mayo) openly entertaining another man. In a departure from the conventions of 1940s melodrama—one of many in the screenplay by Sherwood, a former speechwriter for Franklin D. Roosevelt and the winner of three Pulitzer Prizes for drama—being cuckolded bothers Andrews only in principle, and the news that his wife wants to call it quits is a relief. Like many other wartime couples, they married on impulse soon after meeting, when he was in basic training and awaiting assignment overseas. He married a pinup, she married a uniform. They start living together for the first time, and despite their obvious incompatibility (money is a constant reason for argument, and she scolds him for crying out during his vivid war nightmares), he stays with her, because a stand-up guy doesn't walk out on his wife. But he's fallen in love with March's daughter, played by Teresa Wright. What now prevents him from following his heart and running straight to her is his lack of prospects—the worry that he isn't good enough for a banker's daughter.

We later see Andrews through the Plexiglas nose cone of a plane in a scrapyard. Then we see him from behind, moving his hands as if releasing a bomb; and then in tight close-up—he's sweating and staring straight ahead with a look of determination that could be a disguise for shock. We've heard Andrews dismiss his citations for bravery as "just a lot of words that don't mean anything" but we also know from having heard his father read one of them aloud that Andrews was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for carrying out a mission despite being wounded and losing a lot of blood. He's having a flashback, but we don't see whatever it is that he's seeing. There are no combat scenes in *The Best Years of Our Lives*, unless you count the battle of the sexes.

The Best Years of Our Lives epitomizes a large-scale approach to storytelling that is no longer favored by our culture, although the success of *The Sopranos* and Jonathan Franzen's *The Corrections* suggests that it might be

staging a comeback. What keeps people away from the movie, I think, is the belief (first voiced by Warshaw) that it presented an officially sanctioned, overly optimistic view of postwar American life.

The Best Years of Our Lives is actually a few menacing shadows shy of being film noir. The amputee gets the girl at the end, but what else does he get? In Edward Dmytryk's *Till the End of Time*—another movie about maladjusted veterans, which beat Wyler's to theaters by a few months—a prizefighter who has lost both legs in the war stops sulking when it dawns on him that he can make himself useful to society by training younger, able-bodied pugs. Russell has nothing but the love of a kind woman to fill his days; he's content to live off his monthly disability checks and amuse his friends by using his hooks to uncap beer bottles and play "Chopsticks" with his Uncle Butch (Hoagy Carmichael, looking, as always, like a corn-belt Samuel Beckett). And as Warshaw suggested, the question of whether he and his new bride will prove to be sexually compatible is left hanging—possibly in their minds as well as in ours.

Andrews and Wright wind up together, true, but the only work he can find—and keep—is as a beginner in the scrapyard where he had his flashback. A more optimistic scenario would have ended with his taking out a loan on the GI Bill and opening his own flight school (he could go on wearing that bomber jacket in which he cuts such a handsome figure). March stays on at his bank, even though he knows he's in for a fight with the manager every time he approves a loan to a veteran with no collateral. Along with a social conscience, he has developed a drinking habit, and this is still an issue in his marriage at the end.

The Best Years of Our Lives was Wyler's masterpiece, but its reputation has depreciated along with his. What made Wyler's approach fully cinematic—and what thrilled the French *auteurs* and their followers, who otherwise ignored Wyler—was his use of a technique called "deep focus": a way of shooting a scene so that everyone and everything in it, whether in the foreground or in the background, in the center of the frame or toward the margins, was pho-

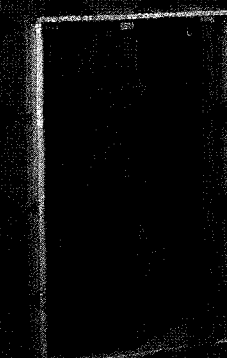
tographed with equal clarity, eliminating the need for frequent cuts or shifts of focus to redirect the audience's point of view. A trademark of Gregg Toland, the cinematographer for *Citizen Kane* and *The Grapes of Wrath* as well as this and other Wyler films, deep focus credits audiences with having enough intelligence to follow more than one action at a time. It involves a viewer more directly in a scene by inviting him to "do his own cutting" as Wyler once put it. Cinema's fourth wall is the camera, and there are moments in *The Best Years of Our Lives* when you almost forget it's there. The movie concludes with Russell and O'Donnell's wedding, a scene that reconciles several divergent plot lines by bringing together all six of the principal characters in a much larger gathering. Andrews is the best man, and when he turns his head from the ceremony to stare at Wright, who's all the way in back, it's as if he's showing us where to look. As the other guests rush to congratulate the bride and groom, Andrews and Wright keep looking at each other for a long moment, with the left side of the screen all to themselves.

The casting of Russell, who was a meatcutter before he joined the Army, and whom Wyler cast after seeing him in a documentary about disabled veterans, was in keeping with a trend toward greater movie realism in response to World War II. Wyler vetoed acting lessons for him (a wise decision). The established Hollywood directors who served in the military were put to work making combat documentaries that required them not only to forgo elaborate technical resources but also to put themselves and their crews at risk from enemy fire. Even many wartime features qualified as semi-documentaries: *The Story of G.I. Joe*, for instance, includes actual combat footage from John Huston's *The Battle of San Pietro*. In the credits the extras were identified as "combat veterans of the campaigns in Africa, Sicily, and Italy." Many of them were dead by the time the movie was released, in 1945.

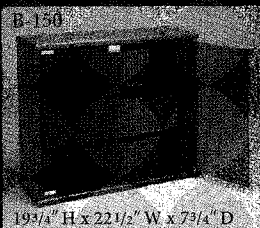
War lent moral urgency to even the most conventional sort of romantic melodrama: a kiss was no longer just a kiss, no matter what the song said. Dur-

CD & DVD Storage +

B-300



39 1/2" H x 22 1/2" W x 7 3/4" D



19 3/4" H x 22 1/2" W x 7 3/4" D

SORICÉ

The Soricé System includes cabinets for all of your media and components.

Impeccably crafted in Oak, Walnut or Cherry - Premium Solid Hardwoods.

Adjustable shelves store any combination of CDs, DVDs, Videos, Cassettes and/or Collectibles all in one cabinet.

Cabinets can be stacked next to and on top of one another to suit your space and your storage requirements.

A variety of Wood & Glass Doors are available to complement your decor.

Enclosed back provides dust protection.

Cabinets are shipped Fully Assembled!

All products are backed by a 30-day money back guarantee and a 5-year warranty!

For Free Color Literature...

Call toll free: 800-895-5241

visit our website at www.sorice.com

e-mail: info@sorice.com

ANSWERS TO THE JANUARY/FEBRUARY PUZZLER

B	A	L	B	O	A	C	O	L	A	S
O	D	O	R	P	R	O	F	I	L	E
N	I	C	K	E	R	M	A	M	B	A
G	E	A	A	R	O	M	A	B	I	L
O	U	T	L	A	W	I	C	O	N	S
S	W	E	E	T	♥	T	H	R	O	B
S	H	O	R	E	C	L	E	A	V	E
T	I	U	T	R	U	E	D	N	O	A
A	L	T	A	R	P	A	S	S	I	M
B	O	R	Z	O	I	S	M	O	L	E
S	M	E	A	R	D	E	E	M	E	D

"Target Practice"

Ring 1. a. CO(L) + A'S b. S(TAB) + S c. BE + AM + ED d. B(A + LB)OA e. DEE(ME)D f. S(M)EAR g. SEALS (double def.) h. BONG(O)S Ring 2. a. V(O)ILE b. MOLE (double def.) c. A(DIE)U d. WHI(LO)M e. ALBINO (anag.) f. ODOR (hidden) g. B + ORZO + IS h. P(ROF)ILE (for rev.) Ring 3. a. LIM(B)O b. OUTRE (anag.) c. L(O + C)ATE d. RAN + SOM(e) e. NICKER (double def.) f. ALTAR (homophone) g. MAM(B)A h. PASSIM (anag.) Ring 4. a. A(LE)RT b. A + C(HE)D c. T + R(U)ED d. A + ROMA (amor rev.) Ring 5. a. CLEAVE (double def.) b. T + ERROR c. LE(AS)E d. O + U + TLAW (Walt rev.) e. CO(MMD)T f. I + CONS g. SHORE (double def.) h. O + PER + A

Lighting Technology for eye comfort

A floor lamp that spreads sunshine all over a room

The VERILUX® HappyEyes® Floor Lamp brings many of the benefits of natural daylight indoors for glare-free lighting that's perfect for a variety of indoor activities.

VERILUX®

Ever since the first human went into a dark cave and built a fire, people have realized the importance of proper indoor lighting. Unfortunately, since Edison invented the light bulb, lighting technology has remained relatively prehistoric. Modern light fixtures do little to combat many symptoms of improper lighting, such as eyestrain, dryness or burning. As more and more of us spend longer hours in front of a computer monitor, the results are compounded. And the effects of indoor lighting are not necessarily limited to physical well being. Many people believe that the quantity and quality of light can play a part in one's mood and work performance. Now VERILUX®, a leader in healthy lighting since 1956 has developed a better way to bring

the positive benefits of natural sunlight indoors.

Use the
VERILUX®
HappyEyes®
Floor Lamp...



...for hobbies...



...for reading...



...for working...



...and when you need a good source of light for close-up tasks.

The VERILUX® HappyEyes® Floor Lamp will change the way you see and feel about your living or work spaces. Studies show that sunshine can lift your mood and your energy levels, but as we all know the sun, unfortunately, does not always shine. So to bring the benefits of natural daylight indoors, VERILUX, The Healthy Lighting Company™, created the VERILUX HappyEyes Floor Lamp that simulates the balanced spectrum of daylight. You will see with more comfort and ease as this lamp provides sharp visibility for close tasks and reduces eyestrain. Its 27-watt compact fluorescent bulb is the equivalent to a 150-watt ordinary light bulb. This makes it perfect for activities such as



The VERILUX® HappyEyes® Floor Lamp will change the way you see and feel about your living or work spaces.

Technology revolutionizes the light bulb



- 5,000 hours bulb life
- Energy efficient
- Shows true colors

reading, writing, sewing and needlepoint, and especially for aging eyes. For artists, the VERILUX HappyEyes Floor Lamp can bring a source of natural light into a studio, and show the true colors of a work. This lamp has a flexible gooseneck design for maximum efficiency and an "Instant On" switch that is flicker-free. The high fidelity electronics, ergonomically correct design, and bulb that lasts five times longer than an ordinary bulb make this product a must-see.

Try this manufacturer direct special offer.

The VERILUX HappyEyes Floor Lamp comes with a one-year manufacturer's limited warranty and TechnoScout's exclusive home trial. Try this product for 30 days and return it for the full purchase price if not satisfied, less shipping and handling.

VERILUX® HappyEyes® Floor Lamp

ZZ-1777 \$129.95 + S&H

Please mention source code 23828.

For fastest service,
call toll-free 24 hours a day

800-399-7853



To order by mail with check or money order, or by credit card, please call for total amount plus S&H. To charge it to your credit card, enclose your account number and expiration date.

Virginia residents only—please add 4.5% sales tax.

LATEST...GREATEST...NEATEST...COOLEST
You can see hundreds of high-tech products at

www.technoscout.com

TECHNO SCOUT®
1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

ing the war producers had to submit scripts not just to the Hays Office, which frowned on political themes almost as much as it did on suggestions of sexuality, but to the Office of War Information. The OWI's ardent New Dealers urged studios to emphasize women's importance as factory workers and temporary single parents, and to make it clear that our fight was against fascist forces in Europe and Asia, not the entire populations of enemy countries—and certainly not Americans with roots in those countries. (Political correctness is nothing new, nor is it necessarily undesirable.)

In return for putting up with all of this, directors and screenwriters routinely got away with things they couldn't possibly have gotten away with before the war. Although homosexuality, for instance, was permissible only in a character wearing a Nazi officer's uniform, the circumstances under which something first appears onscreen eventually cease to matter. Once it's there, it's there for good, to be treated, one hopes, with more dignity as the years pass. Many wartime movies were lurid and sensational, including (I confess) two of my personal favorites, both directed by Edward Dmytryk, the Quentin Tarantino of his day: *Hitler's Children*, in which a young American woman played by Bonita Granville is tied to a post and whipped on her bare back in sight of the swastika, and *Behind the Rising Sun*, in which a Chinese baby is tossed in the air and speared on a Japanese bayonet (the camera pulls away not an instant too soon).

But there were also scenes of surprising intimacy, not necessarily sexual in implication. Death pervades *The Story of G.I. Joe*, as it does many of the Hollywood movies made during the final stages of World War II, when certain victory eliminated the need for home-front morale boosters, and audiences were finally given permission to weep. Toward the end a weary soldier touches his mud-splattered hand to his dead captain's cheek before hobbling to catch up with his platoon. Had one man ever touched another so tenderly in an earlier movie? All these breakthroughs culminated in *The Best Years of Our Lives*. ▀

Francis Davis is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.



PERSONAL FILE

CARING FOR YOUR INTROVERT

The habits and needs of a little-understood group

BY JONATHAN RAUCH

.....

Do you know someone who needs hours alone every day? Who loves quiet conversations about feelings or ideas, and can give a dynamite presentation to a big audience, but seems awkward in groups and maladroit at small talk? Who has to be dragged to parties and then needs the rest of the day to recuperate? Who growls or scowls or grunts or winces when accosted with pleasantries by people who are just trying to be nice?

If so, do you tell this person he is “too serious,” or ask if he is okay? Regard him as aloof, arrogant, rude? Redouble your efforts to draw him out?

If you answered yes to these questions, chances are that you have an introvert on your hands—and that you aren’t caring for him properly. Science has learned a good deal in recent years about the habits and requirements of introverts. It has even learned, by means of brain scans, that introverts process information

differently from other people (I am not making this up). If you are behind the curve on this important matter, be reassured that you are not alone. Introverts may be common, but they are also among the most misunderstood and aggrieved groups in America, possibly the world.

I know. My name is Jonathan, and I am an introvert.

Oh, for years I denied it. After all, I have good social skills. I am not morose or misanthropic. Usually, I am far from shy. I love long conversations that explore intimate thoughts or passionate interests. But at last I have self-identified and come out to my friends and colleagues. In doing so, I have found myself liberated from any number of damaging misconceptions and stereotypes. Now I am here to tell you what you need to know in order to respond sensitively and supportively to your own introverted family members, friends, and colleagues.

Remember, someone you know, respect, and interact with every day is an introvert, and you are probably driving this person nuts. It pays to learn the warning signs.

What is introversion? In its modern sense, the concept goes back to the 1920s and the psychologist Carl Jung. Today it is a mainstay of personality tests, including the widely used Myers-Briggs Type Indicator. Introverts are not necessarily shy. Shy people are anxious or frightened or self-excoriating in social settings; introverts generally are not. Introverts are also not misanthropic, though some of us do go along with Sartre as far as to say “Hell is other people at breakfast.” Rather, introverts are people who find other people tiring.

Extroverts are energized by people, and wilt or fade when alone. They often seem bored by themselves, in both senses of the expression. Leave an extrovert alone for two minutes and he will reach for his cell phone. In contrast, after an hour or two of being socially “on,” we introverts need to turn off and recharge. My own formula is roughly two hours alone for every hour of socializing. This isn’t antisocial. It isn’t a sign of depression. It does not call for medication. For introverts, to be alone with our thoughts is as restorative as sleeping, as nourishing as eating. Our motto: “I’m okay, you’re okay—in small doses.”

How many people are introverts? I performed exhaustive research on this question, in the form of a quick Google search. The answer: About 25 percent. Or: Just under half. Or—my favorite—“a minority in the regular population but a majority in the gifted population.”

Are introverts misunderstood? Wildly. That, it appears, is our lot in life. “It is very difficult for an extrovert to understand an introvert,” write the education experts Jill D. Burruss and Lisa Kaenzig. (They are also the source of the quotation in the previous paragraph.) Extroverts are easy for introverts to understand, because extroverts spend so much of their time working out who they are in voluble, and frequently inescapable, interaction with other people. They are as inscrutable as puppy dogs. But the street does not run both ways. Extroverts have little or no grasp of in-

"HEART TO HEART"

Pins (pr.) or Puffed Heart
Pendant (1.3"x1.1"x.3")
w/ Snake Chain \$95
14K Gold w/ 14K Gold Chain \$425

Actual size
each Heart
(1.3"x1.1")

Clip
Earrings (pr.)
Sterling Silver \$105
14K Gold \$465

Toll free: 1-877-AVILA99 • www.avilastudios.com
AVILA STUDIOS 57 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11217

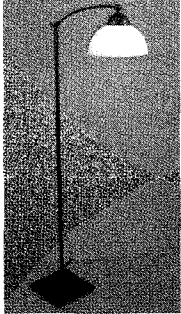
Sublime...
**Luxury Barge
Cruises**



FRENCH COUNTRY WATERWAYS, LTD.

P.O. Box 2195, Duxbury, MA 02331
800-222-1236 781-934-2454

PERFECT READING LAMP
LEDGER Floor Lamp



The Double Swivel Action
places light correctly for a
high or low chair, or desk
or a table, or a computer.

Bronze with Slate Base
Opal White Shade
Height (Adj): 30"-54"
100 watt
Dimmer Switch

\$129.00
2 for \$229.00
shipping \$12.00 ea.

Mail or Phone Orders
NEW HAVEN LIGHTING 1-800-243-3123
P.O. BOX 6353 Hamden, CT 06517
WWW.NEWHAVENLIGHTING.COM

8 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
165,000 Patterns • Old & New • Buy & Sell



REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept TA
www.replacements.com

Medical Question?



When the prescription is for more
information, we provide you with the
best available. Confidential and
customized to your special needs.

Medical Research Associates Inc.
1-800-898-3585

troversion. They assume that company, especially their own, is always welcome. They cannot imagine why someone would need to be alone; indeed, they often take umbrage at the suggestion. As often as I have tried to explain the matter to extroverts, I have never sensed that any of them really understood. They listen for a moment and then go back to barking and yipping.

Are introverts oppressed? I would have to say so. For one thing, extroverts are overrepresented in politics, a profession in which only the garrulous are really comfortable. Look at George W. Bush. Look at Bill Clinton. They seem to come fully to life only around other people. To think of the few introverts who did rise to the top in politics—Calvin Coolidge, Richard Nixon—is merely to drive home the point. With the possible exception of Ronald Reagan, whose fabled aloofness and privateness were probably signs of a deep introverted streak (many actors, I've read, are introverts, and many introverts, when socializing, feel like actors), introverts are not considered "naturals" in politics.

Extroverts therefore dominate public life. This is a pity. If we introverts ran the world, it would no doubt be a calmer, saner, more peaceful sort of place. As Coolidge is supposed to have said, "Don't you know that four fifths of all our troubles in this life would disappear if we would just sit down and keep still?" (He is also supposed to have said, "If you don't say anything, you won't be called on to repeat it.") The only thing a true introvert dislikes more than talking about himself is repeating himself.)

With their endless appetite for talk and attention, extroverts also dominate social life, so they tend to set expectations. In our extrovertist society, being outgoing is considered normal and therefore desirable, a mark of happiness, confidence, leadership. Extroverts are seen as bighearted, vibrant, warm, empathic. "People person" is a compliment. Introverts are described with words like "guarded," "loner," "reserved," "taciturn," "self-contained," "private"—narrow, ungenerous words, words that suggest emotional parsimony and smallness of personality. Female introverts, I suspect, must suffer especially. In certain circles,

particularly in the Midwest, a man can still sometimes get away with being what they used to call a strong and silent type; introverted women, lacking that alternative, are even more likely than men to be perceived as timid, withdrawn, haughty.

Are introverts arrogant? Hardly. I suppose this common misconception has to do with our being more intelligent, more reflective, more independent, more level-headed, more refined, and more sensitive than extroverts. Also, it is probably due to our lack of small talk, a lack that extroverts often mistake for disdain. We tend to think before talking, whereas extroverts tend to think *by* talking, which is why their meetings never last less than six hours. "Introverts," writes a perceptive fellow named Thomas P. Crouser, in an online review of a recent book called *Why Should Extroverts Make All the Money?* (I'm not making that up, either), "are driven to distraction by the semi-internal dialogue extroverts tend to conduct. Introverts don't outwardly complain, instead roll their eyes and silently curse the darkness." Just so.

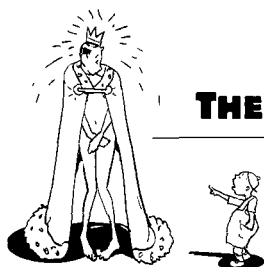
The worst of it is that extroverts have no idea of the torment they put us through. Sometimes, as we gasp for air amid the fog of their 98-percent-content-free talk, we wonder if extroverts even bother to listen to themselves. Still, we endure stoically, because the etiquette books—written, no doubt, by extroverts—regard declining to banter as rude and gaps in conversation as awkward. We can only dream that someday, when our condition is more widely understood, when perhaps an Introverts' Rights movement has blossomed and borne fruit, it will not be impolite to say "I'm an introvert. You are a wonderful person and I like you. But now please shush."

How can I let the introvert in my life know that I support him and respect his choice? First, recognize that it's not a choice. It's not a lifestyle. It's an *orientation*.

Second, when you see an introvert lost in thought, don't say "What's the matter?" or "Are you all right?"

Third, don't say anything else, either. ▀

Jonathan Rauch is a correspondent for The Atlantic and a senior writer for National Journal.



THE PUZZLER

by EMILY COX and HENRY RATHVON

Games

Two different games are being played in this puzzle, but they go by the same name. The unclued central Across entry supplies this name and explains why some answers appear disordered in the diagram and others seem not to fit their allotted spots. Eight answers are capitalized; 3 Down is uncommon but made of common parts; and 4 Down is a variant.

Last month's Puzzler solution is on page 131.

ACROSS

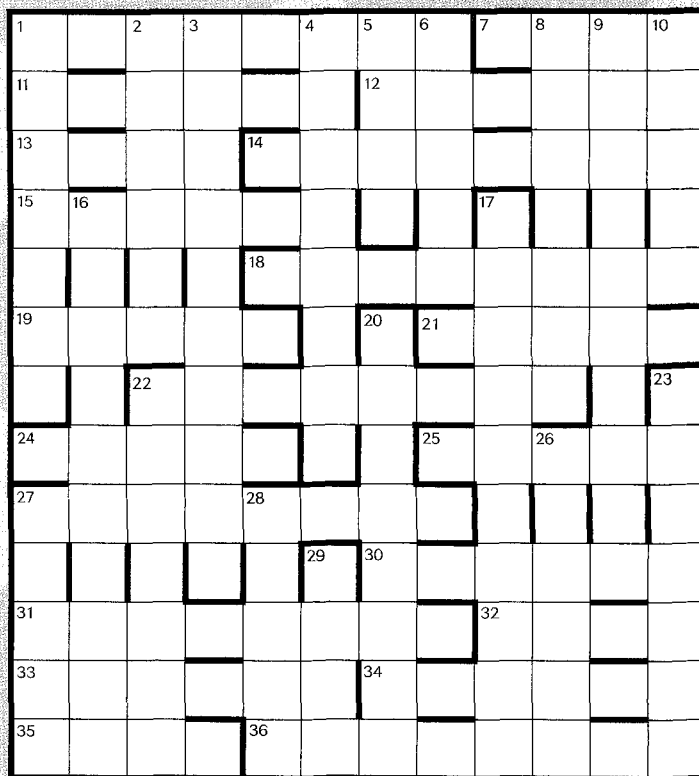
1. Little pieces trimmed in the ear for couples (8)
7. Derby jockey mopes (5)
11. Eager, right before a call (6)
12. Oscar-winning director does a shot around 2:00 (8)
13. Let loose emotions in episode, losing head (4)
14. Contemptible fellow's second-rate match? (8)
15. Here in Orleans, East Street is worst in winter (6)
18. Eccentric returns and keeps wandering in adventure (7-2)
19. Sheds around ocean shores (6)
21. Addict I put in ward (5)
24. Have plenty, as crops in one spring (6)
25. Look pleased, and leave with unloved Yank (6)
27. Dish whipped up in summer in Guernica (8)
30. Squat on ground with interpreter for the Pilgrims (7)
31. Record one's mannerisms in procedural planning (9)
32. Stake through the heart of Romanian teenager (4)
33. Criminal investigators love getting into tight spots (8)
34. Going public with a piece of Indian jewelry (6)
35. Full-length garment worn by chief of Nootka island kingdom (5)
36. Not exactly quick steed and buggy carrying second in command (5-4)

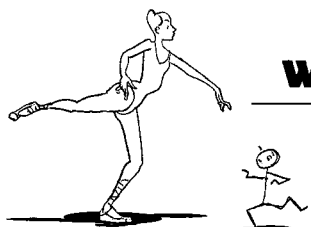
DOWN

1. Halfway over in nobleman's territory (8)
2. Qualities of a satiric writer that is in chains (7)
3. Blend one hue with another, entering it mixed (10)
4. First-rate model legged it (4-4)
5. Control some of the weather by speaking? (4)
6. Decline article's author and astronomer (5)
8. Leaves carrying one of the NY Giants' greatest stews (8)
9. Tiring amid wrong official ceremony (8-2)
10. In the 1960s, stylish and radical knight (6)

16. Getting up for shellfish on Northern strait (10)
17. Disorderly duo sparring with jailer of a sort (6,5)
20. Wandering centaurs from an old part of Italy (8)
22. Teenager's punishment after first going in circles (8)
23. Have designs in nary a computer-game company (8)
26. Farm in grand mountain chain (6)
27. Leaders of marches usually like capering—that's fine (5)
28. Alternatively, a high point's speakers (7)
29. Wet vapor includes oxygen (5)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving visit www.theatlantic.com/issues/puzzclue.htm or send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.





WORD FUGITIVES

by BARBARA WALLRAFF

Atlantic readers found last October's Word Fugitives requests easy to relate to—and mostly were sorry they did. First requested was “a word for that feeling that you always arrive after the heyday, the boom, or the free ride.” Yvonne deReynier, of Seattle, was one of many who made a generational association, and took the matter personally. “It’s a feeling I’m familiar with myself,” she admitted, and suggested the term *GenXasperation*. Several correspondents suggested such terms as *late boomer* and *buster*. Kiki Rootham, of Washington, Connecticut, wrote, “This is such a well-defined, tiny demographic that I’ll bet I could estimate your letter writer’s age within a few years. Those of us who attended grade school as schools were being consolidated and closed, and who finished college just as the 1990 crash dissolved most real jobs, will know what I mean.”

Then again, Robert F. Dieli, of Hinsdale, Illinois, wrote, “The word should be well known to those of you who live in Boston. The term is *Red Sox fan*. A slightly less virulent form of the condition exists here in the Midwest, where the term is *Cubs fan*.” Louise Kertesz, of Oxnard, California, thought neither of Gen X nor of baseball but of poetry—specifically, she tried to make an eponym out of Edwin Arlington Robinson’s Miniver Cheevy, who was “born too late.” And so “Miniver loved the Medici, / Albeit he had never seen one; / He would have sinned incessantly / Could he have been one.”

General-purpose coinages received include *fate and switch*, from Andrea Ball, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina; *latedown*, from Dennis Harbaugh, of Waterloo, Iowa; *missappointment*, from several readers; *serendiplash*, from Margaret Swanson, of Chatham, Massachusetts; and *unjust in time*, from T. H. Arnold, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

“There has long been an idiomatic

expression to describe this feeling: *missing the boat*,” wrote Lorraine Smith, of Fort Pierce, Florida. Also familiar with that phrase is Bruce Carlson, of Cincinnati, who jumped right off the deep end in pursuit of the goal, writing, “I suggest a combination of two phrases my parents used to use: my mother’s ‘Well, I guess you missed the boat on that one, Bruce,’ and my father’s comment while reading the evening paper, ‘Those bastards are really on the gravy train, aren’t they?’ My suggestion for a phrase describing arriving after a heyday, therefore, would be *missing the gravy boat*.”



But top honors here go to Kathleen Rudden, of Brooklyn, for sharing an existing expression that is both unusual and apt. Rudden wrote, “The deaf have a sign for the word: *train-go-sorry*. You can find a definition of it at www.traingosorry.com.”

The second October question was “Is there a word to describe someone who can read but can’t pronounce words?” (Note to the correspondent who was driven crazy by the example “Follow the gweed at the cathedral”: *gweed* is standing in for *guide*.) Jake Fey, of Berlin, Germany, wrote, “As an English teacher in Berlin, I often run into this phenomenon. These students may learn to read English, but they definitely do

not speak English. Instead, I tell them, they speak *Booklish*.”

Carol Takyi, of Sherwood Park, Alberta, wrote that her husband, “as a young West African arriving to study in the United States in the fifties, learned to pronounce many English words the hard way—for instance, by going to a music store and asking to look at their *hee-fees*.” And Patrick McDougall, of Montreal, Quebec, wants it on record that he had a thirty-seven-year career as a radio announcer despite having pronounced, in his early days on the job, “*misled* to rhyme with *whistled* and *infrared* to rhyme with *compared*.” Surely we’ve all fallen victim at one time or another—for instance, when faced with *Goethe* and *Hippocrates*, *Thucydides* and *Liberace*, *chimera* and *paradigm*. But what to call the condition? Two readers suggested *tome-deaf*, and the one who proposed it first was Don Slutes, of Phoenix, so Slutes takes top honors.

Now HELEN S. SHARPE, of Albany, New York, writes, “I would like a word for my tendency to make more mistakes, even doing familiar things like writing a check or slicing bread, if a very critical person is watching.”

And JONATHAN ZUBER, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, writes, “I’d like a verb meaning ‘to go to do something and return having absentmindedly done one or more other things instead.’”

Send words that meet Helen Sharpe’s or Jonathan Zuber’s needs to Word Fugitives, The Atlantic Monthly, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, MA 02114, or visit the Word Fugitives page on our Web site, at www.theatlantic.com/fugitives. Submissions must be received by March 31. Use the same addresses to submit word fugitives that you’d like The Atlantic’s help in finding. Letters become the property of Word Fugitives and may be edited.

Readers whose queries are published and those whose words are singled out for top honors will each receive, with our thanks, a selection of recent autographed books by Atlantic authors. The next installment’s correspondents will be sent *I Want That!*, by Thomas Hine; *Snobbery: The American Version*, by Joseph Epstein; and *All Is Vanity*, by Christina Schwarz.

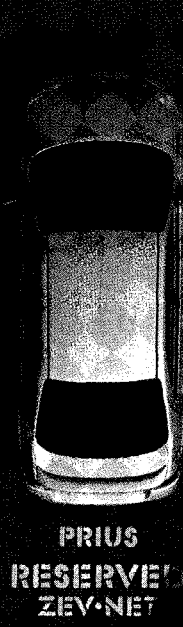
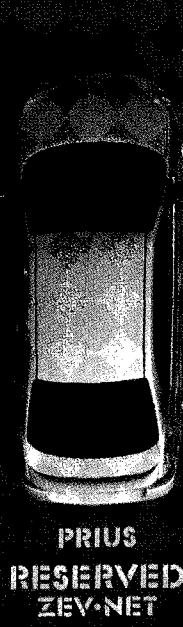
TODAY

Shared vehicle systems for
short-distance transport



TOMORROW

Environmental benefits of
long-term thinking



TOYOTA



Toyota is constantly exploring ways to help the environment—whether it's by reducing fuel consumption, traffic congestion or pollution. That's why we're proud to be a founding member of ZEV•NET™, an experimental transportation network that aims to accomplish all three.

Comprised of zero and low emission vehicles, ZEV•NET combines the flexibility of driving a car with the benefits of mass transit. Participants in California share fifty Toyotas for travel between neighboring train stations and work. By driving an electric RAV4 EV, zero emission e-com car or gas/electric Prius, they're definitely doing what's right for the planet.

Through projects like this, we aren't just improving our cars. We're also improving the way they're used—in neighborhoods right where you live. Talk about bringing environmental benefits closer to home.

www.toyota.com/tomorrow

ZEV•NET is a registered trademark of the National Fuel Cell Research Center at UC Irvine. ©2003

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Flat, yes. Level playing field, no.

The truly flat bed in business class for a better sleep to London. It's almost an unfair advantage.

New Club World is available on most services between North America and London Heathrow. ©2002 British Airways